

Current Literature

VOL. XII, No. 5

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NOVEMBER, 1906

A Review of the World



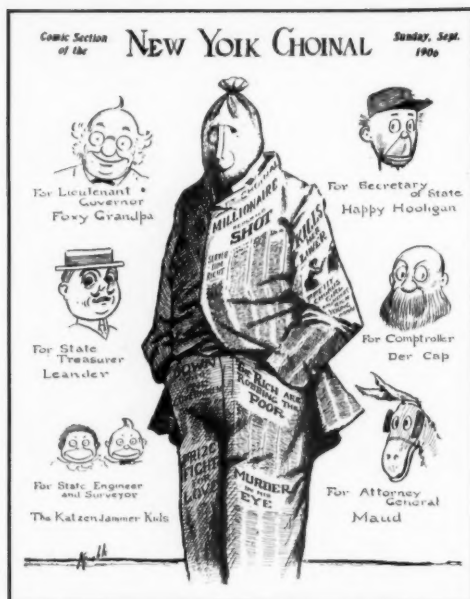
ALTHO two-thirds of the States of the Union are electing governors this year, and all of them are electing congressmen, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the campaign in New York State alone has excited almost as much attention as all the other campaigns put together. And the feature of it that has cast into partial eclipse the struggles in the other States and the ambitions of other statesmen is the personality of one tall young man in a frock coat and a slouch hat who tours the State in a private car and makes speeches about the "plunderbund." "Hearst," says a Kentucky paper (the Lexington Herald), "has succeeded Mr. Bryan as the most conspicuous personality on the political stage. The spot light will be on Hearst during the remainder of the campaign." And this only about two weeks after Mr. Bryan's return, amid the loud acclaim of the national Democracy. From the Far West comes a similar estimate of the interest of the nation in the battle in the Empire State. "The greatest battle for years is approaching," says the Salt Lake Herald, "and its outcome is certain to have an important bearing on the next presidential campaign." The noise of the struggle has even aroused Great Britain to unwonted interest. In a special to the New York Sun we read:

"The whole press of London this week has described with considerable detail the progress of the New York gubernatorial campaign. This is something quite unprecedented in London journalism. . . . The bitterness of American political controversies is not understood in this country and the tendency here is to regard the present contest as unprecedented in importance for the whole American people. Englishmen, in fact, consider the New York campaign as a critical struggle between the forces of good and evil in American politics."

NOR is it simply that the fortunes of Mr. Bryan and other statesmen, Republican as well as Democratic, have, for the time being, been obscured by the personality of Mr. Hearst. He has, in the opinion of most, effect-

ed an obscuration of the Democratic party itself in New York State. He is, indeed, the regular nominee of that party; but he was first nominated by his own organization, the Independence League, on a platform which he has publicly endorsed down to the last word. The Democratic platform is utterly at variance with this and he has studiously refrained from accepting it, declaring that his views were clearly stated before he received the party nomination and that those views he will act upon if elected governor. One of the General Committee of Tammany Hall, John B. McDonald (constructor of New York's subway), in resigning from that committee and announcing his support of the Republican candidate, lays stress upon this feature of the situation. He says: "I have yet to learn from Mr. Hearst himself that he stands upon the so-called Democratic platform adopted at Buffalo, or that he represents, or intends to represent, in any measure, the principles of the party." In his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination, Mr. Hearst studiously avoids any reference to the platform.

NEITHER is this apparent obscuration of the Democratic party confined to New York State. In Massachusetts, Illinois, California, and elsewhere, his followers are proceeding on similar lines, supported by his newspapers in those States. Mr. Brisbane has announced recently that Hearst papers "will soon be published in many other cities" than those in which they now appear, and he adds in the same article (*North American Review*): "There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives." The goal of Mr. Hearst's ambitions is thus frankly announced, and he himself has been hardly less frank in declaring the methods by which he expects to attain it. "Is there not need," he asked in a recent speech in Cooper Union, "for a new party based on fundamental American principles?" The stakes played for



FOR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
—Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

by this young man, it will be seen, would be worthy a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon Bonaparte. Commenting on this new party utterance, the *Richmond Times* (Dem.) remarks:

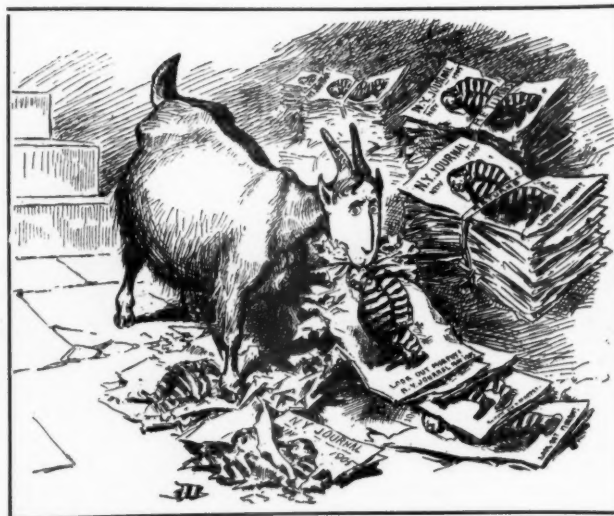
"Notice of Hearst's schemes has been served on all Democrats, and the South, at least, will have no excuse for being bamboozled, bribed or

taken captive by a man who is at heart so utterly opposed to the traditions and principles for which the South stands. The Democratic party of New York may be led to the slaughter to gratify Mr. Hearst's ambition, but the Democracy of the country at large, the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, which believes in individual effort and abhors socialism and centralization, will never defame its past and destroy its future for such a candidate as William Randolph Hearst."

ANOTHER prominent Democratic paper of the South, Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal*, sees in the Hearst movement the possible death of the Democratic party. It says:

"For the time, at least, and in the State of New York, the Independence League has swallowed the Democratic party. It may be for all time. It may be that old-fashioned Democracy no longer suffices the need of the people who are to constitute the Liberal, or Popular, party of the future, and that, failing to win battles, the Democratic organization will gradually merge itself into the Independence League, as the Whigs after the crowning disaster of 1852 merged themselves into the Know Nothings. Thither Hearst and Hearstism are undoubtedly tending and, in case they carry this election, they will have made a tremendous stride toward the end; because, undoubtedly, the old Democrats are just now in a state bordering on despair."

"Mr. William Randolph Hearst," remarks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), "is no joke." Even if defeated for governor, it thinks he will have a better standing than ever if he polls a respectably large vote. "The Democratic party of New York," says the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), "has fallen upon evil days and has come under the control of men who are not Democrats." But the *Atlanta Journal* (Dem.) sees a silver lining to the cloud. It calls to mind that whenever the Democratic party has nominated a presidential candidate who received the enthusiastic support of Tammany Hall, he has failed to carry New York State, and whenever a candidate has been forced upon Tammany he has rolled up a big majority in New York. "It would not be an irretrievable misfortune," says this organ of Hoke Smith's, "for the influence of the New York leaders to be nil in the next national convention. . . . The nomination of Bryan on a sound platform would receive more support in New York than it ever has if Tammany should



A BACK NUMBER
—W. A. Rogers in *New York World*.

not be in position to reap any advantage from a presidential victory."

From Mr. Bryan himself, however, has come a prompt endorsement of Mr. Hearst. "I am much gratified at the nomination of Mr. Hearst," he is reported to have said at Oklahoma City, "because I feel that he will make not only a strong race, but also a good governor after his election."

THE revolt of the Democrats in New York State appears to be large and vigorous, though not, for the most part, organized. There are some clubs reported of "Hughes Democrats," but the revolt is of individuals rather than of organizations. Mr. Jerome was one of the first to announce his revolt. He said:

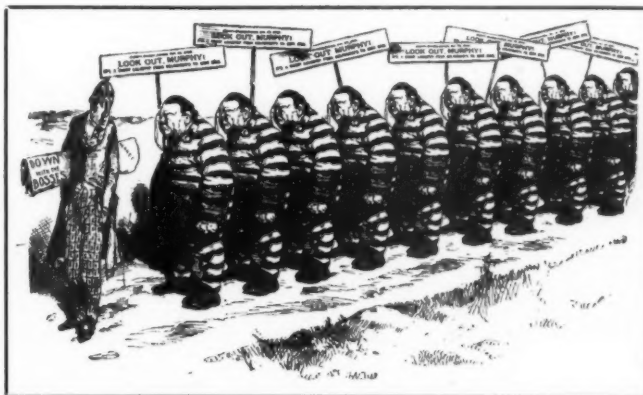
"After watching carefully and being in a position to know what went on at the alleged Democratic convention in Buffalo, I do not believe a man can be found owing allegiance to the Democratic party who feels himself called upon to abide by the action of such a fake convention. I shall work in every possible way to serve the Democratic party by trying to bring about the election of Charles E. Hughes as Governor."

Mayor McClellan declared that he, as a Democrat, would vote for the ticket placed in nomination, with the exception of Hearst. "Him I will not vote for." Robert Fulton Cutting, President of the Citizens' Union of New York, announced his intention not to vote for Hearst and even to enroll as a Republican this year. J. Edward Swanstrom, ex-President of Brooklyn Boro, declared that Hearst's nomination had been stolen and he could not support it. Austen G. Fox, of the City Club, Louis Windmuller, and many others announce the same intention. Ex-President Cleveland is reported in a *World* interview as referring to the nomination of Hearst as a "calamity" to the Democratic party. The Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1904, Judge Alton B. Parker, warns the public against Hearst's alleged intention to control the judiciary nominations for his own selfish ends. Every daily paper in Manhattan, with the exception of *The Daily News* and Mr. Hearst's own papers, has attacked his candidacy. Even *The Tammany Times* refuses to support him. There is not a morning paper published between Albany and Buffalo that supports him.



A NOW HISTORIC CARTOON

In *The Evening Journal* (Hearst's) November 10, 1905, appeared the above cartoon with the title: "LOOK OUT, MURPHY! IT'S A SHORT LOCKSTEP FROM DELMONICO'S TO SING SING." With the cartoon was the following plain talk: "Every honest voter in New York wants to see you in this costume. You have committed crimes against the people that will send you for many years to State Prison, if the crime can be proved against you. Your dull mind cannot conceive of any real public opinion. But an awakening is ahead of you. You know that you are guilty. The people know it."



IN LINE

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

Much of this revolt, however, perhaps all of it, was anticipated. The hope of Mr. Hearst and his friends is that he will draw far more votes (of laboring men) from the Republican party than he will lose from among the conservative Democrats. A cry of alarm is raised by Republicans in the manufacturing towns, who see a marked tide setting in toward Hearst.

AS THE contest has developed, the personality of Mr. Hearst and the questions raised as to his sincerity have loomed larger and larger, until the campaign has become less and less a discussion of issues and more and more a discussion of the man. The personality and the record of his opponent, Charles E. Hughes, afford little ground for discussion. His nomination was made by acclamation, but only after the hardest kind of a fight made by Mr. Parsons, the Roosevelt leader of the Republican party in New York City, reinforced by a letter in his favor from the President himself and still more strongly reinforced, perhaps, by the news that the Democratic convention, in session in Buffalo at the same time, was about to nominate Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hughes is best known by his record as inquisitor in the investigation first of the "gas trust" and then of the insurance societies, and by his refusal last year to accept the Republican nomination for mayor of New York because the acceptance might hamper his investigation. Mr. Hearst and his journals have attacked Mr. Hughes in a general way as a "corporation lawyer," admitting that he is a "clean corporation lawyer," but asserting that such a lawyer "is not one bit different in his way of making a living from the most spotty lawyer you ever saw." For the most part, however, Mr. Hearst has confined his specific charges to Mr. Hughes's alleged backers and his present political associates, Woodruff, Sheldon, Mayer, and others. One specific charge indeed has been brought against Mr. Hughes by Mr. Hearst's papers to the effect that in the prosecution of the "gas trust" last summer by the attorney-general, Mr. Hughes was retained as attorney, put a retainer in his pocket, and then went off to Europe. The charge was promptly denied by Mr. Hughes and by the attorney-general, and it transpired that Mr. Hughes did his work before he went to Europe, and received no retainer or fee whatever. His work for corporations, he says, has been a small part of his practice, and he has never been under an annual retainer from any corporation. "The voter who cannot trust Mr. Hughes," says *The Press* (New York City),

a Republican paper, but almost as radical as Hearst's own papers, "as against the hideous mockery of public servants running Mr. Hearst's campaign, cannot trust his Bible and his mother's prayers as against gambling dives, brothels and cut-purses."

THIS paper, *The Press*, is the one New York paper which Mr. Hearst has exempted from his charge against the New York press in general of lying about his canvass. It has been as vigorous and unsparing in denouncing boss influence and corporate influence in its own party as most papers are in denouncing them in the other party. But it discerns no taint of such influence in Mr. Hughes. To an inquirer objecting that Mr. Hughes, in his insurance investigation, failed to put any "really big men of his own party" on the stand, *The Press* replies:

"Who examined Governor Odell? Who examined Senator Depew? Who examined Senator Platt? Whose work drove them out of the political control of the Republican party? Who proved that McCurdy, the 'king of insurance,' the head of the greatest financial power in the United States, was both a grafter and a perjurer? Who held up McCall in such a light that, base as he was, his exposure killed him? Who exposed the Morgan connection with the New York Life so witheringly that Perkins, the Morgan representative in the New York Life, was forced to take his blasted name from the vice-presidency of the company? Who put Harriman on the stand and proved his sordid struggle with Ryan for the seizure of the Equitable? Who compelled Ryan to answer questions which he insolently boasted he would never answer? Who gave him the choice of indictment or of testimony? Mr. Hughes.

"If Mr. Hughes bows down to 'big men,' who are they and where? In one brief campaign he revealed the depravity of more of these 'big men' than all the other investigators and examiners put together have ever done. From his peerless and successful work in the gas and insurance investigations the public knows that he is a man who has done his duty in the service of the people. It knows that he always will."

STILL more effective, for campaign purposes, have been the quotations which have been freely culled from the pages of Mr. Hearst's newspapers in regard to Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hearst, since the opening of his campaign, has attacked his opponent as follows:

"Paul D. Cravath is the corporation attorney of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the speculative financier who put through the criminal merger of the New York City transportation companies with the assistance of Attorney-General Mayer, and secured control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society with the assistance of the investigation conducted by Charles E. Hughes."

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NO LONGER A "MYTH"

"The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him."

But, on December 30th last, Mr. Hearst's *American* had this to say:

"No one in New York will question the excellence of the work done by the counsel for the people, Mr. Charles E. Hughes. He has drawn from the management of the companies under litigation admissions which have damned them in the eyes of the public.

"He has done perhaps everything that could be done during the time at his disposal. If there should be no extension of time, Mr. Hughes can retire with the perfect certainty that his work has the approval and aroused the commendation of the people."

OF HEARST himself, his personal character, his career as an editor, his political motives, his ultimate aims, and the character of his associates, there is no end to what has been written and spoken since his nomination. He has certainly gotten a full dose of his own medicine of publicity in these last few weeks. With the strongest newspapers of both old parties, as well as the independent papers, against him, the overwhelming amount of what has been printed is hostile. To find a friendly and at the same time authoritative sketch of him, we must go to his editor, Arthur Brisbane, who contributes such a sketch to *The North American Review*. Here is Brisbane's personal description:

"He is a big man—an excellent thing, since it gives him the strength to stand the worries of many newspapers, and the worries of many faithful followers and foolish enemies. He is more than six feet two in height, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck that will stand up for a long time under a heavy load. His hair is light in color, and his eyes blue-gray, with a singular capacity for concentration.

"His dress of late has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cow-boy's soft slouch hat.

"The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him.

"Mr. Hearst has a great deal of nervous as well as physical strength. This enables him to be patient with many men, and many employees, that constantly demand his personal attention and personal answer. He is able, when necessary, to do with little sleep. And his mind works normally at all hours.

"He has well developed the power, without which no man succeeds as a political leader, of concentrating his energies on one thing.

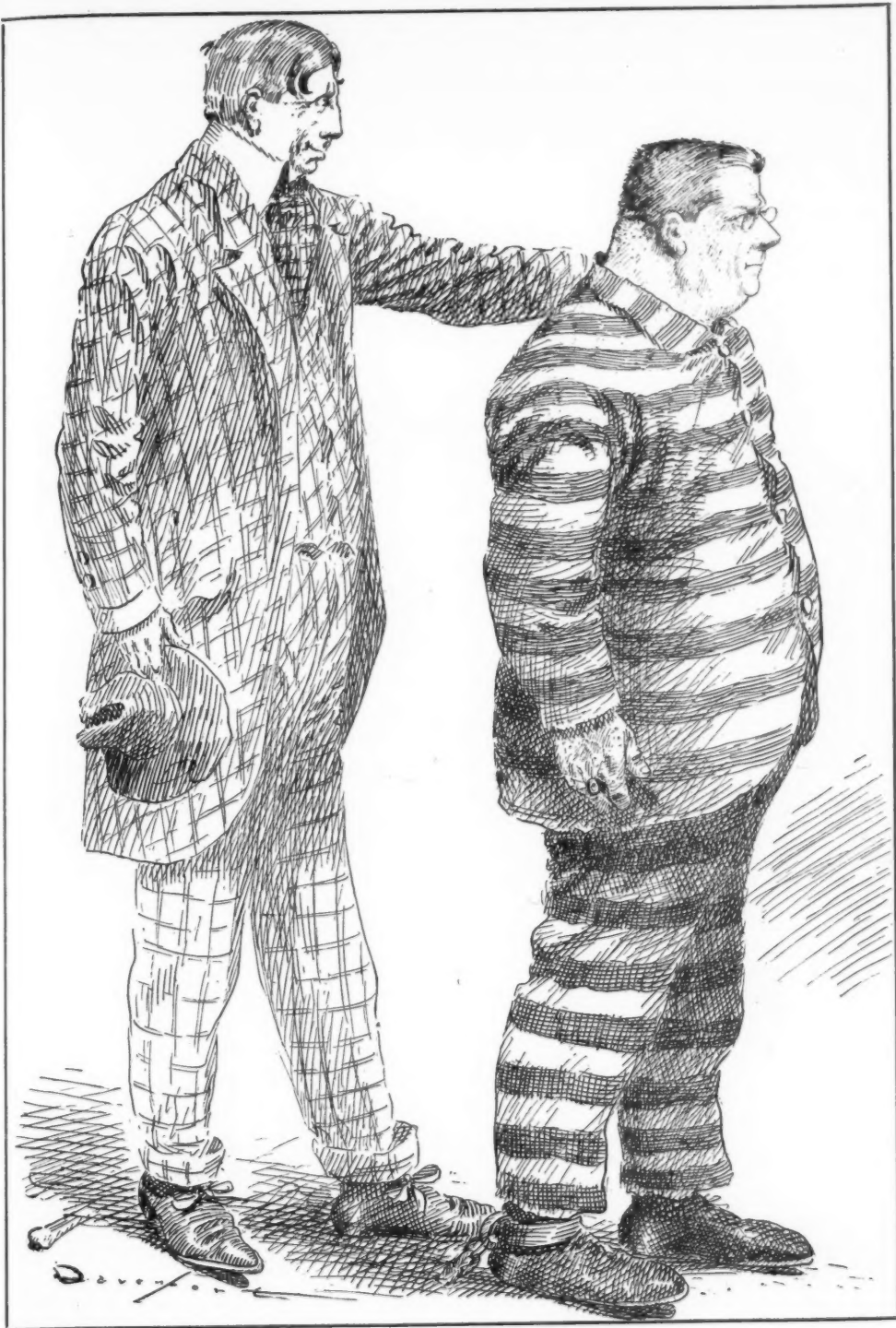
"Hearst has good-nature and cheerfulness, even under trying conditions. The men who work for him like him on this account. They like him especially because when things go wrong he takes the blame on himself. . . .

"Very lucky for Hearst is the fact that his interests, and therefore his vitality, are not scattered. There is absolutely nothing that he cares for except his family, his newspapers, and his public work in politics. He never goes to a race-track; the race-horses that he inherited with his father's property were turned out to amuse themselves on a ranch.

"He takes absolutely no interest in financial speculation, cares for money only because of the power that it gives to reach the public, and to scatter ideas through newspapers. It is impossible to interest Hearst at all in any mere money-making scheme."

MR. BRISBANE goes on to tell what Hearst has done and refused to do. Unionism and the eight-hour day prevail in the mechanical departments of all his papers. He has incurred the enmity of other newspaper proprietors by refusing to join them in any movement to keep down wages and salaries. He has made innumerable legal fights in the interest of the people at his own expense. He is "the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction this country has seen." "He has made dishonest wealth disreputable throughout the nation." The vast property which he owns has not controlled his opinions, but his opinions have controlled his property. He "represents unselfishness in public life." He is "absolutely temperate," does not smoke or drink, is free from fondness for dissipation of any kind, and is a man of unusual physical and mental strength. Mr. Brisbane concludes: "It is not possible now to name a recognized public enemy, without naming at the same time one of Hearst's enemies. Soon it will not be possible to mention an intelligent good man without mentioning a sympathetic, friendly follower of the career of William Randolph Hearst."

IN a series of brilliant articles in *Collier's*, Frederick Palmer describes Hearst and his newspaper associates more fully and intelligently than they have ever before been described. Nor does the description seem to be marked by any personal or political animus. In creating his group of papers, says Mr. Palmer, four men have been intimately associated with Hearst, namely: Brisbane, who is the intellectual dynamics of the group; Morrill Goddard, the paint-mixer for the Sunday edition; Sam Chamberlain, the genius of the daily news; and Solomon Carvalho, the business manager, who doesn't believe in publicity for himself and dodges photographers with great success. James Creelman formed a fifth of the group in years gone by, but is no longer



"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"—WHEN I NEED HIM

With apologies to a cartoon that I drew with some pride in the Roosevelt campaign.

—Davenport in *New York Evening Mail*.



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SHE IS THINKING ABOUT CHANGING HER ADDRESS

If a certain tall young man in a frock coat and a slouch hat, with the letters W. R. H. on his suit case, gets what he is after, she will go to Albany to live January 1.

with Hearst. Clarence Shearn and Max Ihmsen are comparatively new additions, the former taking care of the legal and the latter of the political end of Hearst's projects. What Hearst needs is a dozen more Brisbanes for his many papers, but he can't find them. Says Mr. Palmer:

"Unquestionably, the Brisbane editorials are the most sensational journalistic wonder of our time. Brisbane has probably influenced more votes of a type than any other writer. His outpourings in the evening edition have the quality of being spoken at your elbow, and Brisbane actually does speak them into a phonograph. They do not read well when you rise fresh in the morning equipped with the optimism of dawn for your day's work; for they are feverish. Their

potency is to the man hanging to a strap in a crowded street-car, after the day's disappointment when his mind is most sensitive to the preaching of discontent.

"The gift of Brisbane is the gift of a novelist. He can put himself in the place of an Italian workman, a small dealer, a Wall Street man, and a farmer, all in five minutes. That means that he knows as a writer how to reach the man to whom he appeals. Historical and scientific comparisons, quick conclusions from premises swiftly arranged to suit his contention, come racing from his mind in the form of smart sentences."

THE requirements in the Hearst offices are to keep the paper selling and to make a point of morality. On the back of a temperance editorial may be a whisky advertisement, on the back of another editorial on clean living may be half a dozen advertisements of quacks with filthy nostrums to sell. Hearst gives his men a very free rein, but indulges in spasms of energy, and has at various critical times (for instance just after President McKinley's death, when his papers were widely accused of inciting the assassination) taken personal direction of affairs. Says Mr. Palmer again:

"He is first and last and all the time a demagog, using broad strokes. Possibly he is a great leader of men—many demagogues have been. Time will tell whether he is a brilliant colored bubble or a real force. A great and honest editor he is not. A great and honest editor makes his paper a forum of discussion; he hears all sides. Of the countless letters of criticism of the *Journal's* policy and editorial injustices, of the complaints of readers who have been defrauded by the advertisements of fake concerns, none is published unless its form on account of illiteracy or vituperativeness is such that it will discredit the writer. If an error is made in news in one of the Hearst papers correction is almost impossible. Yet common moral law commands that when a wrong is done you ought to repair that wrong in so far as you can. If Hearst is sued for libel, and if the suit is won, the complainant may have no redress except a money payment for the damage his reputation has suffered; his victory will be unknown to the public. As the Standard Oil trust conceals its rebates so the publicity trust conceals its inside methods of working up public sentiment."

Always the Hearst papers are Hearst's, his entire force acting his journalistic will at the lifting of a finger with the solidarity of the Standard Oil legions in obeying the beck of their master. "Significant of his individualistic ownership of every man that serves him is the fact that the Brisbane editorials were published in book form under the name of 'Hearst Editorials.'"



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THE REPUBLICAN LINE-UP

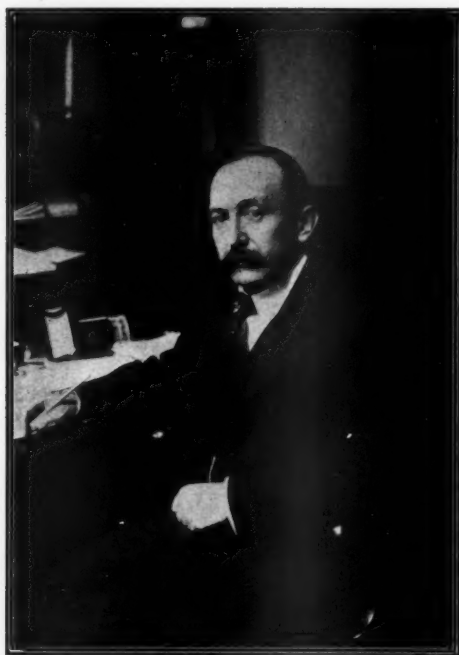
The one man who wears a full beard is the candidate for governor, Charles E. Hughes. At his right is Linn Bruce, second on the ticket. The third man on his right is Attorney-General Mayer. The occasion is the notification of the candidates of their nominations. You can see each of them getting ready to say: "This is the greatest honor of my life."

WHEN it comes to denunciatory attacks upon Mr. Hearst, they are legion, and not any of them have been more violent than those made by some of his present allies in Tammany Hall. We have before us a pamphlet obtained last year at the Tammany head-



A TAMMANY HALL ROUND-UP

Mr. Murphy sits on the right, on the left Lewis Nixon; and Bourke Cochran, who "prefers riot to rottenness," is the other gentleman sitting. Back of Cochran is Grady, next to him "Fingy" Conners, next to him Cassidy, of Queens. They have been nominating Hearst and they are now thinking very hard and should not be disturbed.



Stereograph copyright, 1911, by Underwood & Underwood.

NOT SO MEEK AS HE LOOKS

This is August Belmont, the Hearst bogey man, representative of the Rothschilds in this country, financier of the New York subway, and, according to the Hearst papers, all that is Satanic in politics.

quarters and circulated by its agents. It is entitled:

THE DIARY OF AN ASSASSIN'S ACCOMPLICE.

THE MAN WHO HAD TO HIDE WHEN McKINLEY WAS MURDERED.

The pamphlet contains in large type various incendiary utterances about McKinley preceding his assassination, culled from the *Journal's* columns, and utterances made by Abram S. Hewitt and others holding the *Journal* responsible for the President's murder. That was Tammany's attitude toward Hearst last year, and the fact that he has since then whipped it into line for his support has made the whole country sit up and rub its incredulous eyes. But one of the most sensational attacks upon Hearst has been made since his nomination by the leader of the Democratic organization in Brooklyn, Senator "Pat" McCarren. While supporting the motion to ratify the nomination of Hearst, McCarren accused him of attempting, both here and in California, to "de-

stroy the Democratic party." He could not be elected poundmaster where he formerly lived, asserted McCarren, and while he rails at bossism, he himself "is the greatest and most absolute boss we ever had." Continuing his remarkable speech—unprecedented, perhaps, in the annals of politics as a ratification speech—McCarren said:

"There is about this campaign a novelty which will strike possibly the ordinary Democrat when his attention is called to it, if he has not thought of it before. Has anybody heard of any of the distinguished Democratic Congressmen stumping the State of New York for the Democratic nominee? Has anybody heard of any of the eloquent United States Senators offering their services for the Democratic nominee? I have not. And the reason why is because the associates of the Democratic nominee for Governor, who has served two terms already in Congress, shun him. There is always something the matter with a man when his associates shun him. And, if I am permitted to use the vernacular of the day, I believe there is a yellow streak in him.

"He complains about the treatment that he is receiving from certain newspapers, and he claims he is being treated unfairly. Now, be that as it may, he has been charged with doing the very same thing himself, and where a man is obliged to take the same medicine that he deals out to others and squeals about it, he does not commend himself to real men. I confess I do not approve of it.

"This is the character of man that we have nominated, or that our party has nominated."

NO more sweeping indictment of Hearst has appeared than that published in the editorial columns of *The North American Review*, in reply to Mr. Brisbane's article already



THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.

quoted from. The editor of the *North American* admits Hearst's daring, his indefatigability, and a praiseworthy kindness of disposition. But he finds another and very dark side:

"The closest scrutiny of Mr. Brisbane's enthusiastic eulogy does not reveal a solitary reference to character or methods. A single note runs through the entire eulogium—success, for whatever motive, good or base, by whatever means, right or wrong—success! Mr. Brisbane has caught and set down, we believe with precision, the actuating spirit. There is no reason to doubt that an intelligent force, such as Hearst has proven himself to be, should be able to comprehend moral responsibility. We must assume, therefore, that he deliberately spurns to recognize it. The key-note of his journalism is assault. At times the object richly deserves stern rebuke; at times, not. It matters not to Hearst. Guilty and innocent, right and wrong suffer alike. Brutality is the sole requirement of the onslaught. Apology, retraction, correction are words unknown to the Hearst school of journalism. . . . As a journalist, though keen, enterprising, and resourceful, he is a burning disgrace to the craft; as a politician, though shrewd and at times even sagacious, he is no more scrupulous than the basest of those whom he has stigmatized as criminals; as a partisan, though earnest and efficient in appealing to the masses, he is a traitor; as an office-holder, he is pre-eminent in shameful neglect of his duties; as an agitator, his delight



THE "INTELLECTUAL DYNAMICS" OF THE
HEARST PAPERS

"The gift of Brisbane is the gift of a novelist. He can put himself in the place of an Italian workman, a small dealer, a Wall Street man and a farmer, all in five minutes. That means that he knows as a writer how to reach the man to whom he appeals."

consists in reveling in the incitement of evil passions; as a dual personality, though possessed of many engaging qualities, he is so utterly devoid of character, so unsteady in even his own recklessness, so faithless to his professed ideals, so scornfully disregarding of moral responsibility, so addicted to detestable practices in efforts to gratify his ambitions, so sinfully persistent in stirring the caldron of discontent, envy, and hatred, as to be a living and glaring reproach to American civilization."

This arraignment has been widely quoted even in Great Britain.

ANOTHER interesting view of Hearst is that which comes from a radical paper which supports him for what he represents, yet thoroly distrusts him for what he is. *The Public*, the leading Single-Tax paper now published, stigmatizes him as a self-seeker who has displayed the narrowest of dispositions toward men whom he regarded as competitors for political honors. His papers were silent when Tom Johnson, as a gubernatorial candidate in Ohio, was fighting against the same



THE CAPTOR OF THREE NOMINATIONS

John B. Moran is the candidate for Governor of Massachusetts of the Prohibition Party, the Independence League and the Democratic Party. He announces: "I have no further use for campaign committees or press agents. I will manage the personal end of my campaign without advice or assistance from any man."

predatory interests Hearst professes to fight. He was afraid Johnson would cross his presidential ambitions. His newspapers have been conspicuously silent over Bryan's return, for the same reason. When James G. Maguire was candidate for governor of California, Hearst's papers compassed his defeat because he could not be used for Hearst's personal purposes. The same thing was true of Franklin Lane when he was candidate for governor in the same State. Yet both men "stood for the same causes for which Mr. Hearst professed to stand." Hearst abandoned the Henry George campaign in New York at the point of its highest effectiveness. He has withdrawn support from Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, "since Mayor Dunne's refusal to be a Hearst bond-servant in politics and official administration." In short, according to *The Public*, "it has become notorious that he [Hearst] never works faithfully for a cause, whether philanthropic or political, unless his own portrait is stamped upon it. Whatever tends to promote his own ambitions he helps; but whatever promises no reward of that kind he is apt to wither with neglect or to kill by direct attack." Yet *The Public* thinks that "something may be gained by his election; much might be lost by his defeat."

WHAT issues does Mr. Hearst represent that appeal thus strongly to one who distrusts his character so deeply? In a general way Mr. Hearst calls his program "not socialism, nor radicalism, nor extremism of any kind, but simple Americanism." This, of course, is a mere name, not a definition. Looking further into his speeches and letters of acceptance, we find him putting to the fore at all times the thought that both parties have been afflicted with the twin evils of corporation rule and boss rule, and he pledges himself to smash both. His means of destroying boss rule is by "open primaries" and more especially by "direct nomination of men to fill every public office from assemblymen to judges and Senators of the United States." There are other specific measures to which he pledges himself, such as the enforcement of the eight-hour law in Government work, the removal of certain officials (among them the State Superintendent of Insurance and the State Superintendent of Banks, each of whom is removable only by and with the consent of the State Senate), to permit cities to own and operate lighting, transportation and telephone plants on a majority affirmative vote, and to enforce a two-cent fare upon all railways not permitted by

their charters to charge more. Mr. Hearst's program, thus reduced to its essential elements, is far less sensational than his methods and his platform rhetoric, and still less sensational than the utterances of his newspapers. His specific pledges are, in truth, surprisingly few and moderate. What he emphasizes chiefly in his general denunciation of trust and corporate control in politics, and of bosses as the instruments of such control.

AS WE have said, in the man's methods and his personality, rather than in his specific program, is to be found the reason for the interest excited by his campaign. The efforts of his opponent have been directed not at Hearst's specific measures, but almost altogether at his alleged insincerity and inconsistency, and his general editorial policy in exciting class enmity and social discontent. "The man that would corrupt public opinion," says Mr. Hughes, "is the most dangerous enemy of the State." He has proceeded to apply some of that inquisitorial ability used with such effect in probing life insurance evils to Mr. Hearst's business affairs. He finds that several corporations figure in the control of the Hearst newspapers. *The American* is published by The Star Company, a corporation of New York State; *The Evening Journal*, by the Evening Journal Publishing Company, and *Das Morgen Journal*, by Das Morgen Journal Publishing Company. But in addition to these three corporations there is a fourth, a New Jersey corporation, called also the Star Company, which is what lawyers call a "holding company," owning nothing but the stock of the three New York corporations and issuing bonds for a million dollars to enable it to purchase this stock. All this, says Mr. Hughes, is a well-known device for evading the payment of taxes and evading personal liability in the case of suits. Mr. Hearst's "holding corporation" is housed in the same building with about two thousand other corporations, many of them popularly called trusts, and all using as their agent the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey. The evidence of all this is documentary, in the shape of petitions from Clarence J. Shearn, secretary of the Hearst corporations, petitioning the Department of Taxes and Assessments for relief from taxation. The existence of two Star Companies, the one in New York, the other in New Jersey, leads Mr. Hughes to ask whether the New York company either pays taxes to the State, or even makes a report to the Secretary of State? His pointed questions on this point

from the platform day after day and the silence of Mr. Hearst and his newspaper on this point day after day, was the first sensational development of Mr. Hughes's campaign. "Who could have supposed," remarked *The Evening Post*, New York, "that Mr. Hughes would so soon reduce the Hearst batteries to silence . . . This is one of the most complete extinguishers ever clapped upon noise."

THE relations between Hearst and Murphy, the Tammany leader, in this campaign are another fruitful source of picturesque ridicule, and have furnished the dominant note of the campaign cartoons. The delegates which Murphy controlled at the State convention, together with the votes pledged to Hearst from other counties, controlled the convention when passing on the cases of contesting delegations. The way in which this power was used has been fiercely characterized as stealing the convention. When all the Hearst contestants had been seated, his nomination was made by a large majority. But Hearst's followers could not have obtained control had it not been for Murphy's assistance. Yet less than one year ago Hearst's papers pictured Murphy in a convict's garb, declaring that every honest citizen of New York wished to see him in such clothing. Despite Hearst's denial of any deal with Murphy, and despite his public statement that "Murphy may be for Hearst, but Hearst is not for Murphy," the alleged existence of a working alliance between the two is made one of the chief features of the campaign against Hearst. The union of the Independence League and Tammany Hall upon a judicial ticket in New York City, composed of six men picked by Tammany and four picked by the League, is accepted as another evidence of such an alliance, and Hearst's slogan against bosses is accordingly discredited in the columns of the hostile press.



THROWING her arms around the neck of Cuba's first President, his wife, a daughter of the assassinated President Guardiola of Guatemala, had implored her husband to quit the Queen of the Antilles forever and take refuge in the United States cruiser at anchor off the port of Havana. In another three weeks the fallen President was leaving the executive palace and his country's capital in haste so inglorious that most of his fellow citizens never realized the circumstance until Señor Palma's train was

speeding eastward. Only some half-dozen of the statesman's most intimate friends bade him a hasty farewell in his private apartments at the palace. A little group of idlers in the square outside impassively witnessed the descent of the marble staircase for the last time by the aged gentleman in the high silk hat, whose going left the Cuban republic a derelict. Not until Señor Palma with his wife and six children had got well away from Havana did any Cuban crowd assemble or raise a cheer. He faded into private life near his old home at Bayamo, Province of Santiago, with cries of "Long live the honorable man!" ringing in his ears as he waved his high silk hat from the car of his departing train and let the tears course down his cheek. Notwithstanding his years and the agitations through which he has passed since he went over to Havana from his summer cottage near Cabanas fortress last August, Señor Palma did not seem to be in broken health. Of his poverty, after years of high office, his partisans profess little doubt. A vindictive man and a stubborn, with some lack of virility in his character, he had yet so sincere a love for Cuba in his heart that Washington might have seen him through his troubles. But Palma would not have it so.

PALMA'S policy, once he divined that the insurrection would be too strong for him, can be stated in a word—intervention. Rather than grant the principal demand of the insurgents for new elections, he would, in his own phrase, place the Queen of the Antilles under the wings of the American eagle. His government denied in September that it was asking Washington for field-guns and men to put down the rising. The statement was technically true. But in the week preceding, President Palma had been imploring President Roosevelt to send a warship to Havana and another to Cienfuegos. The Havana administration was confessing to the Washington administration an incapacity to protect life and property. "It must be kept secret and confidential," cabled the United States Consul General, "that Palma asked for vessels." It was—until Secretary of State Root got back from South America. Meantime two ships were sent. But President Palma was informed that Washington could not intervene just yet. The Cuban Government must first exhaust every means of putting down the rising. If these means proved inadequate, it would become President Palma to come to a working agreement with his rebels. Until then, President Roosevelt's Government would not be prepared to con-



AN EMBARRASSING POSITION
U. S.—“What’s one to do in a case of this kind?”
—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.



THE BIG STICK IN CUBA
—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



AN EASY WAY TO “CRUSH” A REVOLUTION
—Lovey in *Salt Lake Herald*.

sider the question of intervention at all. These outbursts of confidence by cable were fraught with the additional secret that the Havana President was “worried” and awaited naval units impatiently. He had applied public funds to public works and public education. Muniments of war were left for insurgents to buy.

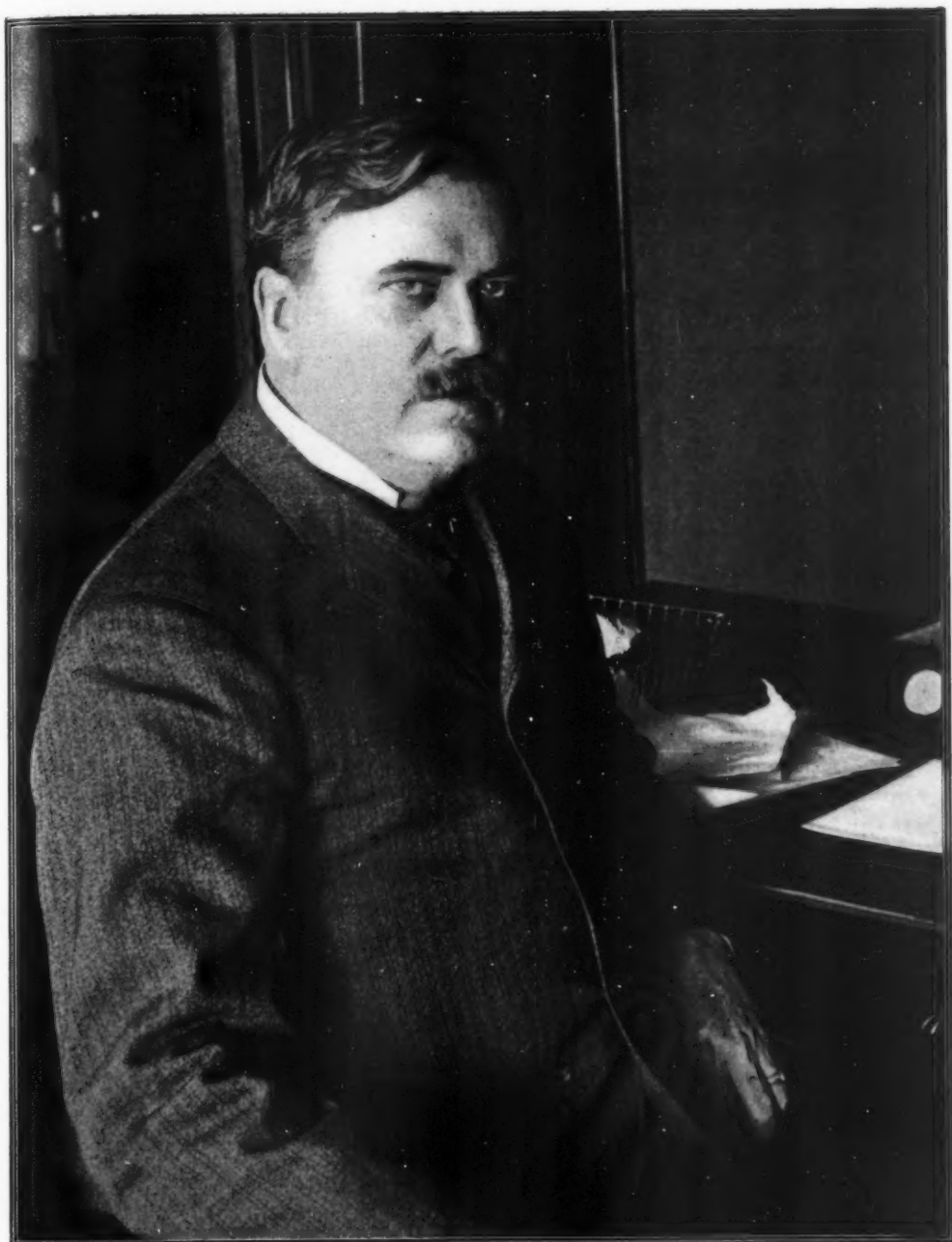
IN JUST forty-eight hours President Palma was asking in his own name for “American intervention,” using those very words. He begged President Roosevelt to send to Havana, “with the greatest secrecy and rapidity,” two or three thousand men. The force was not to be employed against the rebels in the field. It would merely protect the capital from catastrophe. The despatch of the troops was to be withheld from general knowledge until they were actually in Havana. A day’s delay, ran the entreaty, might entail a massacre in the city. There were about eight thousand insurgent troops within a few hours’ march of the presidential palace, where Señor Palma was now holding secret conferences with his Secretary of State and his Secretary of War. The trio could agree on nothing beyond a series of despatches couched in the language of panic and transmitted to Washington in cipher by the American Consul-General. Sugar plantations were burning. American property had been destroyed. Cienfuegos was at the mercy of the rebels. Assistant Secretary of State Bacon was bombarded with such particles of information. Next he was told that President Palma had “irrevocably resolved” to resign. The perturbed occupant of the palace would deliver the Government of Cuba to whomsoever the President of the United States might designate. This last intimation disturbed the councils of the Roosevelt administration. It seems a fair inference that in this early stage of the crisis—for not the vaguest hint that this exciting correspondence was in progress had yet been put forth—President Palma was already undergoing pressure to remain. Even had the present disturbance ceased then and there, according to the next link in the chain of his clandestine messages, he would not continue at the head of the government.

VICE-PRESIDENT CAPOTE was authorizing intimations to the effect that he, too, would go. He had no mind to inherit Palma’s legacy of confusion. Cabinet ministers—by this time they had all been let into the secret of their chief’s panic—told the American Consul-General that they would likewise resign.

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THE MAN WHOSE WILL IS LAW IN HAVANA

Judge Charles E. Magoon is now at the head of the provisional government in Cuba, with plenary powers. His first act will, it is announced, be to institute a thoro investigation into the more or less vague charges that the administration of the late President Palma was corrupt.



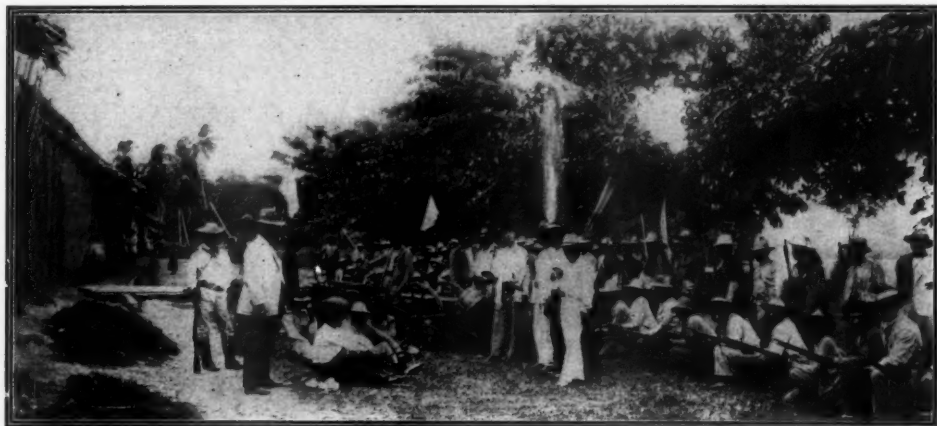
HE COULD HAVE BEEN CUBA'S
PRESIDENT

This is Hon. Mendez Capote, Vice-President of the Cuban Republic under Palma. Señor Palma was willing to retire in Capote's favor and Capote was acceptable to the insurgents in the capacity of President. But Señor Capote refused to enter into the arrangement.

Such a general exodus from office would make it impossible for the Cuban Congress to assemble. There would be no proper person left to convoke it. A new President could not be elected. One huge constitutional vacuum must ensue in Cuba. Upon William Henry Taft, a Secretary of War who combines, in a wonderful degree, according to the *London Standard*, the qualities of the idealist with the common

sense of the practical statesman, the responsibilities of the crisis were devolved by President Roosevelt. Accompanied by the official to whom the rise and progress of panic in the soul of Palma had been so stealthily imparted, namely Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, Mr. Taft arrived in Havana at last. Of any effective Cuban Government every trace had fled. Pent up in his capital like another King Priam in Troy, President Palma had gathered his Congress about him. "General" Pino Guerra's insurgent force of over five thousand was advancing into the Province of Havana, in a mood for one of the world's decisive battles. To impose peace upon the other side was beyond the capacity of either. Now began those displays of Mr. Taft's aptitude for conciliation which makes his personality, in the estimation of the *London Times*, delightful.

TERMS upon which Palma yielded a conditional assent to his own retention of the presidential office seem actually to have been arrived at. Negotiations certainly began with his voluntary promise to abide by the decision of the men who, at his entreaty, had come upon the scene from the United States. Señor Palma rejected the first suggestions they made. He refused their invitation to make counter proposals. He was swayed too much, it is hinted, by cabinet advisers who feared their own political extinction in a new deal all around. Mr. Taft was suffering from want of sleep, and his famous bulk had quantitatively depreciated when Cuba's Senate and Cuba's House sat down to smoke cigarettes, read the afternoon papers, be photographed, and at last send a deputation to President Palma with an appeal to withdraw his resignation. They had received it, says the Havana correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, without a "ripple" of concern. Señor Palma received their



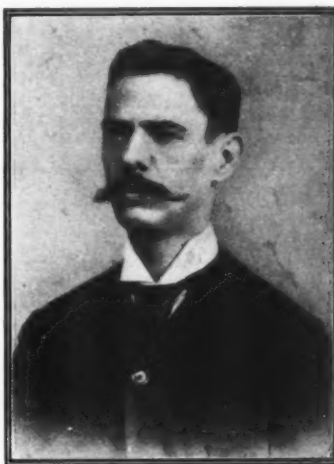
THE BEST DISCIPLINED INSURGENTS' IN RECENT TIMES

The regiment of Cuban insurrectionists here shown is about to be disarmed in accordance with the pacification arranged by Secretary Taft. He is quoted as complimenting the leaders upon the fact that they could disarm 15,000 men without a hitch. It is charged, however, that the insurgents did not surrender all their arms.

deputation with tears in his eyes. He reminded them of the forty years during which he had fought Cuba, risking his life and wrecking his fortune. And said this weary old man, now so faint that it seemed he would collapse, "if I could see that the sacrifice of my personal and official dignity meant peace and stability and rightful liberty," then they could count on his compliance to any extent they desired. But his authority had been rendered impotent by armed force. He had been notified officially by one branch of Cuba's Government that he was occupying his position by fraud. Even were he personally ambitious, he felt that he could not continue to rule his country when, by the terms of the compromise urged upon him, all those elected to office with himself must resign. At ten o'clock that night, while William H. Taft collapsed wearily into a chair on a balcony overlooking the sea after arranging the distribution of the troops that must land on the morrow, the constitutional government of Cuba went by default. Only ten men appeared at the joint session of House and Senate. They drank coffee without even a pretense of electing a successor to Palma.

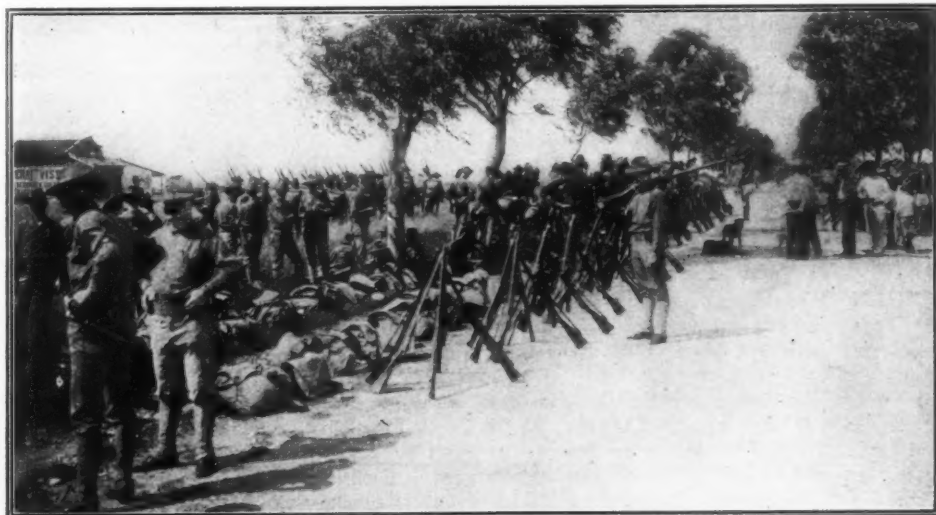
EVEN had Cuba's Congress elected a President, fresh furies of faction must have arisen. General Menocal, most conciliatory of war veterans and most competent of sugar planters, had been suggested for the office. Mr. Taft welcomed the idea, but the Congress did not. Senator Sanguilly, long a neutral between the Moderates and the Liberals whose conflicts wrecked the constitution, had many supporters. But no name was connected with the succession to Palma under circumstances so peculiar

as those attendant upon the candidacy of Señor Alfredo Zayas. This fluent, agile, plausible lawyer is the recognized leader of the Liberals, the man whom President Palma's supporters



HE STROVE VAINLY TO BECOME
THE CUBAN PRESIDENT

Señor Alfredo Zayas is one of the most subtle of Havana lawyers. He called upon Mr. Taft, relates the *New York Evening Post*, and suggested that the best man for the Presidency of Cuba was—himself. Mr. Taft told the Señor to get himself elected—if he could. (He couldn't.)



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood New York

THE MEN WHO MADE THE PLATT AMENDMENT EFFECTIVE

Regulars of the United States arriving at Camp Colombia in Cuba. Prior to their arrival numbers of families had been evicted from the barracks to make room for the United States forces. Mr. Taft made himself popular in Havana by stopping these evictions on the ground that the American troops had not come to make Cubans homeless.

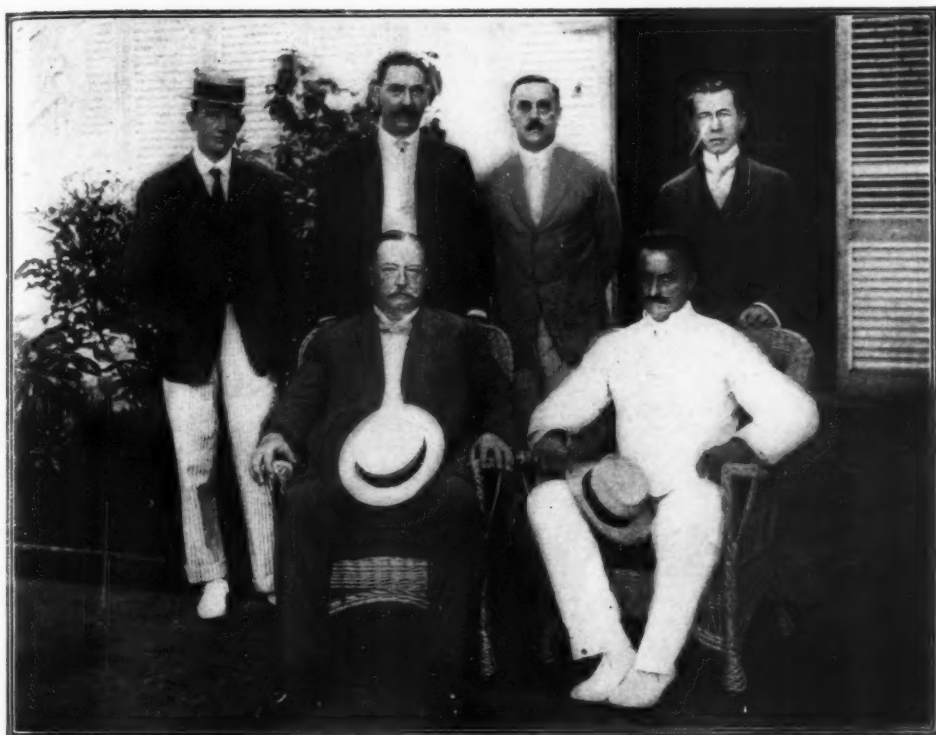
most abhorred. Cuba's Senate of twenty-three members had chosen him its Vice-President. He was in the confidence of the insurrection leaders at nearly every stage. He joined the insurgents outside Havana when Palma sought to have him jailed. When Zayas learned of the wholesale resignation of the Havana Government he became declamatory. "They have betrayed us," he cried, "by delivering up the republic to the Americans!"

ZAYAS spent three sleepless nights in efforts to effect his own election as President of the Cuban Republic. Secretary Taft had not been long in Cuba before the señor invited him to support the Zayas candidacy. General Menocal, explained Señor Zayas, has integrity, but he lacks maturity. Sanguilly is honest but possesses one grand defect—he is not a lawyer. Zayas is not merely a patriotic citizen who serves his country with ungrudging labor, but has a sensitive and shrinking nature which, by the sport of circumstance, has been led to play a great part in events. Zayas is the bearer of the torch of Cuban liberty. His is an executive virtue. Let Mr. Taft proclaim over his own signature that Zayas, as Cuba's President, is an ideal to strive for. But the Secretary of War could not give that suggestion the benefit of his powers of receptivity. He suggested instead a document to the effect that the Government of the United States would welcome the election under constitutional conditions of any legally qualified Cuban. The señor said "Adios!" Five minutes later Mr. Taft was visited by that right-hand man of President Palma, General Freyre Andrade. When apprised of the mission with which the Vice-President of the Senate had charged himself, the general, in a fury, vowed to Mr. Taft that a Zayas in the presidential chair would mean an upheaval of Cuba from the Gulf of Mexico to the Caribbean.

WHEN Palma had departed, but not before, Secretary Taft proceeded to the palace. He had sent a letter to the retired President offering him an escort to the railroad station, besides every official courtesy that America's representative in the island could extend. Señor Palma returned his thanks, but announced that anything in the nature of a ceremonious farewell to all his greatness was alien to his mood. Mr. Taft took over the whole administration at the palace with equal informality. The garrison of rural guards which had been maintained there since the beginning of the rebellion was or-

dered elsewhere. The palace was now guarded by no more than six policemen. The old tradition of etiquette in the edifice occupied successively by the Spanish Governors-General, by Gen. Leonard Wood and by the first chief executive of free Cuba seemed to vanish altogether. Mr. Taft became characteristically accessible for the transaction of public business. The Zayas tale of a plot to assassinate him he simply ignored. His first thought was not for his own safety, but for that of Cuba's cash. American marines were hurried ashore to guard the building in which the assets of the island treasury were vaulted behind bolt and bar to the tune of several millions. He kept the flag of Cuba flying at the palace tower. He corrected an erroneous despatch in which he was represented as criticizing the Palma government severely. He never characterized the late presidential election in Cuba as rotten. He scrupulously avoided expressions of his views of persons and issues. An address to the people of Cuba was now to clarify other mystifications.

TO RESTORE order, peace and public confidence and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to select those persons upon whom the permanent government of the island republic should be devolved were the ends he had come to achieve. Thus William H. Taft in that proclamation addressed to the people of Cuba which he signed as "United States Provisional Governor." In so far, he proceeded, as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under the authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government, conforming to the constitution of Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government buildings of the island. All the executive departments and provincial and municipal governments, including that of the City of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban republic. The courts will continue to administer justice. All the laws not in their nature inapplicable by reason of the temporary and emergent character of the provisional government will continue in force. In his first elaborated public utterance after the appearance of this proclamation, Mr. Taft ventured upon a political philosophy of the whole Cuban crisis. The islanders should be warned, he observed in the course of an address to the students of the University of Havana, that the foundations of self-government must be broad and solid, rather than high and conspicuous. "It is saddening to me to be called to Cuba and still sad-



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

SCENE—HAVANA. TIME—MOST EXCITING PERIOD OF INTERVENTION

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: William Henry Taft, a contemplative intervener, looks serene at the spectator's left. Hon. Robert Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State in Washington, wears an inscrutable severity of expression in white clothes at Mr. Taft's left. United States Consul General, Frank Maximilian Steinhart, who saw everything coming long before it came, stands superbly behind Mr. Taft's chair. United States Minister Morgan, who was in Europe when "Cuba stumbled," got back in time to help her on her feet. At either end of the group, two young secretaries.

der to President Roosevelt, who is so identified with her liberation, that we are here at the time of a stumble in Cuba's progress toward popular government. But it has given us an opportunity to assure you in the name of Roosevelt and the American people that we are here only to help you." Cuba's difficulty was that she had been brought up under fifteenth century and sixteenth century ideas of government. She was taught to look to others for assumption of the responsibilities of government. "You exercised only the functions of criticism. Most of your people, especially the educated and wealthy classes, trained themselves not only to indifference, but to inactivity in the field of politics." But the theory of popular government is that every class shall exercise a decided political influence.

THEREFORE, said Mr. Taft, he urged the recipients of the diplomas he distributed to devote themselves to the betterment of their

estates—if they had any. Those who had none should enter commercial pursuits so that when, twenty-five years hence, a sympathetic stranger goes to Cuba he may not find a political class, a commercial class and the sciences and professions all divided, but a co-operation of all for the achievement of Cuba's welfare through a republican form of government. "I am afraid," Mr. Taft said, "young Cubans are not sufficiently infused with that commercial spirit of which we have too much in the United States." What they need is the desire to "make money," to found great interests. "Young Cubans, or rather most of them, ought to begin in business." Mr. Taft spoke in English. His address was translated sentence by sentence as he proceeded. The applause with which his words were received and their felicitous effect upon public opinion throughout the island indicate that the sympathy of the best elements in Cuba was won by Mr. Taft's conciliatory personality from the first. In him

they think they see a fighting politician who is also a disinterested statesman. The welfare of Cuba is the ark of his covenant. Without fineness of maneuver, displaying no delicacy of intrigue, he had baffled every predatory instinct with perfect amiability of manner. He delighted the Cubans by his comprehension of their temperament. "The members of the Latin race," he remarked at the outset of the speech here quoted, "are accustomed, and not without reason, to characterize us Anglo-Saxons as abrupt and conceited in our view of our power of pushing civilization. But those of us who have come closer to Spanish civilization have been impressed by the fact that Anglo-Saxons have much to learn from the intellectual refinement, artistic temperament, poetic imagery, high ideals and courtesy of the Latin and Spanish races." Cuba does not think William H. Taft has much more of that sort of thing to learn.

BEFORE Mr. Taft's departure for Washington, Judge Charles E. Magoon had been installed in Havana as Provisional Governor of Cuba. This sometime ruler of the canal zone on the Isthmus has quite recently returned from Panama preparatory to his departure for the Philippines as a member of the commission governing that archipelago. Judge Magoon's familiarity with Cuban institutions and his knowledge of the conditions under which the republican constitution went into force determined President Roosevelt, it seems, to make this appointment. Judge Magoon is supposed to be most competent for the task of organizing an independent judiciary in Cuba. The subservience of the judicial branch of the island government to the executive is hinted as a factor in all Cuba's recent woes. Washington purposes to eliminate this source of future crises. It has, moreover, been determined that the coming election of a President must take place with little delay. The machinery for a fair contest at the polls is to be set in motion by Judge Magoon as Provisional Governor. But the scheme to hold the election in January appears to have been vetoed in a very high official quarter. The mutual animosities agitating Liberals and Moderates are still unappeased. The cane-grinding season is another consideration. The earliest possible period for the election of a Cuban President is thought to be the month of June. On the other hand, Judge Magoon may be needed in the Philippines before then. In any event, say the Washington correspondents, Judge Magoon will have to impress the Cubans

with the fact that they must involve their island in no more upheavals. There has never been the least idea in the President's mind, if the *New York Times* reads that mind perspicuously, of annexing Cuba as a consequence of what Mr. Taft terms her stumble. But she must stumble no more.

DAYS prior to the subsidence of these seas of turbulence, Gen. Frederick Funston had been hurried from the Pacific coast to Pinar del Rio. He is well acquainted with many of the insurgent chiefs. He brought some men in arms to look without shrinking on the face of peace. But all his tact did not induce insurgent commanders to desist parading Havana streets on horseback like so many Alexanders the Great astride of Bucephalus. They pranced in conspicuous thorofares with mobs of idle boys at the tails of their steeds. They bowed right and left with the majesty of Wellington entering Brussels after Waterloo, whereas they should have been assisting General Funston in disarming their insurgent followers. Umbrage was taken at suggestions to this effect. Many of the Cubans of the faction to which Vice-President Mendez Capote belonged became outspoken against Funston. They accused him of having deserted them in the war with Spain. However, they facilitated the efforts at disarmament which went on unceasingly with the co-operation of Maj. Eugene F. Ladd. "Such alacrity," ran the Havana despatches, "as was shown by the insurgents in laying down their arms to the commission appointed to superintend this termination of the revolution was the greatest surprise the provisional government had yet encountered in its smoothly working program." There have been suspicions of the good faith with which the whole process went on. Many commands were patently reluctant to give up their weapons, but the official reports have it that few muniments of war escaped the vigilance of the disarmament commission. That some military embarrassments are connected with this subject has been inferred from the order to General Franklin J. Bell, chief of staff at Washington, to proceed to Cuba. General Bell, in virtue of his rank, would, while in Cuba, be the greatest military dignitary on the island.



INTER herring fishing was resumed on the west coast of Newfoundland last month with the whole colony in uproarious demonstration against the United States. Our fishermen were in-

formed by the Department of State last summer that they should not hire Newfoundlanders or other British subjects either outside the Newfoundland seaboard or in Canadian ports. They must restrict their crews to men shipped in American waters. This, literally interpreted, would imply that our fishermen must abandon their prized privilege of catching herring in gill nets. Washington met the difficulty by assuring American fishermen that it would support them in fishing by means of the purse-seine. This is a large bag of netting in which great quantities of herring are enclosed. Newfoundland finds it so destructive in practical use against mackerel and haddock that she has prohibited its employment within her territorial waters for any purpose. American fishermen with treaty rights in Newfoundland waters, as the St. John's *Telegram* argues, are equally liable, with Newfoundland's own people, to the penalties of this law. The Washington Government disputes this contention on the basis of existing treaty arrangements with Great Britain. The Canadian Government has always obliged American vessels to observe Dominion regulations in Dominion waters. Great Britain has supported Canada in such assertions of authority. Why, asks the St. John's *Herald*, is Newfoundland deserted where Canada is upheld?

NEWFOUNDLAND, accordingly, passed a drastic law last summer. Washington seems to have intimated to London that this legislation could not be recognized here. At any rate, the gunboat *Potomac* went to Newfoundland waters for police duty. The British cruiser *Brilliant* was also maintained on the Newfoundland station to patrol the west shore. These vessels were supposed to act in conjunction for the prevention of bloodshed, since feeling ran high. Newfoundlanders accuse Americans of destroying the colony's nets. Americans retort that they are dragged to prison without process of law by colonial monopolists. Resorts to deadly weapons by inflamed fishermen of the two nationalities were barely averted when fishing began in the early days of last month. Mr. A. R. Alexander sailed last August for Newfoundland waters to advise American fishermen there regarding their treaty rights, especially in the matter of purse and seine nets, tho the use of such appliances is contrary to colonial laws. Negotiations between the governments concerned closed a month ago in a temporary agreement which, according to the Newfoundland dailies, gives the colonial case entirely

away. London and Washington had arranged the matter, complains the St. John's *Herald*, over Newfoundland's head. The colony's drastic legislation was practically vetoed. Every fishing interest flew into furies. An immediate calling of the legislature, spirited protests to the throne, the despatch of delegates to England and to Canada and an appeal to all autonomous British colonies to join in resistance of "unbridled invasions of colonial rights" were discussed in mass meetings. The Newfoundland Cabinet even considered an official denunciation of the Anglo-American arrangement, which, be it noted, is only temporary. Meanwhile, American fishermen are hiring colonists as crews in accordance with the terms of the concession wrested by Washington from London.



STANDING bareheaded in a down-pour of rain before "the most beautiful building in the country," as Pennsylvanians assert of their new State capitol, President Roosevelt a few days ago made a declaration which, in the judgment of *Ridgway's*, is "the most sensational he has voiced," and advanced a proposition which, the same authority thinks, before it is carried to its end, "must convulse Congress, engage the courts, and command from the public attention as has no other theory of government right or duty since the slavery debates." The proposition was that the Federal Government must supervise and control the "business use" of great fortunes and determine how large a percentage of such fortunes may be transmitted to heirs by the owner. Here is an extract from the speech embodying this proposition.

"All honest men must abhor and reprobate any effort to excite hostility to men of wealth as such. We should do all we can to encourage thrift and business energy, to put a premium upon the conduct of the man who honestly earns his livelihood and more than his livelihood, and who honestly uses the money he has earned. But it is our clear duty to see, in the interest of the people, that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day, and also wisely to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage that they shall pay to the government, whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist. Only the nation can do this work. To relegate it to the States is a farce, and is simply another way of saying that it shall not be done at all."

There were, of course, many other things in the speech—a plea for legislation on child labor for one thing, and, for another, a denunciation of government ownership of railroads



THE LATEST FICTION

THE READER.—"This book has a most thrilling villain, but it furnishes no hero."

—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.

as "evil in its results from every standpoint." But the utterance above quoted has cast into the shade the other portions of the address. In the opinion of the *New York Evening Post* it is "an inflammatory utterance" worthy of Hearst.

IT WAS not the first time the President had advanced this idea of an inheritance tax. In his famous muck-rake speech he had ex-



AND THE TIDE IS RISING

—Brantley Smith in *Columbus State*.

pressed the view that "we shall have ultimately to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount either given in life or bequeathed upon death to any individual." But in this Harrisburg utterance the President is no longer talking about ultimately considering. He is after action now. He wants the conditions determined on which fortunes are to be transmitted. He is evidently getting another job ready for Congress. One Washington correspondent asserts positively that the inheritance tax will be put "up to" Congress in the Presidential message next month. And not only the inheritance tax, but the additional proposition, far more earthquaky in its nature, for "adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day." There is no reason, observes the *Boston Herald*, "to suspect that Congress will be without occupation while Mr. Roosevelt is President!" While it wishes he would exercise himself with prevention of swollen fortunes acquired by reason of the high tariff, it admits that in this speech is heard "the voice of a Leader—and of a leader who is conscious that he has the American people back of him." *The Evening Mail* (New York) sustains the President's recommendation as right and as one the American people are ready to support. But *The Sun* (New York) regards the proposition as "preposterous." It says:

"Let us consider for a moment what is meant by the supervision and control of great fortunes by the Government. There is no such entity as a government apart from the individuals who exercise governmental power. The Government of the United States, which is to tell rich men what they ought to do and what they ought not to do with their money, however honestly acquired, must always consist of a body of public officers, either elected by the people or appointed by the President or by one of the heads of department at Washington. We should like to know what reason there is to suppose that the President or the members of the Cabinet individually or collectively, or the Congress, or the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Chief of the Bureau of Corporations, or all of them taken together, could intelligently supervise and control the management or disposition of a great fortune invested in business. To our mind the idea is simply preposterous."

NOT only did the President, when making this speech, stand in a pouring rain, but, so to speak, in the shadow of "the depressing pall of a great scandal" which hangs over the beautiful building he was helping to dedicate. So great is the scandal and so wrought up have the citizens of Pennsylvania become

over it that at least one paper, the *Macon Telegraph*, criticizes the President for not referring to it—a thing he could not have done, obviously, without violating all rules of propriety for such an occasion. Referring editorially to this scandal, *The Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) says:

"The proud satisfaction with which the people of Pennsylvania were prepared to celebrate the dedication of the new State capitol—whose completion within the specified time and at a cost not exceeding the liberal appropriation made for the purpose was hailed as an example of administrative efficiency as gratifying as unusual—has been turned to bitter disappointment by the discovery of the colossal deceit with which the work has been surrounded and its actual cost concealed. . . . No people can submit patiently to be lied to and juggled with, and no Commonwealth, after authorizing its officers to expend \$4,000,000 for a given purpose, can learn without indignation and disgust that they have taken on themselves secretly to expend \$9,000,000 more."

ANOTHER leading Republican paper of Philadelphia, *The Press*, calls for a searching investigation. It says:

"The revelations respecting the new Capitol have shaken the State from the Delaware to the Ohio. . . . We can well understand that the Governor believes there has been no wrong. We should be gratified, as every right-minded citizen would be, if this could be established. But the suspicion of colossal wrong is so strongly sustained by the facts already brought to light that nothing short of the most searching investigation can be admissible."

The scandal in question became public when the State treasurer, shortly before the dedication, revealed that, in addition to the sum appropriated for construction of the building (\$4,000,000), the sum of \$9,000,000 had been expended upon furnishing and decorating the structure. Of this sum, he charged that \$2,500,000 had been illegally paid out for work and material specified in the original contract and that from two to four millions had been paid out in extravagant ways. The revelation is entering into Pennsylvania's gubernatorial campaign to the subordination of other issues. Governor Pennypacker, under whose administration this expenditure has been made, seems to be above suspicion as to his personal character, but it is charged that he has been a tool in the hands of the Quay-Penrose ring. Says *The North American* (Philadelphia):

"Nothing quite so daring and monstrous has been attempted at one coup heretofore. No single act of graft upon a scale so gigantic has been made, because never before was there so favorable a chance and pretext. But the System has perpetrated petty larceny as a familiar, every-



ANNOUNCING ANOTHER JOB FOR CONGRESS

President Roosevelt's Harrisburg utterance, for federal supervision and control of "the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day," is called the most sensational he has ever voiced.

day practise, and it has expended the people's money unworthily and in unnecessary quantities year in and year out, ever since statesmen and patriots were displaced from the State government by political brigands."



INFLAMMATORY utterances are never lacking, North or South, for weeks after such a disturbance as the recent Atlanta race riot. They have been unusually inflammatory since that event because the outbreak was one of unusual violence and occurred, as the *Brooklyn Eagle* points out, "in the very center of negro education of the world." A dozen negroes (first reports said twenty) were killed and several of the whites. Twenty-two indictments for riot have been brought against white men and sixty against negroes. Since the culmination of the riot, September 22d, the reports of lynch-

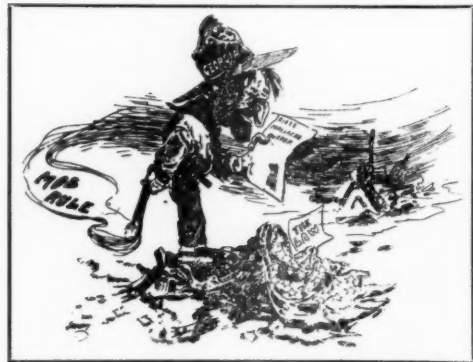
ings in other cities have been unusually numerous, and the comments exchanged between Northern and Southern journals unusually acrimonious. In several Republican State conventions in the North resolutions on the race question have been adopted which have aroused resentment in the South. Here, for instance, is an extract from the Republican platform in New York State:

"Realizing the national dangers arising from the alarming growth of mob barbarities engendered by race hatred in our own land, we demand the prompt and adequate punishment of mob instigators and leaders and we insist on the just and equal protection of the civil and political rights of all our citizens without regard to race, creed or color."

And here is an extract from an editorial comment, not in one of the yellow journals of the South, but in one of its ablest journals, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. Assuming that this platform utterance was "of course meant as a rebuke to the South," and characterizing it as ignorant and impudent meddling, the editor says passionately:

"When men of our own color, men sprung from the loins of imperial forebears, fair of skin, fairer still of impulse, quick to the virtues of courage and justice, devoted to the graces, leaders of light and learning, the conquerors of yesterday, of to-day and of to-morrow—when men of such lineage condone the outrage and abuse of white women, women of their own blood, and denounce and defame those who seek to protect them, and thus become the defenders of black despoilers, apologists for the foulest of crimes, they fall to the level of the fiends they defend and should forfeit the respect of decent men everywhere."

DISCUSSION of remedies for a condition asserted to be the worst at any time since the war, does not seem to bring about any gen-



"I WONDER WHAT'S DOIN' OVER IN RUSSIA?"

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

eral agreement upon specific measures. Senator Tillman, speaking to a large audience in Augusta, attempted such a discussion and, in spite of several characteristically violent statements that have not served to allay passion, his suggestions have been rather approvingly received. He predicts that in less than ten years, and he fears that in less than five, "there will be a great number of bloody race riots, North and South, beside which the Atlanta riot will pale into insignificance." There is but one effective plan, he concluded, to protect white women in the South, and that is the establishment of the European passport system, coupled with a large increase in officers of the law. The roving class of idle, worthless negroes are the cause of the riots, and they should be required to go to work on the chain-gangs when they cannot produce passports. Lynching, he declares, has failed to remedy the evil.

THE ominous phrase "Federal intervention" is again heard in the North, and it is found not in a Republican paper, but in a conservative Democratic paper of national influence—the *New York Times*. Commenting on Senator Tillman's speech, most of which it characterizes as "incredibly foolish," it goes on to say:

"It is, however, timely to utter a word of kindly warning as to such desperate agitation as Mr. Tillman's speech tends to excite. If it is allowed to go far enough seriously to imperil the order of any considerable section of the country, it will encounter, it will compel, Federal intervention, and no one knows better than Senator Tillman that if that is once undertaken it will be thoro and conclusive. All reasonable Northern men regard such a possibility with the utmost concern and would avoid it in every way and to the last moment. But there is in the Federal Government a reserve of power intended for the protection of citizens of the United States which has never yet been exercised, has never been clearly defined, but exists and will be used if the plain need arises. The Nation has been very patient and considerate in this matter. . . . But if the whites of any of the Southern States in which they now have absolute control deliberately withhold from a whole class of citizens 'the equal protection of the laws,' if they fail to curb the lawlessness and violence of their rowdies, and if they stir up or permit to be stirred up a race war in which 'the color of the skin is a death warrant,' the Nation will cease to be patient. It will act—deliberately, by legal means, and fairly, but it will undoubtedly act."

The Afro-American Council recently in session in this city passed a resolution calling on President Roosevelt to recommend a Congressional investigation of the civil and political rights of the negroes in the Southern States.



IS THIS SCENE TO BECOME FAMILIAR IN THE SOUTH?

This is Company K, of the Georgia militia, ready to march to the scene of the recent race-riot, going on a few blocks away, in Atlanta. According to Senator Tillman, such riots are sure to become numerous all over the South.

The Republican platform in Massachusetts refers to the sacred duty of the party to secure "equal suffrage to equal citizens," and the *Boston Herald* (Ind.) demands to know when the party is going to make a move to discharge this duty.

SOUTHERN papers are in increasing numbers admitting that the remedy for the race trouble must apply to the whites as well as to the blacks. The most significant utterance in Senator Tillman's speech, thinks the *New York Evening Post*, was his reference to the notorious relations of white men to colored women. Referring to the danger of ultimate amalgamation, he said: "The line must be drawn as sternly between white men and negro women as between black men and white women." The editor of the *Atlanta Georgian* (one of the papers accused of inciting the riot in Atlanta for sensational news purposes) prints a letter from a white woman, heading it "A Home Thrust on Morals," in which she asks:

"How many colored girls of Georgia reach the years of maturity before they are in the toils of some white, must I say, man? Some one will say the negro does not know of, or care for, a better life. Who is responsible for this state of affairs? Through the years of their slavery, when they had no way of learning only from their masters, what did we teach them? Are we still trying to teach them morality?"

The *Atlanta Constitution*, in a two-column discussion of the race question, admits that no progress has been made since the days of reconstruction in the settlement of the question and earnestly asks:

"Are we of the South going to sit in supine and fatuous indifference—looking with a reckless

and an easy confidence to some mythical, far-off solution—while the problem of the races gathers itself into ominous proportions? Will our children and our children's children condone such woful shortsightedness, should it bring them at hand-grips with a situation unparalleled in the annals of civilization?"

THE same paper goes on to declare that the religious training of the negroes has been left by the whites to negro preachers and teachers, and it calls upon the Southern church, its preachers, teachers and workers to take up this neglected duty regardless of creeds or denominations. It says:

"We have withdrawn from this subject-race the strong supporting arm of the white man who knows the negro; we have left the but twice-removed child of the jungle to learn the lessons of religion, of morality, of civilization, from his own inner consciousness—in other words, we have thrust him back on nothing; or, what is hardly better, we have left instructions to those whose knowledge of him is based on theory—sometimes fanaticism. Therein lies the problem and the great opportunity for the churchmen of the South."

The *Atlanta Journal* pleads guilty to the same charge. It says:

"If the North has spent its millions mistakenly in the wrong principles of education for the negro race, the South has been criminally negligent in what it has done for negro education. It has spent its millions, too, in annual appropriations for public schools and it knows little and cares less what is done with the money which the taxpayers furnish."

The *Outlook* (New York) in a recent editorial described the situation in Atlanta in much the same terms. It said:

"Negroes living in the midst of the whites are strangers, practically a people without a country.



BLESSING THE STANDARDS OF THE LITTLE FATHER'S ARMY

The scene is the parade ground outside Peterhof, one of the Czar's summer homes. The standards, four in number, belong to the regiments of the guard to whom is entrusted responsibility for the personal safety of the consort and children of Nicholas II. The prelates who form a circle are high ecclesiastics of the orthodox church, engaged in the rites of consecration. At a short distance from the group stands the Czar, doffing his hat in recognition of the sanctity of the benediction.

They are not only distinct—that is inevitable—but they are also alien, and that ought to be changed. They form, as it were, an *imperium in imperio*, or, as the title of an article in last week's issue of *The Outlook* expressed it, they constitute 'the city within the city.' For what a negro may do to a white man he is held strictly accountable by the whites; but for what he may do to another negro, so long as it does not disturb the white population, he is held accountable by no

one with any real authority or power. Strictly within their own circle there is little to govern the negroes of America except a race opinion—which, it is true, is strong but not always effective. A negro can destroy negro property, he can wrong a negro woman, he can even kill a fellow-negro, and, so long as he does not trouble the whites, he has a good chance of escaping forcible restraint."

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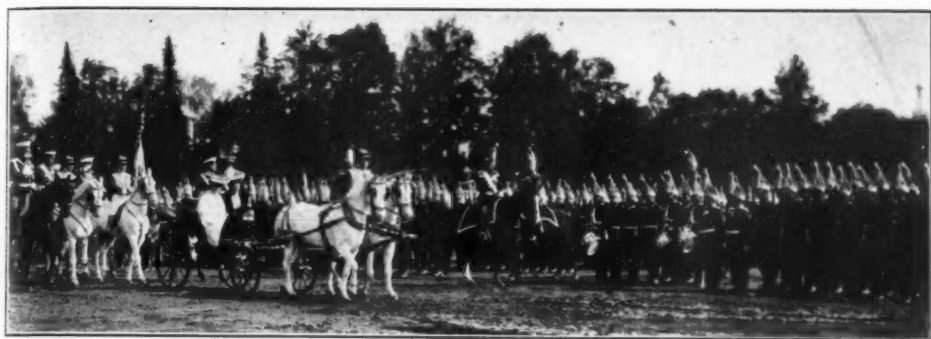
FRIENDLY ADVICE

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES (of France): "You'd better buy yourself a stove-pipe hat like mine, dear Czar. The metal in that crown of yours attracts the lightning so."

—Munich *Jugend*.



OLDING the heir to the throne of Russia in her own fair arms, and with the four little grand duchesses who have blessed her union with Nicholas II clinging tremulously to her skirts, Alexandra Feodorovna emerged from within the enclosure of the Alexandra Palace at Peterhof on her way to the imperial yacht at anchor in the Neva Bay. This was three days before the death of General Trepoff, and that dour soldier was himself superintending this hasty departure of the entire imperial family from the humid, low-lying plain on which Peterhof palace stands. The Czar accompanied his wife and children, but he walked apart from them. The minister of his court was on one side of the Czar and three companies of the palace guard hemmed the party in. Officially, the world was told that the imperial family meant to voyage down the Gulf of Finland on an excursion lasting several days. Unofficially, it transpires that another plot to assassinate the Czar had been foiled in the nick of time. For the past two days powerful electric search-lights had been mounted on the roof of the palace to sweep the harbor and the coast. Some twenty-four hours prior to these preparations for departure, a great automobile had been driven at tremendous speed through



THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS AT PETERHOF

Alexandra Feodorovna is an honorary colonel of the regiment—Pavloff Life Guards—here undergoing inspection. Peterhof is that royal residence of the imperial family at which the conspiracies of the terrorists have during the month just ended assumed such terrifying forms. As a consequence, the regiment on duty at Peterhof, presumably of tried fidelity, was sent on to Tsarskoe Selo when the Czar and his children went thither a fortnight ago.

the palings of the palace park which surrounds that other imperial residence, Tsarskoe Selo. The car sped directly in front of the private apartments of Nicholas II. It was thought, according to the London *Telegraph*, that this was a "kind of dress rehearsal" for the actual attempt upon the Czar's life. Under the shadow of that fear the Czar and his family embarked.

TWO warships and three torpedo boats accompanied the imperial yacht—the *Standard*—as it steamed away bearing not only the entire imperial family, but four of the Czarina's maids of honor and the entire suite of his Imperial Majesty. Such a hegira of the whole court is unprecedented in Russian experience. In three days General Trepoff was a dead man. Contrary to confident expectations, the Czar did



THE FIVE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR

The two-year-old Alexis, who, if he lives, will inherit the throne, stands in front of the little Grand Duchess Marie. Looking into the countenance of her English governess stands the Grand Duchess Olga, oldest of the Czar's daughters. The youngest daughter, Grand Duchess Anastasia, sits on the donkey's back while the Grand Duchess Tatiana holds the rein. The garden in which the little ones are playing is surrounded by a high spiked wall, patrolled by troops.

not return for the funeral. His Imperial Majesty, say the European dailies, had been warned that an attempt would be made upon his life at a reunion of the so-called chevaliers of the guard. It is well known, points out the *London Mail*, that the Czar is unpopular with the army, especially with the guard, the officers of which dislike his want of dash. Prime Minister Stolypin himself wrote the Czar, avers the *London Times*, warning him not to return for the review of the guards. Fearing that his communication might be intercepted, the Prime Minister hurried to Finland, adds our authority, and laid before Nicholas II details of a plan to assassinate him while he was playing with his children in the palace grounds. Two armed terrorists, a man and a woman, had been ferreted out in the servants' quarters of the secluded and closely guarded Alexandra Palace. Imperial lackeys had actually smuggled weapons into the Peterhof kitchens. Part of the great park at Peterhof is bounded by the waters of the Neva Bay. The remainder of the domain is hedged about by a great wall, spiked on top, with Cossacks on patrol night and day. The palace grounds proper are much frequented by the imperial children—Grand Duchess Olga, now just eleven and the image of her father; Grand Duchess Tatiana, at present aged nine, the beauty of the imperial family; Grand Duchess Marie, who is seven and a recent victim of the measles; Grand Duchess Anastasia, five years old, and the most important personage of all, the Czarevitch Alexis, now old enough to toddle everywhere with his four sisters and to make himself a general favorite with the guards about the palace. Prime Minister Stolypin revealed to Nicholas II that he was to be made the objective point of a bomb thrown from the precincts of the palace itself. Such a deed, observes the *Paris Figaro*, could not have been successful without maiming the imperial children for life, if they were not killed outright. The terrorists have already maimed two of the Stolypin children.

SO THE Czar did not return for the Trepoff obsequies. Time and again it was announced that the imperial family would go back to Peterhof. Again and again the return was postponed. That Nicholas II should go for a few days' cruise in the Gulf of Finland is not extraordinary. It is a trip undertaken by his Imperial Majesty almost every year. In the course of the trip the Czar regularly engages in hunting. But this year's expedition of the entire family, and the unprece-

dent duration of the voyage, led to a widely-printed rumor that the Czar had fled to the court of his consort's family at Darmstadt. Another story hinted at a stay of some duration abroad. Meanwhile, the *Berliner Zeitung* had printed its amazing tale of a mysterious special train, with no fewer than ten grand dukes and grand duchesses on board, speeding to Brussels and Paris from St. Petersburg—a tale confirmed by the despatches of the reliable *National Zeitung* (Berlin). It seems clear to the most cautious dailies in Europe that events of a very mysterious nature are transpiring in the inner circle of the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty. Amazement was intensified by the announcement that the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael—who always takes his mother's side in the conflicts that rage at Peterhof—is to wed.

GENERAL DEDIULIN had by this time been appointed to Trepoff's vacant post as commandant of the palace and guardian of the imperial person. As prefect of St. Petersburg, the general is believed to have made the Czar's capital one of the most bespied cities in the world. Every train has its spies, every hotel is filled with spies. General Dediulin is asserted to possess the day's diary of every new arrival in town for any twenty-four hour period subsequent to his coming. The general likewise commanded the soldier-police who keep St. Petersburg's street manifestants in order, proving so rigorous in the discharge of this office that Trepoff congratulated him on his methods. The Czar made Dediulin an aide-de-camp of his own some six months ago. This gave the soldier the right of access to the imperial presence on certain regular occasions, during one of which, it seems, he amused the Czarevitch by throwing his money in the air and catching it with miraculous dexterity as the coins descended. The general's fortune was founded. Whether he is to rise or fall before the month expires is a moot point among St. Petersburg correspondents.



AUGUST BEBEL, the most successful organizer of this age, as so many deem him, has just proved again to Germany how steely is his grip upon the compact Socialist vote of over three millions created largely by his own labor of forty years. The outcome of the next national election in the empire of William II must, it is felt in Europe, precipitate a crisis in its history through the triumph of the Bebel policy



HISTORY AS BEBEL WOULD WRITE IT

The castles of the old robber barons lie in ruins—

but new ones have risen to take their places.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

in the congress of the Social Democratic party. This white haired old man of sixty-seven carried never less than four-fifths of the delegates in the series of votes, demonstrating how firm is to be the Socialist resistance to the suspected imperial plot against universal suffrage. Bebel's avowed aim now is to increase the vote of the party he leads from the three millions it

rolled up in the last Reichstag elections to four millions and a half in the contest coming next. That he will succeed is the avowed opinion of one of Germany's Conservative leaders, Baron von Zedlitz, who hints at the impending doom of universal suffrage in the empire. Many months will elapse before the election is held, but the Socialists instructed

Bebel to begin active work in the political campaign at once.

A CUTE conflict within the party was subdued when Bebel explained to the congress his attitude toward the burning issue of a general strike. With all the operatic penetrability of tone for which his voice is famous, the old man cried out to the delegates that a general strike should never be brought about "artificially." Such a strike is only feasible when the masses of the people have been brought to a state of ferment. On Bebel's lips, one of his admirers has written, the structural tortuosities of the language of Kant and Schiller reduce themselves into enchanting clarity of phrase. The circumstance was manifest as he contended that in Russia, for example, a general strike is not like a general strike in Germany. The Prussian monarchy, the rural aristocracy from which the military caste is recruited, could checkmate a general strike out of existence. Let them not, as so many Hotspurs of the party urged that they should, take Russia for their model. They could not introduce a social revolution through the general strike. Bebel was on delicate ground here. Many impatient leaders within his great party contend that, instead of wasting decades in slow political agitation, the forces of discontent ought to bring the entire industry of the empire to impotence through the general strike. What a magnificent paralytic of the

whole economic basis of the cursed social system at one blow! How helpless all the regiments of William II in arms against a general standstill of commerce and industry!

SO THE Hotspurs had flocked to the congress with their brains ablaze. They had put through in a previous gathering one heated resolution of the general-strike variety; but the mordant sarcasms of the old man in the long shabby coat were too much for them. A general who flew to battle, he observed, when he knew that his own Waterloo was just ahead, must be summoned before a court-martial and shot. Never would the social revolution be born of the general strike. The masses of the people do not march deliberately to social revolution. They are precipitated into it by the irresistible logic of events. "But I say," he concluded, as his wide black necktie and his spiky chin whisker waved in unison, "that if an attempt be made to limit the suffrage, if it be intended wholly to deprive us of the legal right of combination, there will have arrived for us the moment when it will no longer be a question of whether we wished or not. We shall be compelled. We must then go into action tho we were all to remain dead on the field." Bebel's force of character put the Hotspurs to confusion. His form of defiance was accepted as the only practicable means of bringing the German Emperor's military autocracy to terms.



THE REAL THING IN BASEBALL

The two victorious baseball nines, Chicago Nationals and Chicago Americans, with their trophies. After they had won the two league championships, they played one another for the world's championship, the Americans (in white socks) winning four games out of six.



SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

One million people in Paris watched the beginning of the international balloon race last month, which was won by an American representative. The picture was taken as Santos Dumont was just starting.

PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war and not much less perilous. The month of October seems to be the time of the year for all sorts of international sporting contests, and a citizen of this rolling planet who departed for other worlds ten or fifteen years ago would have been amazed beyond measure could he have returned for a visit last month and taken a bird's-eye view to see how we were enjoying ourselves. Some of the events would have been very familiar, others entirely novel. The international shooting match at Creedmoor, between the Queen's Westminsters and the rifle team of the Seventh Regiment, competing for the Sir Howard Vincent international chal-

lenge shield, would not have seemed an unusual sight, and the fact that the Americans won by what Captain Shaddock, of the British team, called "phenomenal shooting" would have seemed like old times. There would have been seen, too, a familiar sight in Chicago, where the winning nines in the two great baseball leagues—the National League and the American League—were making a final contest for the world's championship, amid the wild frenzy of 20,000 "fans," more or less, attending each of the six closely contested games. This departed shade revisiting the scenes of earth would also have hailed as old friends most of the billiard-ists competing in New York City in another world's championship series—Slosson, Schae-

fer, Sutton. But one of the contestants, Hoppe, a beardless boy of nineteen, would have appealed to our visitor as a distinct novelty, and the wizardry of the cue by virtue of which this lad won last year and has kept so far this year the world's championship at 18.1 balk-line, would have seemed almost as phenomenal in its way as the learning of Dr. John Fiske, who read Josephus at the age of seven and studied differential calculus at thirteen, was in its way. Three other international contests would have made this supposititious former inhabitant of the earth open his eyes with amazement—the international balloon-race in France, the international automobile race in America, and the combination race of balloons and automobiles in Germany.

WITH one million people or thereabouts gathered in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, massed in the Place de la Concorde, covering the bridges and embankments of the Seine and hanging on a thousand housetops like bees getting ready to swarm from innumerable hives, Santos-Dumont and fifteen aeronauts loosed their big gas-bags and started on an aerial voyage to win the James Gordon Bennett cup. Seven different nations—America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Belgium—were represented in the contest. The balloonist who covered the longest distance before descending was to win the cup. Nothing but a drifting match, one may say. But even in a drifting match brain-work may count. One of the two American representatives took along with him a meteorologist, Major Hersey, who had once been in the weather bureau. The latest weather reports told him of a high wind northeast of Paris, and no slow wind in sight. From this, so the cable tells us, he "knew instantly" that the heavier and faster outer currents would be at the surface and that the wind ("we tell it as 'twas told to us") revolving about the center from left to right would inevitably change the direction of those outer currents and carry the balloon northward toward England. Consequently, while the other aeronauts went skyhooting at once for the upper stratas, this American balloon stayed close to earth, its guide-rope dragging most of the time, and as a result it distanced all competitors and won the race for its aeronaut, Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, of the Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. Lahm covered 415 miles before descending, landing in England. This was the first competition for the Bennett cup, but it is not likely to be the last, for no casualties ensued, and

ballooning is fast becoming a craze in Europe. There is an association of nine aero clubs in Germany with a membership of 2,743. In France, the members of the Aero Club of Paris have made 3,000 ascensions in the last three years without loss of life. You can go out and rent a balloon for \$10 at any time and at an additional expense of \$40 make an ascent. The next balloon race for the Bennett cup must, under the rules, be held in the United States.



EVERY Persian subject of the male sex able to read and write, who is not less than thirty years of age nor more than seventy, found himself involved in the national election which last month agitated the realm of the Shah. The first political campaign that has ever taken place on the mainland of Asia proceeds wonderfully, observes the correspondent of the *London Times*, like a contest of the same sort in the United States of America. Care has been taken to maintain the secrecy of the ballot by the use of sealed envelopes. The deputies were chosen for two years. They are exempt from arrest. They cannot legally be punished for anything they may say in debate. The Shah has pledged himself to open his first parliament in person. All the Mujtehids had left Teheran in a body for the tomb of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, who is buried at Nejef in Mesopotamia, and they had proceeded as far as Hussanabad on the road to Kum when Muzaffer-Din, light of the world, Shah of Persia—who, when at home, spends much of his time on the hills shooting or in pottering about his garden in a velvet jacket and a pair of tweed trousers—bestowed a constitution upon his realm. The Mujtehids had triumphed! Combining with their religious functions as hierarchs of the great Shiite sect of Islam, to which Persia is so true, an orthodox administration of justice according to the Shari, or sacred law, the Mujtehids had crowded into the shrine of Abdul Azim six months ago. The religious life could not be led in the land. Abdul Hamid, commander of the faithful, would not dismiss the Atabeg Azam. Instead, the partizans of Muzaffer-ed-Din tried to pull a mullah out of the shrine. The Mujtehids rushed to the rescue, but a seyyid was shot. Tehrehan was in an uproar instantly. Not in all the eleven years of the reign of this Shah had a descendant of the prophet been shot before. The chief priests

took refuge in an unpolluted mosque and Ained-Dowlah ceased to be Grand Vizier. Thus was accomplished the greatest revolution in the land of the Magi since Ormuzd and Ahri-man were snuffed out with the priests of Zoroaster.

THE sixty-two-year-old Mirza Nazrullah Khan Mushir-ed-Dowlah now appeared upon the scene. To him was entrusted—al-though he has never traveled—the formulation of the Shah's grant of elective representation to his people. All Persia was, in consequence, plunged into the first political campaign that ever brought the seed of Mahomet to a ballot-box. Every true believer had a vote, whether he be a Ulema, a Kadjar, a wearer of the green turban, or a member of a trade-union. The national consultative assembly, as the Shah styles it, is to meet in Teheran next year. "The council will submit to us through the first person of the state, the Grand Vizier," runs Muzaffer-ed-Din's edict, "in complete security and assurance its views on the weal of the state and nation as well as on public affairs and the requirements of the people of the empire; and the proposals of the council will be approved and signed by us and duly put into execution." Mushir-ed-Dowlah, the Grand Vizier whom the revolution brought to the place of power, is already revising the canons of the sacred Shari and drafting the measures which Muzaffer-ed-Din will entreat his first parliament to approve. The excitement of the life the Mujtehids have been leading him for the past eight months has left the Shah so weak that he may not open the great council of his realm at all. "Tho he is not an old man," writes an authority on Persian affairs in the *London Times*, "his habits of self-indulgence have undermined his constitution."

AN epileptic fit nearly terminated his reign three months ago. The sixty wives of the Shah have borne him four sons and twenty-three daughters, among whom the Veli Ahd ranks as heir to the throne. Yet it is doubtful if the throne would pass peacefully to him, says the *London daily*. The younger brother of the Veli Ahd is ambitious and has a considerable following. Meanwhile, observes the *London Post*, the activities of the Persian parliament—"if it meets," interjects the *London Telegraph*—will be watched with intense curiosity as an experiment in the art of government. "Persia is in touch by the Caspian and the Volga with the heart of Russia. It borders the Caucasus, where revolutionary fanati-



"LIGHT OF THE WORLD"—BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK IT

Muzaffer-ed-Din has joined the constitutional procession by bestowing an organic law upon his realm of Persia which elected a parliament last month.

cism has burned most fiercely, and the electric excitement among the subjects of Nicholas II could not fail to transmit itself to the subjects of the Shah." In Persia, it is noted by this authority, political reform must come—can come—only after religious reform. The Koran places no interdict upon electoral representation of the people. But its tenets impose disabilities "radically incompatible with free speech by free legislators." Muzaffer-ed-Din seems unaware of such theological impediments to the liberties his constitution grants. He closed his edict with the hope that "all people, becoming aware of his 'good intentions,' will, 'happy and contented,' invoke blessings upon him." Muzaffer-ed-Din, declares the *London News*, is a humbug. He has borrowed more money than he can ever repay and a new constitution is just the excuse required by an enlightened potentate who wants to swindle his creditors.

Persons in the Foreground

THE LONELINESS OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



THE world loves to put a tag on a man even as Dickens always put a tag on each of his characters. The tag usually tells but half a truth, but it comes to embody the whole truth as to the world's idea of a man. And the idea that the world forms of a man is something more important and more vital oftentimes than the man himself. Washington must remain to all time "the father of his country," the idea of paternal benignity overshadowing all the other traits of his character. Lincoln is "the martyr President," the pathos in his life obscuring gradually the other outlines of his personal character. And so Rockefeller wears nowadays the tag of loneliness. "The loneliest man in the world," one writer calls him. Just what degree of truth the phrase expresses we may never know; but it fits so many of the facts of his life, so far as the world has been allowed to learn them, and suits so well the world's mood in regard to him, that the tag is likely to stay fixt.

In *Pearson's Magazine* for October appears an article on "Protecting the World's Richest Man." The writer, William R. Stewart, wrote before Mr. Rockefeller made his recent trip abroad. Since Mr. Rockefeller's return, he has seemed to adopt a new attitude of *bonhomie* toward the public (perhaps his new son-in-law has had something to do with it), and interview after interview with him has appeared in reputable journals of late, on his views of Europe, his opinion of the packing-house crusade, his trials in the giving away of money, and other subjects. But the essentials of his system for self-protection, Mr. Stewart asserts, have not been relaxed.

That system is described with much detail by Mr. Stewart, who says: "Judging by the safeguards with which he surrounds himself, the head of the Standard Oil Company stands in greater fear for his life than does any other person of whom the world takes note, the rulers of one or two monarchies alone excepted. The kings of England, Italy and Portugal, the Emperor of Germany, Austria and Japan and the Presidents of the United States, of France and of Switzerland, use fewer precautions against attack or intrusion than does Mr. Rockefeller." Mr. Stewart continues:

"Except between his various homes Mr. Rockefeller seldom travels by rail, and at all the terminals he has retainers among the minor officials, who carefully see that he is protected against publicity. His own carriage and coachman always meet the train on which he is expected. A trusted bodyguard, athletic and armed, accompanies him everywhere. Deputy sheriffs guard his fenced-in estates. The most complete burglar-alarm systems which can be devised are installed in all his homes, and a maze of call buttons ingeniously placed at a hundred spots give instant means of warning from every part of the grounds. It is said that the alarm system at his summer residence near Cleveland cost more money than the house itself.

"The Rockefeller estates are nothing more than vast protected enclosures where the 'Oil King' can shut himself up and be safe. How thoroly he can do this was shown when for three months process-servers of the Attorney-General of Missouri and newspaper reporters of the entire country tried to learn his whereabouts and failed."

At Pocantico Hills, he has a guard who patrols under his bedroom window all night, and Mr. Rockefeller frequently rises and calls to the man to make sure of his vigilance. His bodyguard is an imported Irishman, his valet an imported Swiss. The laborers on his estates are usually newly arrived Italians. The Irishman, who is called John, is polished and courteous, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who speaks six languages. He is a man "of few words and no acquaintances," but receives the highest salary paid in the household. Mr. Rockefeller's precautions go to the extent of having everything he eats carefully inspected before it is prepared for him, and "no one has ever in recent years known Mr. Rockefeller to eat in a hotel or in any other public place or even to attend a public banquet." In a railway station he "never enters a public waiting-room," but takes a seat in the baggage-room or some place where he can be unobserved. It was not because of personal vanity that he donned a wig, but because it made him less noticeable. The only public place he attends is the church and that is the only place where he dispenses with a guard. "Everywhere he lives like a recluse, as zealously guarded as an inmate of a penitentiary, except that he wills when he shall go abroad and what guards shall accompany him." Even in his own home, so the current gossip runs,

he never sits with his back to a window for fear of being made a target for the bullet of a crank. Golf is his one diversion, but he has watchmen all about the links when he plays, and he is most careful in selecting his golfing-guests. Usually he plays with his family physician, the local clergyman or a business associate in Standard Oil. His Pocantico estate, near Tarrytown, is enclosed with an iron fence six feet high, and the gates are commanded at night by arc-lights. "His estate is a refuge; that is all." He has a stable with thirty horses, but he seldom uses them. Mr. Stewart concludes his interesting picture as follows: "After spending some time on any one of Mr. Rockefeller's estates a wonder is bred as to what satisfaction he gets out of life. He stays but a short time at each place, and in that time does little, whether in the way of exercise, recreation, experimental farming or forestry. He is—safe, that's all."

How authentic all this may be, we have no means of knowing; but it tallies well with the view that others seem to have gotten of Mr. Rockefeller. Frederick Palmer several months ago published in *Collier's* an article entitled, "One Kind Word for John D." It began as follows:

"The man who is at once the richest and the loneliest in the world went abroad this summer. He did not go on a vacation, which would have been unbusinesslike, but he went, it is said, to comfort his sister, who is under the delusion that she will die in poverty. He will be the object of the courtesies of no American ambassador or minister. The founder of one of the greatest universities will not be invited to receive the freedom of any great foreign university. Foreign financiers will offer no banquets to the foremost of their kind; foreign field marshals of industry will extend no honors to the Napoleon of the commercial age.

"No one bade him Godspeed except his own blood kin. In all the twenty years that his name has been a household word no voice except that of the time-server has been raised in his defense. His word of commendation would ruin the career of almost any public man who seeks an elective office; yet his is probably the largest individual influence in legislation."

Mr. Palmer compares this treatment with that accorded to Andrew Carnegie when he goes abroad or returns home, and insists that Mr. Rockefeller is entitled to just as good treatment from his fellow men as Carnegie is. Rockefeller has given just as liberally, and "has not put his name in such big letters on his gifts." He is a creative genius, and while he has made millions for himself he has also made countless millions for the United States. He has been a creator of markets, he has al-

ways paid high wages, and the man who invests in one of his enterprises finds his money doubling and trebling. As for his methods and principles of business, they are "precisely the same as those of a man in a small town who drives all the retailers out of business and centers the trade in a department store." Mr. Palmer does not justify the methods, but he asks for justice all around, and he concludes:

"At all events, if we must abuse millionaires, let us abuse the speculators, the vampires, and the worst types, and make reasonable qualifications for the men who, though they build selfishly, are nevertheless creators; and let us remember that millionaires who are hardened to abuse will be sensitive to regulations which are honestly enforced."

Mr. Rockefeller himself has recently contributed to this picture of himself as an isolated man. In a special interview published in the *New York Times* (October 8), he tells how, seventeen years ago, the siege of applicants for money became unbearable and forced a change in his methods. He says:

"The good people who wanted me to help them with their good work seemed to come to New York in crowds. They brought their trunks and lived with me. I was glad to see them, too, for they were good people and earnest—they were all earnest. So they talked to me at the breakfast table, and they rode downtown with me, so as to miss no opportunity. When I left my office in the evening they were waiting to ride home with me on the elevated, and during the ride they told me about the qualifications of the charities and organizations they represented. At dinner they talked to me, and after dinner, when a little nap on a comfortable lounge or a restful chair and a quiet family chat seemed about the most desirable occupations until bedtime, these good people would pull up their chairs and begin, 'Now, Mr. Rockefeller—' Then they would tell their story.

"Well, I worked pretty hard at business in those days. I liked all these good people, every one of them. I respected their earnestness, and I really wanted to help them all. But there was only one of me and they were a crowd—a crowd increasing in numbers every day. I wanted to retain personal supervision of what little I did in the way of giving, but I also wanted to avoid a breakdown. So I put these matters into other hands, reluctantly."

Now all approaches, even from personal friends for causes in which they are interested, must be made through the regular channel. But where he or Mrs. Rockefeller knows personally concerning a cause for which money is solicited, he takes the case out of the hands of his committee at once.

For eight years, Mr. Rockefeller says, he has not been in the offices of the Standard Oil Company, at 26 Broadway, and he has never

set foot in the large office building in Cleveland which bears his name. But he says this of himself and it does not quite harmonize with the views of him we have been reproducing:

"I am especially thankful that I learned early to take an interest in other fields than business, so when I was able to shift more and more active business cares from my shoulders to those of other men I could do so without regret, for I had other fields of activity awaiting my attention which have proved of absorbing interest. I regard it as of the greatest importance that the man of business should guard against his business monopolizing him to the exclusion of all other fields of life."

After all, perhaps John D. does not yet know that he is "the loneliest man in the world." He has his wife, his son, and his grandson, and under such circumstances the loneliness must be considerably mitigated. When, therefore, his preacher says, as Dr. Eaton said a few days

ago in his pulpit in Cleveland, "some of the poorest people I know are the richest; some of the most unhappy are those who have what the world is pleased to call everything," perhaps John D. Rockefeller, who listened and nodded his approval, was simply pitying other millionaires, not himself. The same thing, by the way, was said by young John D. to his Bible class in New York City, April 1st last. He remarked:

"It is wrong to assume that men of immense wealth are always happy. If a man lives his life to himself and has no regard for humanity he will be the most miserable man on earth. All the money he can get will not help him for one moment to forget his discontent. To hide oneself from the world and live alone, secluded from one's fellow men like a hermit, will make a man's nature sullen and wretched. The kind of man I like is one that lives for his fellows—the one that lives in the open, contented with his lot and trying to bestow all the good he can upon humanity."

BEVERIDGE THE UNSQUELCHABLE



T has become rather a fashion among newspaper men to treat the name of the junior Senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge, with a mild degree of ridicule. Just why remains a matter for speculation. It may be because of his early reputation as a "boy orator." It may be because his rapid rise in politics at an early age aroused resentment, for the first office he held was that of United States Senator. It may be because he has been persuaded to give too much copybook advice to young men and young women about making their lives a success. It may be because of a certain self-consciousness in his manner. Whatever may be the reason, there is always a fling coming when newspaper men talk of Beveridge. And yet, strangely enough, most of them admit that they like him, that he is able and that his record is a clean one. All our habits are the result of association of ideas. The name of Beveridge became early associated with the idea of a gentle derision in newspaperdom and the resulting habit has never been entirely abandoned.

But Beveridge acquired a habit of his own still earlier and that is the habit of refusing to be squelched. He has had plenty of training in that line. According to his college friend, David Graham Phillips, the novelist, the habit was strongly fixt when Beveridge

came to college, and when the newspapers told how he had been squelched in the Senate after his first oratorical outburst there, his old college friends simply laughed and said to themselves, "How like old times it is!" Says Mr. Phillips (in an article in *Success Magazine* last year):

"The Senate and the Senate press gallery, no doubt, thought that the 'premature' explosion which has provoked them was the going off of a bomb which would be thereafter fragmentary and futile. They know now that it was simply the initial explosion of a triple-expansion engine—one that simply cannot be idle,—one that works as steadily and as effectively as incessantly,—one they cannot but admire. What it took the Senate a year or so to discover we who, when boys, attended college with him, learned then,—both those of us who liked him and those who didn't. A man who is bound to 'arrive' is born with the stamp of it on him; and he doesn't have to live long before all his acquaintances, except the stupid and envy-blind, find it.

"Most human beings are content to jog along the highway at a strolling pace, taking life as easily and as comfortably as possible, and looking for play rather than for work. Some are born strollers; some begin to stroll after a brief youthful spurt; others wait until middle life before they begin to take it easy and 'stand pat' on their laurels. Naturally, whenever there joins this leisurely company, at whatever stage, one deadly in earnest and spurred on by the never-absent sense of the exceeding brevity of life, the rest of the company is moved to various notions of irritation and amusement. Some are more amused



"HE IS A MAN THAT MEN LIKE"

This is the characterization which a Washington correspondent gives of Albert J. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana. He adds: "There is a buoyant, fresh and bubbling enthusiasm about him that makes it hard to feel antagonistic."

than irritated; some are more irritated than amused. All are more or less 'put out.' That's the way it has been with Beveridge from the beginning. 'What's he in such a stew about?' they have asked. But, when they have found out that he simply can't help it and that the blood beats as warmly in his heart as in his brain, they take a more cheerful view of him."

Beveridge began active life as a farm-hand in his early youth. The other farm-hands didn't approve of him, we are told, because he worked too hard. To get better wages and save something to take him to college, he went into a logging camp, where he achieved a reputation for feats of strength. This reputation followed him when he went to Greencastle, Ind., to get an education, and helped to make him a leader almost at the start. Phillips gives us a description of "Bev." as a sophomore:

"I remember most vividly the first time I saw him,—himself the epitome of all he had been through. It wasn't very long ago, for he still looks much as he did then. He, a sophomore, was walking through the wide main corridor of the principal building at Indiana Asbury—now De Pauw,—University; a strong, straight figure, short rather than tall, dressed in a baggy old suit that yet somehow deceived you into thinking it was all right; a pallid, keen, alert face, with a powerful jaw and gray-blue eyes that suggested a runner in sight of the goal; longish, fair hair, a perfect mop of it. I remember the voice, too,—someone stopped him in his quick, almost sharp walk, and introduced us. The voice was curiously clear and penetrating,—almost painfully penetrating, then. It was a voice that had had to make itself heard above clamors of torrents and bawling men; it was a voice of command. 'You may not like him, at first,' said the boy who had introduced us, when he had gone on, 'but you will as you know him better.' It so happened that I did like him, however, for there always was a fascination for me in strength,—and this new acquaintance of mine, with his unkempt hair and his burning eyes and his voice like a trumpet, was obviously strong mentally and physically.

"It took both kinds of strength to get him through those four years at college. Only a strong mind could have marked out, and, through every obstacle, carried out such a program of education as was his; only a strong body could have sustained the tremendous strain he put upon it. There were months—the hard winter months, too,—when his schedule gave him time for only four hours of sleep. Many a morning I have seen him, long, long before sunrise, start across the snow into the woods to practice his voice,—which meant several hours of exhausting exercise; and he would get back in time to study Shakespeare or the great orations of the great orators for an hour before breakfast. He also kept up his regular class work and ran the politics of our fraternity and of one of the literary societies,—and made a living,—a good living,—in addition. How did he do it all? I'm sure I don't know. I doubt if he knows, himself. Certainly, I should be incredulous if I had not seen with my own

eyes. A minute is a very brief time. I've seen many a one go in so quick an operation as lighting a pipe or shuffling a pack of cards. The greatest marvel of the world, the miracle of superior men's lives, is the cumulative power of the unwasted minute.

"Bev." would leave several of us in the sitting room, talking about nothing or about something in a way that made it come to nothing; he would be back with us before we had noticed that he had gone. Yet, in the hour that had slipped away for us, he would have got ready a recitation or so for the next day. He always seemed to have plenty of time; he was always ready to drop whatever he was doing and go off with us for a lark. But,—and this is the important point,—when the lark was over, 'Bev.' was instantly back at work, while the rest of us wasted hours on hours in discussing what a good time we had had."

His first summer vacation was spent as a book-agent, and he was so successful that the next year he led forth "several hundred" young men whom he had trained for the same work and whom he directed in the canvassing field. The training itself had taken three months' time and was "worth a four years' course in any college to the fortunate young men who got it." The book they were to sell was a history of religions and was entitled "Error's Chains." For three months all Greencastle was in a fever over those chains; ate with them, slept with them, dreamed day-dreams about them. And when the young agents started forth to fasten those chains upon the State of Iowa they were irresistible. "I don't think any other body of book-canvassers"—we are again quoting Mr. Phillips—"ever made so much money in so short a space of time." Since that day, "every center table in Iowa can creditably pass an examination on the rise and fall of religions."

Then came, in his senior year, a day of great triumph. Phillips tells of it as follows:

"We were all trying to be orators. Every isolated bit of country round Greencastle, every fraternity hall, and every house where noise was tolerated rang with the agonized efforts of young Demostheneses and Pericleses. There were original orations, cribbed orations, and declamations; gesticulations patterned after familiar modes of oratory; voices trained to bring out the chest tones and the high notes, and clothes bought with an eye to platform wear. The man who won the oratorical prizes was looked up to as one who gets into the 'Porcellian Club' is at Harvard, as one who makes the crew or the team is at Yale, or as the captain of the football eleven is at Princeton. In his junior year Beveridge was the best in the college at oratory,—he had the medals and the money prizes as proof of it. In his junior year he won the competition among the representative orators of all the large colleges in the State; in his senior year he won the interstate contest,—a competition among representa-

tives of the principal colleges in the West and the Northwest. When he came back with that prize old President Martin and the faculty escorted him in state from the station. I can see the procession, now, winding through the streets of the town, with everybody watching it and cheering. There was an extraordinary amount of generosity in the intense rivalry at the old college. It was typically Western, and that means typically American,—a free-for-all, with the best man winning and the losers proud to be beaten by so good a man, and proud of their own lack of mean-spiritedness. How the band did play! And how the sun shone, and how the crowds cheered! And how hard 'Bev.' was struggling to seem to be calm and proud without vanity, when it wouldn't have been in boy-nature—for he was only a boy,—not to feel 'set up!'"

When he left college the publishers of "Error's Chains" wanted him in their business; but he took to law and politics instead, especially the speech-making side of politics. The Republican machine of Indiana was not to his liking and gradually he built up a machine of his own inside the party—a machine of young men, chiefly, organized not for graft, we are assured, but for patriotic purposes. It was this machine that forced his election as Senator upon the regular organization. "He won as 'Bob' Follette won in Wisconsin, tho the conditions of secrecy surrounding the campaign against him made his victory less sensational altho it was not one whit less emphatic."

Beveridge went to the United States Senate heralded as a boy orator, and, according to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, he has never lived down that reputation. Of his first speech in the Senate chamber, Mr. Dooley observed: "'Twas a speech ye cud waltz to." He made more speeches in waltz-time, and the galleries were always filled with beautiful young ladies when he spoke. The Senate became restless, and Senator Pettus, of Alabama, eighty-four years of age, with his kindly high-pitched drawl, rose one day to obliterate the or-a-tor, as he called Beveridge. Buttoning his frock-coat about him and sticking his thumb in it in approved oratorical fashion, Pettus began his speech:

"As he talked he somehow suggested all Beveridge's favorite gestures without doing a thing so undignified as to imitate them. In his way of buttoning the top of his coat, in his gentle movement of the chest and slight oscillation of shoulders, he conveyed such an idea of ridiculous pomposity that the Senate lost all control of itself. Never mentioning Beveridge's name, he punctured the Indianian's claims to be what he called 'our great orator' with a gentle and poignant ridicule. He pictured Beveridge as indulging in a soliloquy, in which he pledged himself to throw aside all consideration of common sense

and devote himself to building up a reputation as an orator. He rung the changes on the word 'or-a-tor,' each time dividing it carefully into three syllables and making each bear the burden of a world of scorn. He suggested to Allison and Hale, the two wise old heads of the Republican machine, the necessity of calling a caucus to consider the question what should be done with Beveridge."

"While the old man was doing this dreadful deed, now and then stopping to mop his face with an immense red handkerchief imported from Selma, all the rules of the Senate were forgotten. Democrats and Republicans alike were lying sprawled across their desks, their faces contorted in an agony of merriment. The President of the Senate, gavel in hand, lay back in his chair, not only not enforcing, but flagrantly breaking all the rules by guffawing."

More than one man of fine qualities has been broken by an exuberance of oratory in Congress in the beginning of his career. Beveridge was hard hit, but not broken. He has never quite lived down his first oratorical days in Washington, but they have been forgiven if not forgotten. For "he is a man that men like," according to *The Times* correspondent, and "there is a buoyant, fresh and bubbling enthusiasm about him that makes it hard to feel antagonistic." He is a bad man to go up against in a debate, we are told again. "He once tackled Simmons, of North Carolina, and wound him up in an endless maze of contradictions. It so mortified the North Carolinian that he actually took to his bed and was ill for a week." He has so exasperated Bailey at times by his queries that the Texan has lost all control of himself. And when Beveridge and Quay locked horns over the Statehood Bill men neglected business to see it.

But Beveridge quailed once—not in Congress, but in the Philippines. Says the same correspondent, Mr. Thompson:

"Beveridge does not lack personal courage. On this same Philippine excursion, he was with General Lawton in an engagement. Lawton and his men were on a ridge. The Filipinos were on another ridge, and firing tumultuously. Lawton perceived that the men on horseback were affording too good a mark, and roared 'Dismount!' Everybody got down from his horse except Lawton and Beveridge. The Senator made a move to do so, and then, seeing that Lawton was still on horseback, he remained where he was. The General and the Senator afforded the finest marks imaginable. Presently the General looked around and saw the Senator, serenely facing the rebel fire. His eye flamed.

"Blank, blank you to blank!" he roared. "I thought I told you to get down!"

"Before the terrific fire of profanity the Senator from the august State of Indiana quailed as he had not done before the Filipino bullets. He slid meekly off his horse and stayed off."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON ANY THRONE



RATHER small hips; a waist that seems long, that tapers, that is round; a flat back and an unbroken straight line down the front of her gown still bring out to distraction those suave curves for which the figure of the Czar's consort is famous in all the courts of Europe. The waves of hair and the pellucid complexion of her Imperial Majesty are rhythms in a symphony of which her ravishing form is the climax. No woman on any other throne is so suggestive of the lily. But she can do plain and fancy sewing, her own mother taught her how to cook, she can nurse with skill, and she likes Munich beer.

In this, the thirty-fifth year of her age, the Czarina seems to retain little of that poetical slenderness of frame which inspired fragments of versification when she was married twelve years ago. She is obviously corseted to-day in the style appropriate to fulness of figure, avers the competent authority who notes such circumstances for the European newspaper in closest touch with the Russian court—the

Paris *Figaro*. Over the head of Alexandra Feodorovna flows the same Niagara of dark auburn hair which was her greatest physical charm when she was merely Princess Alix Helena Louise Beatrice Victoria of Hesse and knew the pinch of poverty. Her skin was sallow in those days, says a writer of reminiscences in the Paris *Gaulois*, who saw Alix of Hesse in her Darmstadt period when she had a deep dimple in one cheek and made tea for her mother. The color of this remarkable hair was then reddish brown; but Mrs. Amalia Küssner Coudert, who painted the Czarina's portrait a few years ago, writes in the *Century* that the color is a "brown gold." In any case, it is the finest head of hair in any court, thinks the *Figaro's* authority, who informs the world that her Imperial Majesty never uses curl papers or heating irons in the production of those wavy effects which impart to her temples the aspect of snow by moonlight gleaming through ferns. The Czarina finds exquisite solace in having her tresses combed while reading those masterpieces of contemporary French literature to which she is said to be partial.

The nose of this lady has likewise a literature of its own. It is a very white nose, according to the *Gaulois*, the most regular nose, this authority ventures to think, in all Europe. It denotes a delicate, sensitive nature, we read, being long and thin, with pliable nostrils and a slight, very slight, tendency to the aquiline. This proclaims that firmness of disposition so conspicuously absent from the Czar's nose—the organ being *retroussé* in his Imperial Majesty's case and indicative of infirmity of purpose. The ears of the Czarina are large, but they lie close to the imperial head and have a length of lobule seen only in human beings of the thoroughbred royal variety. The lips are the reddest of curtains before the pearliest of teeth. The rigors of a St. Petersburg winter punish these beautiful lips. The Czarina cannot face the severity of the elements without a veil. Perhaps the infirmity of health, which is said to have tried her in youth, still lurks in her system, for the Czarina has a dread of cold weather. She fears its effect, insinuates a writer in London *Truth*, upon her famous complexion. Yet in the summer season her Imperial Majesty spends much of her leisure in the open air. She rides and walks freely about Peterhof, that paradise of landscape architecture, wherein the five young



SHE IS THIRTY-FIVE

She can cook. She can sew. She can take care of children. She can play the piano. She can speak French, German, English and Russian. She is beautiful. She is good. She is the Czarina.

children of the most beautiful woman on any throne gambol under the tutelage of a regiment of soldiers armed to the teeth, until the winter coops them up again.

To the suppleness of her Imperial Majesty's figure, to the ease of her bearing, to the symmetrical outline of her waist, to the stateliness of her altitude—exceeding the average height of her sex—many an enthusiast has essayed to do justice in the columns of the French press. Her shoulders, it is recorded, are always thrown back. Her chest is always well forward. She ever stands erect. Her waist-line is accentuated without waspishness of length or vulgarity of shortness. Her swelling port is self-contained, austere. It is only the head that ever droops, but that droop is a swan's. The eyelashes are long—weeping willows veiling those abysmal depths, her eyes. Such eyes! Blue, says the *Paris Figaro*. Gray, insists the *Gaulois*. At any rate, the look is demure, the expression pensive. They are eyes that flash, that swim, that look up unexpectedly and drop again. For the mastery of her complexion there is constant war of all shades of pink with all shades of white. She is the very rose of women, exhaling the fragrance of her nature with a perennial spontaneity. But she wants her own way all the time, and, in the estimation of our French authorities, she gets it, too. This beautiful woman it was who caused the dismantling of the so-called cabinet of the 19th February—the study in which Alexander II decreed emancipation of the serfs. That apartment was left intact ever after for the inspiration of posterity until Alexandra Feodorovna ordered it dismantled and her own huge swimming-tank conveyed thither. This display of lack of the historical instinct horrified Mr. Pobiedonostseff, but, according to the gossip of this most gossipy of European courts, he was powerless in the matter.

This same Mr. Pobiedonostseff, for so many years Procurator of the Holy Synod, would seem to have troubled the early wedded life of the Czarina. The old gentleman did not take her conversion to the orthodox faith of Russia at all seriously. The Czarina had been reared in evangelical tenets, to which she clung with obstinacy. It has been observed that the daughters of the beloved Queen Victoria of England were prone to extreme liberality of opinion in matters of religion. Now the Czarina was the daughter of the Princess Alice of England whose sweetness of disposition was allied with a dislike of dogma akin to that of the German Emperor's mother. This



THE RULER OF THE CZAR

The consort of Nicholas II is declared to head the palace clique now potent in the councils of his imperial Majesty.

last lady had turned her back upon the faith in which she was reared to such an extent that she won for herself the name of free thinker before she died. She is said to have influenced her niece, the present Czarina, to an extent incompatible with acceptance of the teachings of the Greek Orthodox Church. This may be the idlest gossip, but it is said to have troubled Mr. Pobiedonostseff sorely. He did his best, it is declared, to prevent the marriage of the then Princess Alix of Hesse with the then Czarevitch. As it was, the marriage did not take place until Nicholas II had ascended the throne. In the document prepared for the Czarina to sign and submitted to her on the eve of her wedding, she found the religion she was abjuring referred to as "unbelief." She insisted upon the substitution of a term less harsh. Mr. Pobiedonostseff's distrust of her Imperial Majesty was confirmed from that time.

Matters were not mended by the arrival of daughter after daughter during the first seven years of the Czarina's wedded life. She had been married nearly ten years before the birth of the Grand Duke Alexis. For months prior to that event her Imperial Majesty had been a patient of the late Professor Schenck, of Vienna,

whose theories regarding the determination of sex in the unborn won him much celebrity. Finally, the Czar and his consort made their memorable pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Seraphim, to whose intercession the sex of the Czarina's youngest born is ascribed by the faithful. The heir to the throne of Nicholas II has now entered his third year. He has never, says the *Figaro*, had the whooping-cough or the croup or the measles. Twenty teeth have been cut by the heir to the throne of Russia, who has just been through a trying summer. His gums were so much inflamed that it was feared they would have to be lanced. For one whole week the Czarina walked the floor of her apartments by night with the little one in her arms.

She is, say all reports, the most devoted of mothers. The heat of the water in which her children bathe is tested by herself with a thermometer. The children are dressed every morning under her own supervision. According to the *Gaulois*, English is the language of the family circle, altho French is likewise used. The Czarina does not seem to be facile in the use of Russian, a tongue she did not begin to learn until her engagement to the Czar. She cannot speak it at all fluently, according to those who ought to know. But her daugh-

ters are to be made proficient, it seems, in English, French, German and Russian. They will be taught to cook, says the *Gaulois*, to sew and to embroider. The astonishment of the Czarina when she was told that in the United States young ladies of the wealthy classes are not taught to cook, to sew or to nurse, is represented in the same newspaper as very great.

The social life of her Imperial Majesty on its purely official side is magnificent, but tedious, the best American account of it having been supplied to *The Century* by Mr. Herbert J. Hagerman, who was at one time second secretary of the United States Embassy in St. Petersburg. "The few great functions which are given at the winter palace," he writes, "are, without doubt, more magnificent than any others in the world." A grand ball opens the social season late in January:

"The suite of enormous rooms on the second floor of the palace, part of them overlooking the Neva, and adjoining their Majesties' private apartments, are used. The palace is so large that probably not one-fifth of its available state apartments are used on this occasion, in spite of the fact that about four thousand people are entertained.

"After the polonaise of the imperial party (nothing more, in fact, than a stately walk once or twice around the room), the Emperor and Empress speak for a few minutes to the chief diplomats, and the dancing begins. The Empress herself cannot enjoy it very much, as conventionalities require her to request the ambassadors to accompany her in the contra-dances. Sometimes these gentlemen, however aristocratic or powerful, are neither young nor graceful, and, as they frequently know little or nothing about the dance, the result cannot be entirely pleasing either to themselves or to the Empress. She occasionally calls upon some young officer to dance the *deux-temps* with her, but even then she must dance quite alone: the wands of the masters of ceremony tap the floor and all other dancers immediately retire.

"After supper there is a short cotillon, with few favors except flowers, which, however, are, without much exaggeration, worth their weight in gold at that time of year. It requires a person of unusual energy and presence of mind to lead the complicated movement of the cotillon at this ball, and the young officer who does so richly deserves the personal thanks of the Empress, which she very cordially renders him.

"The supper itself is most astonishing. It is by no means a light repast, and is served, with four or five wines, to every guest, all seated at table. With five or six courses and four thousand people, the amount of porcelain required is enormous. It is all beautiful, of peculiar Slavic designs, made only for the Emperor's private use at the imperial factory near the city. In the magnificent Salle des Armoires is laid the Empress's table, a round one on a raised dais, for the grand dukes."



"THE MOST DELICATELY PENSIVE FACE
IN THE WORLD"

It is that of the Czarina, reports a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, who thinks her Majesty the more beautiful for it.

Literature and Art

ARE NEWSPAPERS WEAKENING OUR NATIONAL FIBER?

MR. WHITELAW REID has lately taken occasion to record his conviction that the public attitude toward newspapers is one of "latent distrust which is becoming more general," and of "dislike often more openly expressed than formerly." His statement is the outgrowth of his experience not only as an eminent publicist, but as a former newspaper man, and would seem to be abundantly justified by recent developments in this country. Newspapers were probably never more widely read than at present, and were certainly never more widely criticized. As Mr. Rollo Ogden, of the New York *Evening Post* puts it, modern journalism is "on its defense"; and since the nomination of that "king of yellow journalists," Mr. William R. Hearst, for the governorship of New York State, the question of newspaper methods has become something very like a political issue. The new criticism is directed not merely against "yellow" journalism, but against the whole spirit of the modern newspaper. Indeed, Mr. George W. Ochs, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and New York *Times*, takes the ground that if we condemn the "yellow" press, we must also condemn the "red" journals which "inflare incompetence against capability and teach that honor and integrity have fled from high places." And Mr. John A. Macy, a writer in *The Bookman* (October), confesses to a special antipathy to hues of "blue" and "black" as manifested in the color scheme of our chromatic journalism. Blue journalism, he explains is "the despondent, pessimistic kind;" while black is "the ignorant sort, common in small towns, and still to be found in large cities flourishing side by side with the alert power of most metropolitan news establishments."

The most notable recent protest against our journalism is that of Dr. Frederick Peterson in *Collier's Weekly*. He finds in the modern newspaper "a stream of facts widely dissociated, an incoherent medley of concepts," and thinks that excessive newspaper reading "uses up brain-space which might be employed to better advantage, retards intellectual growth by over-stimulation, weakens the retentive powers by requiring the exercise of the art of

forgetting, and creates a morbid craving for emotional excitement." He says further:

"Investigation seems to show that the circulation of the newspaper increases the lower it descends in the scale of immorality. As we scan these nightmare pages and remember that imitation, emulation, and suggestion are the chief forces at work in all their readers for intellectual and moral development, we must pause and wonder what the result will be. It is not overstating it to say that every conspicuous crime, murder, suicide, lynching, reported in detail in these newspapers begets ideas of the like nature in innumerable minds, and the seeds thus planted bear similar fruit in their time. These newspapers represent in the domain of culture and enlightenment the mob spirit, a vast, impersonal, delirious, anarchic, degenerating, and disintegrating force. And it is this force which, acting upon the minds of the masses, sways them irresistibly in its own direction, making chaos where there should be order, familiarizing them with crime, presenting the worst features of human life for their emulation and imitation, and working insidiously by suggestion to induce in them noxious thoughts which often ultimately lead to harmful deeds."

"Only indirect reference has thus far been made to the effects of constant newspaper reading upon the emotions, the feelings. Some of us at least are conscious of a general and persistent depression produced by the daily clouding of the spiritual horizon with catastrophe, crime, political corruption, and commercial dishonor. Whether this may be contributing to the prevalence among us of the 'American disease,' neurasthenia, might be difficult to prove, but the suggestion is worthy of consideration."

Lincoln Steffens has lately been criticizing modern journalism from the point of view not of the reading public, but of the man who has to make a living by writing. In a syndicated article in *The Sunday Magazine* he says that few newspaper men will advise anyone to go into journalism; and admits his sympathy with those journalists who complain of "the little money they can make; the obscurity of anonymity; the limitations upon their individuality; the ephemeral nature of all a man's work; the exhaustion that comes of the daily grind." He adds:

"The journalist has been building somebody's else property. He is helping to make fame and fortune for his paper. His own abilities develop truly, and his market value increases; but the market is narrow, and his efforts have not been cumulative. By the time a bank president is

tired out, he owns the bank; when the artist's mind softens, the artist has a name. The newspaper man tires first, and when he drops, nothing drips; he is a sucked orange."

Mr. John A. Macy, the *Bookman* writer already mentioned, condemns the modern newspaper not so much for its sensationalism and fever, as for its "lies and thefts of a more chargeable kind." He instances the tricks of New York *American* and *World* reporters, and a disposition on the part of even the most reputable editors to "lift," without credit, the news and articles of other papers.

But, fortunately, there are counter tendencies at work, and some of them are emphasized in the articles under notice. Mr. Macy is convinced that the disfiguring hues of our newspapers can and will be "peeled off like a

useless garment" in due time; and Dr. Peterson says:

"Natural law is at work here as in every other department of biology. Just as toxic bacteria in their multiplication eventually secrete a poison to their own undoing, just as the scourge of locusts or rabbits is terminated by the rise of natural enemies, so, too, in time will the ever-increasing swarm of newspapers meet with destructive agencies, doubtless already at work, which will prove their bane and antidote. Perhaps from the standpoint of evolution we may look at the matter in this light: The human mind has become tropical in the luxuriousness of its expansion and growth. Even as in past ages the hot earth rioted in horrible fecundity, bringing forth a myriad creatures, scaly, crawling, flying, monstrous, blindly seeking the way to some ultimate beauty and use, so our present newspapers may represent the misshapen prototypes of sibylline leaves in ages yet to be."

THE OSCAR WILDE REVIVAL

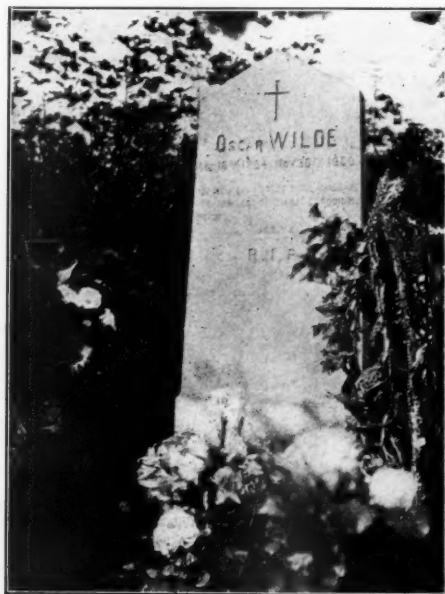


HE revival of interest in Oscar Wilde is not the revival of a decadent cult. The cult is dead. The sunflowers and green carnations have faded forever. Mr. Hichens and public opinion have killed them. It is, if anything, a revival of

interest in Oscar Wilde divested of the cap and bells of his esthetic pose. But whereas hitherto in English-speaking countries, at least, interest has been confined to his works, it is now, perhaps unwisely, concentrating upon the man himself. A recent novel, "The Sphinx's Lawyer," by Frank Danby, is a thinly veiled biography of the great esthete. It is not a pleasant novel, but it ends pleasantly with the salvation of the hero at the hands of a woman. On the heels of this comes the first accessible "Life"* of the poet. This does not end pleasantly.

Robert H. Sherard's book is not the biography that, if rumor is correct, certain friends of the dead poet have been preparing for some years. Much of what Mr. Sherard has to tell us lacks the ring of sincerity. He fails to dwell on the big things and dwells too much on sordid details. But as a human document his "Life of Oscar Wilde" is not devoid of elements of genuine interest.

A history of Wilde's shattered career, Mr. Sherard contends, is opportune at this moment. For, tho lying rumors and legends have already gathered around the poet's grave, it is not too late to establish fact, to refute falsehood and to present a story freed from the supercharges of error and malice. Rumor, he says, can yet be unmasked, legend has not yet hardened into history, posthumous pasquinade has not yet dried on the tombstone. For the task of writ-



OSCAR WILDE'S GRAVE
(In Bagneux Cemetery, Paris.)

On the stone is engraved, in Latin, the epitaph:
Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence for
my counsel.
After my words they spake not again. —Job xxix. 22.

*THE SPHINX'S LAWYER. By Frank Danby. F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

*THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE. By Robert Harborough Sherard. Illustrated with portraits, facsimile letters, and other documents. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.



WHERE OSCAR WILDE WAS IMPRISONED
(Reading Gaol, Berkshire, England.)

I know not whether laws be right,
Or whether laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

This too I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

—From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

ing the authentic life-history of Oscar Wilde, the writer claims to be particularly well-qualified. He says:

"It was one of the dead wit's sayings that of all the disciples of a man it is always Judas who writes his biography. In the present instance this paradox has less truth than ever. The writer was in no sense a disciple of Oscar Wilde; he was indeed as strongly antagonistic to most of his principles, ethical, artistic, and philosophical as he was warmly disposed to him for his many endearing qualities and captivating graces. His qualifications arise from the facts that from the period of sixteen years preceding Oscar Wilde's death he was intimately acquainted with him; that his friendship with him—of which elsewhere a true record exists—was continuous and uninterrupted save by that act of God which puts a period to all human companionships; that he was with him at times when all others had withdrawn; and that for the very reason he was not in sympathy with any of the affectations which toward others Oscar Wilde used to assume, the man as he truly was, the man as God and nature had made him, was perhaps better known to him than to most of his other associates."

Sherard's portrayal of his dead friend is, however, anything but prepossessing. It is, moreover, not consistent. He presents Wilde

as a weakling, an epileptic, a degenerate, a charlatan. He also presents him as one of the noblest of men, an unselfish artist of the supreme type and one of the wisest philosophers. In fact, the author suggests that, like Socrates, Mohammed and Christ, Wilde was the head of a new school of philosophy which had in its tenets "the real secret of human happiness." Unfortunately, neither Wilde's life nor Mr. Sherard's book bear out this superlative statement.

Wilde was born in Dublin, October 16th, 1854, the son of the eminent eye-specialist, Sir William Wilde. From his father, we are told, the poet inherited sensual grossness, and from his mother, the famous Lady Speranza, instability of mind and strangely inadequate views of morality. To the latter, says the biographer, the child was a great disappointment because he was a boy, and "for a long time after his birth he was treated as a girl, talked to as a girl, dressed as a girl." This may partially account for the strange perversion of his after life. Another factor responsible for that abnormality of con-

duct which was the direct cause of his downfall Mr. Sherard detects in the preponderating maternal influence in his composition. "It is," he observes, "a matter of common observation among physiologists that where a child is born to a couple in which the woman has the much stronger nature and a great mental superiority over the father the chances are that that child will develop at certain critical periods in his career an extraordinary attraction toward persons of his own sex. This fact is one of nature's mysteries. Those who believe in a divine creation of the world should reverently bow their heads before what they cannot understand and ought to take to be a divine dispensation. At any rate, the wisdom of nature may be presumed greater than that of the ecclesiastical courts."

Given such inclinations, nothing worse could have happened to the poet, in Mr. Sherard's opinion, than his exposure to Oxford influence. Wilde himself says in "De Profundis" that the two great turning points in his life were when his father sent him to Oxford and when society sent him to jail. The two events seem thus curiously related in Wilde's mind, and Mr. Sherard, who is himself an Oxford man, has some startling comments to make on this point.

He bluntly suggests that but for Oxford the poet's "extraordinary latent madness might never have been roused into fatal activity." To quote further:

"For there is no use denying it. Oxford, which is the finest school in the world for the highest culture, is also the worst training ground for the lowest forms of debauchery. It all depends on the character of the student, his early home training, his natural propensities, his physical state, his religious belief. Oxford produces side by side the saint, the sage and the depraved libertine. She sends men to Parnassus or to the public house, to Latium or to the lenocinium. The dons ignore the horrors which are going on under their very eyes. They are wrapped up in the petty concerns of the university hierarchy; they are of men the most impractical and the least worldly; while possibly their deep classical studies have so familiarized them with certain pathological manifestations that they readily fail to understand the horror of much that is the common jest of the undergraduates. Oxford has rendered incalculable services to the Empire, but she has also fostered and sent forth great numbers of men who have contributed to poison English society. It is very possible that if Sir William Wilde had not sent his second son to Oxford, but had left him in Ireland, where certain forms of perversion are totally unknown, and where vice generally is regarded with a universal horror which contrasts most strongly with the mischievous tolerance that English society manifests toward it, Oscar would now be living in Dublin, one of the lights

of Trinity College, one of the glories of Ireland, a scholar and a gentleman of universal reputation. Let any Oxford man who remembers his undergraduate days, who remembers the things that used to be joked about there, and the common talk at the wines about this man or that, ask himself when he has condemned Oscar Wilde whether alma mater may not have been to blame, in part, if not in toto, for the tremendous and terrible metamorphosis that was worked in Oscar Wilde's character, admitting that the young man, who left Trinity College with a spotless reputation, really did develop in so short a time into the dangerous maniac such as he afterwards came to be considered."

Later in life Mr. Sherard avers those same fatal tendencies were accentuated by the sudden change from poverty to riches effected by Wilde's success as a dramatist. Drink also is made responsible for his excesses. We are told that tho Wilde was never intoxicated, his gravest offenses were committed under the influences of drink. To all these possible causes the biographer unnecessarily adds the influence of the young English lord whose father was responsible for Wilde's indictment and of whom Mr. Sherard consistently speaks as Wilde's "evil genius."

Mr. Sherard's subsequent account of Wilde's prison life is full of human interest. He appends to his own narrative a curious chapter, which we are asked to believe, was "written by one of the warders in Reading jail" and was contributed under the express condition "that it should be printed exactly as it stood in the manuscript, with no alteration of a single phrase or word or expression." It is wonderfully well written and arouses the suspicion of a comparatively innocent literary fraud. Surely, remarks the *Chicago Dial*, never turnkey wrote like this turnkey:

"His gentle smile of sweet serenity was something to remember. It must have been a smile like this that Bunyan wore as he lay in Bedford Gaol dreaming his wonderful dreams. It must have been a similar smile that illumined the noble face of St. Francis of Assisi when he spoke of 'his brother the wind and his sister the rain.'"

In prison Oscar Wilde wrote "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which is said by competent critics to be one of the finest ballads in the language. Mr. Sherard well remarks that it would be worth while to go to jail to write so great a poem.

Speaking of Wilde's earlier and brighter days, Mr. Sherard gives us the explanation for Wilde's affectations in dress and manner, which, by the way, he finally discarded after his visit to America in 1882. It appears that for months he had tried in vain to find a pub-

lisher for his collected poems, and having failed to do so because he was an unknown man, he determined to make himself known, and hit upon the device of appearing in public in an extraordinary dress.

Wilde's splendid successes are common knowledge, as is also his sudden fall. Less well known is his life after Reading Gaol. In 1897 we find him in Paris, unable to write, unable to work. The tread-mill had killed the creative urge in him. Nothing was left of the Oscar Wilde of former days save his marvelous powers of conversation and his wonderfully melodious voice that strangely resembled Sarah Bernhardt's. Vainly he resorted to alcohol to keep up his waning strength. He was marked for death. He seems to have suffered from meningitis. In the end, Sherard tells us, his pains grew so intolerable that an operation was imperative. Only one of the great masters of surgery could be entrusted with it. A huge remuneration was mentioned as the amount that would probably be demanded by such a master. "Ah, well," said Wilde, "I suppose that I shall have to die above my means." He died November 30, 1900. He had foreseen that he would not live to see a new century dawn. "If," he remarked, "another century began, and I was still alive, it would really be more than the English could stand."

Deaths are likely to be tragic. But Wilde's death, Mr. Sherard remarks, coming when it did, unavoidable as it was, wasteful as it was, was more cruel and more tragic than any passing of which literary history has record. "Time was preparing for him a splendid triumph. The harvest was near to ripening. . . . If he could only have lived three or four short years longer he would have found in the plaudits of the whole Continent some solace for all his terrible suffering."

In the United States, too, Wilde was not slow of recognition after his death. In fact, America has ever adopted a friendlier attitude even toward his eccentricities and esthetic poses than his more stolid compatriots. Sherard's book has been reviewed widely. The New York *Times Saturday Review*, however, while praising Mr. Sherard's moderation, laments the appearance of the book as a "sad mistake," and raises its voice in a vigorous protest against the "attempted revival of a decayed cult." It says (in double leads) that the best of Wilde's writing possesses no large or permanent value. "The worst of his writing is beneath contempt and some of it revolting." To quote further:

"We set down these words gravely, and in the performance of what seems to be a plain duty. We believe that certain high-minded gentlemen in England and the United States who, in behalf of letters alone, are endeavoring to glorify the author of 'Salome' and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' are using their influence foolishly, if not wickedly."

"We confess that we can see nothing named among the titles in the carefully prepared bibliography appended to Mr. Sherard's book that strikes us as a work fit for posterity; but if anything Wilde wrote is to live, it will live, as some of Marlowe's work has lived, without the aid of puffery in this hour."

"If such of Wilde's books as are still on the market find readers, we have no complaint to make, so long as they are not his bad books. But we are convinced that if maudlin, injudicious folks can be induced to stop whining and shrieking about him, there will soon be no demand at all for his books and his name will speedily be forgotten."

We have not seen a single comment on the *Times* editorial. Its warning accents died away like a voice in the wilderness. Instead, we find even his native land listening once more to the dead poet.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," says Wilfred M. Leadman in *The Westminster Review*, because they are both serious works, and in accordance with the tastes of "the man in the street," have effected a considerable change in the public attitude. Much of Wilde's writing, Mr. Leadman contends, is imperishable, capable of standing the test of ages. "Much of it represents some of the finest prose-poetry in our language. Oscar Wilde was our *one* English artist in words." At length, this critic thinks, a turning point has been reached in England's appreciation of Wilde's genius:

"Oscar Wilde is once more on trial, but it is a trial whose result can involve no disgrace, but which may—surely will—bring him a radiant wreath of fame. It will last long, for there is a strong array of witnesses on either side, and there is much up-hill work for his advocates. . . . On the Continent, in America, the great awakening has begun; there, the genius has triumphed over the convict, the sinner has been lost in the artist. Must it be said, then, by a later generation that Britain alone never forgave the strange errors of one of her brightest thinkers, but was content to let foreign hands raise him and his from the mire? Surely no, surely we are not so rich in intellectual wealth that we can afford to pass *any* of our artists by 'on the other side.'"

"Whatever may be the issue when the haze of Time has finally covered all trace of the human frailties of Oscar Wilde, his genius, now slowly forcing its way upward through many a clogging obstacle, will rise resplendent and glorious before the eyes of an understanding posterity."

THE INSPIRED COCKNEYISM OF CHARLES DICKENS



HERE is probably no other critic who would ever have thought of applying the term "inspired cockney" to Charles Dickens, with just that enthusiastic reverence and revolutionary significance which Mr. G. K. Chesterton gives it in his new critical study of Dickens,* now agitating the London literary world. According to the critics, Mr. Chesterton has done everything, in this book, from giving us "an object lesson to show the very worst manner of writing a biography" to illuminating his subject with flashes of intuition which are "very like genius." But the book is not a biography; it is simply another exhilarating Chestertonian summary, "deducible from the facts"—more or less—and never has Mr. Chesterton been provided with a richer collection of facts from which to draw his own cheerful and bracing conclusions.

That Dickens was "great"—whatever that may mean—he hurls again and again in the teeth of his detractors. "Even the fastidious and unhappy, who cannot read his books without a continuous critical exasperation, would use the word of him without stopping to think," he asserts. "They feel that Dickens is a great writer even if he is not a good writer. . . . The atmosphere of this word clings to him; and the curious thing is that we cannot get it to cling to any of the men of our own generation. 'Great' is the first adjective which the most supercilious modern critic would apply to Dickens. And 'great' is the last adjective that the most supercilious modern critic would apply to himself." As a kind of conclusive proof of greatness, Mr. Chesterton does not hesitate to add: "A definite school regarded Dickens as a great man from the first days of his fame: Dickens certainly belonged to this school."

Mr. Chesterton attributes the present critical depreciation of Dickens to the fact that he had the misfortune to be misunderstood by two successive schools of literary criticism. The first of these schools was the Realist.

"When the world first awoke from the mere hypnotism of Dickens, from the direct tyranny of his temperament, there was, of course, a reaction. At the head of it came the Realists, with their documents, like Miss Flite. They declared that scenes and types in Dickens were wholly impossible (in which they were perfectly right), and on this rather paradoxical ground objected

to them as literature. They were not 'like life,' and there, they thought, was an end of the matter. The Realists for a time prevailed."

But the Realists, says Mr. Chesterton, did not enjoy their victory very long. A more symbolic school of criticism soon arose.

"Men saw that it was necessary to give a much deeper and more delicate meaning to the expression 'like life.' Streets are not life, cities and civilizations are not life, faces even and voices are not life itself. Life is within, and no man hath seen it at any time. As for our meals, and our manners, and our daily dress, these are things exactly like sonnets; they are random symbols of the soul. One man tries to express himself in books, another in boots; both probably fail.

"This much the intelligence of men soon perceived. And by this much Dickens's fame should have greatly profited. For Dickens is 'like life' in the truer sense, in the sense that he is akin to the living principle in us and in the universe; he is like life, at least in this detail, that he is alive. His art is like life, because, like life, it cares for nothing outside itself, and goes on its way rejoicing. Both produce monsters with a kind of carelessness, like enormous by-products; life producing the rhinoceros, and art Mr. Bunsby. Art indeed copies life in not copying life, for life copies nothing. Dickens's art is like life because, like life, it is irresponsible, because, like life, it is incredible."

Yet this realization did not greatly benefit Dickens; the return of romance was "almost useless to this great romantic." He gained as little from the fall of the Realists as from their triumph. There was a revolution and a counter-revolution, but "no restoration." And the reason for this, Mr. Chesterton thinks, lies in the fact that, recklessly defining art as exaggeration, for our time and taste, Dickens exaggerates the wrong thing. He "overstrains and overstates a mood our period does not understand." And this thing he exaggerates is precisely the early nineteenth-century sense of "infinite opportunity and boisterous brotherhood" which is dying within us to-day. For Dickens, like all the radical literary men of his time, was a child of the French Revolution. According to Mr. Chesterton, we are all evolutionists now—and pessimists. No longer do we fight for suffering Man; we merely pity him—scientifically. And this sad pity, he reminds us, "is pitiful, but not respectful." "Nowadays, men feel that cruelty to the poor is a kind of cruelty to animals. They never feel that it is injustice to equals; nay, it is treachery to comrades." And this is exactly what Dickens did feel, and, in his day, made other men feel.

*A LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Company.

The young son of John Dickens—the Marshalsea prisoner for debt—as he pasted labels on blacking bottles in the grinding life of the factory, or ran about the poor dark streets of London—a nervous, ambitious, starving child, setting himself the most difficult tasks, was a revolutionist at heart. Later on, he was to describe that cockney world as only a cockney himself could do it—that is, not pessimistically, but with what our sad, pitying, present-day critics like to call a “vulgar optimism.” Writes Mr. Chesterton:

“Whenever he had done drudging, he had no other resource but drifting, and he drifted over half London. He was a dreamy child, thinking mostly of his own dreary prospects. Yet he saw and remembered much of the streets and squares he passed. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he went the right way to work unconsciously to do so. He did not go in for ‘observation,’ a priggish habit; he did not look at Charing Cross to improve his mind, or count the lamp-posts in Holborn to practise his arithmetic. But unconsciously he made all these places the scenes of the monstrous drama in his miserable little soul. He walked in darkness under the lamps of Holborn, and was crucified at Charing Cross. So for him ever afterwards these places had the beauty that only belongs to battlefields. For our memory never fixes the facts which we have merely observed. The only way to remember a place forever is to live in the place for an hour; and the only way to live in the place for an hour is to forget the place for an hour. The undying scenes we can all see if we shut our eyes are not the scenes that we have stared at under the direction of guide-books; the scenes we see are the scenes at which we did not look at all—the scenes in which we walked when we were thinking about something else—about a sin, or a love affair, or some childish sorrow. We can see the background now because we did not see it then. . . . So the little Dickens Dickensized London. He prepared the way for all his personages. Into whatever cranny of our city his characters might crawl, Dickens had been there before them. However wild were the events he narrated as outside him, they could not be wilder than the things that had gone on within. However queer a character of Dickens might be, he could hardly be queerer than Dickens was. The whole secret of his after-writings is sealed up in those silent years of which no written word remains.”

It was during those wretched years that to Dickens was given “in the most sacred and serious sense of the term, the key of the street.” And furthermore, Mr. Chesterton writes, with a true poetic insight:

“Dickens had sympathy with the poor in the Greek and literal sense; he suffered with them mentally; for the things that irritated them were the things that irritated him. He did not pity the people, or even champion the people, or even merely love the people; in this matter he was

the people. He alone in our literature is the voice not merely of the social substratum, but even of the subconsciousness of the substratum. He utters the secret anger of the humble. He says what the uneducated only think, or even only feel, about the educated. And in nothing is he so genuinely such a voice as in this fact of his fiercest mood being reserved for methods that are counted scientific and progressive. . . . When, in ‘The Christmas Carol,’ Scrooge refers to the surplus population, the Spirit tells him, very justly, not to speak till he knows what the surplus is and where it is. The implication is severe but sound. When a group of superciliously benevolent economists look down into the abyss for the surplus population, assuredly there is only one answer that should be given to them; and that is to say, ‘If there is a surplus, you are a surplus.’ And if anyone were ever cut off, they would be. If the barricades went up in our streets and the poor became masters, I think the priests would escape, I fear the gentlemen would; but I believe the gutters would be simply running with the blood of philanthropists. . . . Of all this anger, good or bad, Dickens is the voice of an accusing energy.”

That the author of Mr. Bunsby was extravagant, Mr. Chesterton for one moment admits; then he hastens to add: “It is most certainly equally true that he detested and despised extravagance.” Which paradox he explains as follows, for Mr. Chesterton is as delightfully explanatory as Dickens himself:

“His literary genius consisted in a contradictory capacity at once to entertain and to deride—very ridiculous ideas. If he is a buffoon, he is laughing at buffoonery. His looks were in some ways the wildest on the face of the world. Rabelais did not introduce into Paphlagonia or the Kingdom of the Coqigrues satiric figures more frantic and misshapen than Dickens made to walk about the Strand and Lincoln’s Inn. But for all that, you come, in the core of him, on a sudden quietude and good sense. Such, I think, was the core of Rabelais, such were all the far-stretching and violent satirists. This is a point essential to Dickens, tho very little comprehended in our current tone of thought. Dickens was an immoderate jester, but a moderate thinker. He was an immoderate jester because he was a moderate thinker. What we moderns call the wildness of his imagination was actually created by what we moderns call the tameness of his thought. I mean that he felt the full insanity of all extreme tendencies, because he was himself so sane; he felt eccentricities, because he was in the center. We are always, in these days, asking our violent prophets to write violent satires; but violent prophets can never possibly write violent satires. In order to write satire like that of Rabelais—satire that juggles with the stars and kicks the world about like a football—it is necessary to be one’s self temperate, and even mild.”

It is especially to the defense of Dickens’s “vulgar optimism,” and of revolutionary optimism in general, that Mr. Chesterton comes in the following passages:



LEON DABO

Who is said to have succeeded in adding a genuinely new note to the art of our time.

"A writer sufficiently typical of recent revolutionism—Gorky—has called one of his books by the eerie and effective title 'Creatures that Once were Men.' That title explains the whole failure of the Russian revolution. And the reason why

the English writers, such as Dickens, did with all their limitations achieve so many of the actual things at which they aimed, was that they could not possibly have put such a title upon a human book. Dickens really helped the unfortunate in the matters to which he set himself. And the reason is that across all his books and sketches about the unfortunate might be written the common title, 'Creatures that Still are Men.' . . . The Gissings and the Gorkys say, as a universal literary motto, 'Cursed are the poor.' Among a million who have faintly followed Christ. . . . Dickens stands out especially. He said, in all his reforming utterances, 'Cure poverty'; but he said in all his actual descriptions, 'Blessed are the poor.' . . . It is not difficult to see why Dickens's denunciations have had so much more practical an effect than the denunciations of such a man as Gissing. Both agreed that the souls of the people were in a kind of prison. But Gissing said that the prison was full of dead souls. Dickens said that the prison was full of living souls. . . . It is here sufficient to register in conclusion of our examination of the reforming optimist, that Dickens certainly was such an optimist, and that he made it his business to insist upon what happiness there is in the lives of the unhappy. . . . It can also be registered as a fact equally solid and quite equally demonstrable that this optimistic Dickens did effect great reforms."

About the future of Dickens, Mr. Chesterton is not troubled with a doubt. That he will have a high place in permanent literature, there is, he imagines, "no prig surviving to deny." George Eliot, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens—of all those equal contemporaries, he ventures to predict that, in the due weeding process of time, the "inspired cockney" will be left alone to dominate "the whole England of the nineteenth century."

THE ETHEREAL ART OF LEON AND THEODORE DABO



It is hardly to the credit of America that great art produced in this country should find its first recognition and appreciation abroad. But the brothers Dabo, Leon and Theodore Scott, whose pictures have lately won the enthusiastic approval of Maeterlinck, the poet-dramatist, and of such eminent Frenchmen as Rodin, Paul Hervieu and Octave Mirbeau, may console themselves with the thought that they are in good company. The path of genius is generally a thorny one, and an artist's neighbors are often the last to recognize the merits of his work—especially if it be strikingly bold and original. That the Dabo brothers have succeeded in adding a genuinely new note to the

art of our time is now admitted by critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Theodore Duret, the great French authority on Whistler, pronounces their work "absolutely unique, comparable to nothing heretofore known"; while Mrs. Amelia von Ende, of New York, ventures to define their method as "the impressionism of Whistler projected into a future of possibilities unlimited."

The Dabo brothers were born in Detroit, Leon thirty-eight, Theodore thirty-six, years ago, as we learn from an article by Mrs. von Ende, in a recent issue of *Brush and Pencil* (Chicago). Their father, Ignace Scott Dabo, was himself an artist of rare taste and of no mean abilities, and under his tutelage the two

boys began to show marked talent at an early age. Leon was seventeen, Theodore fifteen, when the father died and the family was thrown on its own resources. The widow moved to New York, and here, says Mrs. von Ende "they lived a simple life, quiet, uneventful, but rich in inner experiences, which tended to develop those sterling qualities of mind and soul that build up characters of unusual strength and soundness." She continues:

"Most men are so intent upon seeking adventure, that they lose sight of themselves, is a truth culled from a note-book of Theodore Scott Dabo. But those two young men were so definite of purpose and so unswerving in their perseverance that they did not lose sight of themselves in the whirlpool of the cosmopolis. They lived on its outskirts, they worked in its very heart; but tho they were in the crowd, they were not of it. They stood singularly aloof from what seems to deepen men's knowledge of the world, but tends to cheapen their outlook upon life. They were not to be dazzled by surface values, and assumed an attitude of reserve which in Theodore almost amounted to self-sufficiency. Isolation is apt to sow the seeds of morbid sensitiveness and to foster pessimism; it is apt to breed cranks. Exceptionally devoted to his mother, a woman of brilliant intellect and rare gifts of conversation, but of morbidly melancholy disposition, Theodore became somewhat self-centered and inclined toward a life of ascetic introspection. But this very tendency gave his works of that period a peculiar charm, a gloomy imaginative quality, which suggests Hawthorne, who had likewise inherited his hermit habits from his mother."

Upon Leon's shoulders fell the duty of family support. He had gone to work, remarks Mrs. von Ende, for a decorator "so the gifted younger brother could study without turning his talent to commercial profit." But he did not deny himself the opportunities which leisure offered for his own development. To quote further:

"Nature was the teacher of both. They saw in it not only landscapes, marines, idyls, but life itself, life pulsing, vibrating, radiating in light and in darkness, life manifesting itself in the movement of light, air, water, even when they appeared stationary to the eyes of others. Once having felt the fascinating mystery of this light, ever present yet ever changing, they turned to science to fathom its causes. They devoted themselves to a thoro study of optics and applied the test of scientific knowledge to diagnose illusive atmospheric effects. Theodore soon formulated certain laws which the work of both tends to prove incontrovertibly.

"Years before, when he was copying works of the French romanticists and realists of the last century, Theodore had said: 'These canvases never look like nature to me; they only remind me of dirty paint.' Of this there is nothing in his work, nor in that of Leon. Their color is marvelously luminous and transparent. In fact, their technique is unique, in as much as it makes



THEODORE SCOTT DABO

The younger of the two brothers whose remarkable paintings have taken the Paris art world by storm.

one forget the material and instrumental means employed to produce those subtle effects. One looks in vain for daubs and brushmarks. This 'finish' proves doubly tantalizing to critics, because it sets them apart from the impressionistic school and the adherents of 'pointillisme,' whose flakes and dots so exasperate people who want a smooth canvas."

An art so ethereal and evanescent as that of the Dabo brothers does not readily lend itself to description. Even those who have felt its subtle beauty most deeply have found it difficult to record their impression in words. Something of the spirit of this new work is conveyed by comparisons. The late Henri Pène de Bois, one of the first appreciators of Theodore in this country, suggested Poe as a source of inspiration; a second critic found in his pictures the influence of Mallarmé. Octave Mirbeau has registered his conviction that T. Scott Dabo has the color of Puvion de Chavannes and the transparency of Carrière, with "something more, something inexpressible, a hitherto unknown emotional quality of color, superbly beautiful." Comparison has frequently been made with Whistler, and Arsène Alexandre calls the art of Theodore Dabo the realization of what Whistler attempted. Still

another critic gives his idea of the Dabo paintings as follows:

"Clouds hanging heavy in a frowning sky, yet radiant with a strange inner light; mists enveloping land and sea in veils of pearly translucence; night singularly luminous in its darkness, mysteriously alive with shifting shadows; long stretches of sandy shore vibrating with light and thrilled with the on-rush of the surf; vast expanses of marsh and meadow in the strange elusive halo of the twilight haze; a bit of the river's bank with the outlines of the city faintly suggested and fading from view like a fanciful mirage; now and then a silhouette of a sail, a house or a tree—but all the objects familiar to the eye and within reach of the touch subordinate to the infinite, impalpable and immeasurable. And man? Man a mere episode, an irrelevant incident in all this immensity."

Leon and Theodore Dabo are more than ar-

tists, declares Mrs. von Ende; they are philosophers. She explains:

"Their art bespeaks a sane and brave acceptance of human limitations. They paint the infinite and the unfathomable, but they never attempt the unattainable. They never try to copy nature, which is impossible, but to reproduce such phases and moods of nature as can be grasped and reflected through their temperament by their art. They do not try to borrow the dazzling glare of the orb of day and transfer it to canvas, but they are satisfied in being sovereign masters in the art of handling the shades of light and the shadows of night. I have repeatedly heard the remark, 'I should like to see a picture by one of the brothers, giving us bright sunlight!' I admit that I do not share that wish. I am satisfied with what they give us, for it is unique. I confess, too, that I do not see all that they see, but what I do see is more than I can see in the work of many others. So much has been



"THE HUDSON RIVER"

(By Leon Dabo.)

"The highest quality in Dabo's work," says Sadakichi Hartmann, "is the result of inner, not outer, vision, denoting less the painter's eye for difference, than the seer's eye for the analogy of pictorial and psychological phenomena."



"THE CLOUD"
(By Leon Dabo.)

"A most delicate, ethereal and vaporous picture of a mass of cumuli hanging over the sea."

said and written about *plein air* painting, yet theirs is the first real *plein air* painting I have seen. For it is not only conceived in *plein air*—in the open—but is *plein d'air* full of air, which means atmosphere, light, life—qualities so many lose."

The special need of our time, continues Mrs. von Ende, is "men who do not follow in the track others have left behind them, but give expression to themselves." This is a period of personality, of individualism; and "every man who has something to say, expressive of himself and of his time, ought to be welcomed." The sense in which the art of the brothers Dabo must be regarded as such a timely expression, she indicates in the following passage:

"It embodies at once the subjective mysticism and the cosmic consciousness of our generation,

a generation which has grown up within the radius of Maeterlinck and Whitman.

"For there is a suggestion of both in the work of the two men. You feel the subtle, somber charm of the realm of silence and of shadow where the Belgian reigns supreme; and you feel your joy of life quicken under the spell of that vast expanse of dune and sky, which entered into the essence of the man who personifies the spirit American. There is little suggestion of human interest in the work of Theodore; he is a painter of transcendental moods. But the work of Leon is one great paean to man, strong, healthy, free, man as designed by nature and conscious of his place in nature. The work of both has an element of spirituality quite rare in the world of canvas and oil-paint. It is indicative of the soul behind the canvas, the one roaming in self-centered solitude in its own realms of lights and shadows, content to give body and color to its subjective fancies; the other in intimate touch with life and man, and delighting in picturing those moods of nature which raise the human



Owned by the Detroit Museum of Art.

"EVENING ON THE SEINE"

(By Theodore Scott Dabo)

"T. Scott Dabo's works," says Henri Pene Du Bois "are hymns to nature. They are skies with vermillion mists exhaling praise as from a censer, marshes of melancholy, rivers of peace and forgiveness, fairy spectacles of land and water, alleluias of light through buildings, ships and water, sung by two choruses alternating in rays of sun and shadow."

mind above the plane of ordinary existence to a higher conception of its meaning in the universe."

Sadakichi Hartmann, of New York, sums up Leon Dabo, with real intuition, as a painter of the "inward vision." "The highest quality in Dabo's work," he contends, "is the result of inner, not outer vision, denoting less the painter's eye for difference than the seer's eye for the analogy of pictorial and psychological phenomena." He goes on to say:

"The muse of most painters is too elaborately gowned; we wish she would come to us in simpler garb without embellishments save a few flowers in her hair, for then we would realize how beautiful she is. Leon Dabo has discarded all facile lures of brushwork, all technical interpolation from his art. He merely tries to translate into tone some passages from the book of nature, ever careful to fuse thought and color, as to win the esteem of all searchers for truth and beauty.

"His power of observation tempers his passion for effect, such fertile fancy has not often been yoked with such analytical reason. Studiously impersonal in his search for simplicity, he cannot hide a personality of ardent sympathy, of profound earnestness. Like so many of us, he may be destined to 'dine late,' but 'the hall will be well lighted, the guests select and few.'"

The Dabo brothers owe no small part of their success to Edmond Aman-Jean, the French painter, who introduced their art to his fellow-countrymen. For sixteen years their canvases were refused admission by artistic bodies in this country. But now the tide has turned. At two recent exhibitions in New York the new pictures excited keen interest among connoisseurs, and were accorded high critical praise. Chicago and Boston have also welcomed the Dabos' art, and new exhibitions will be held in both cities this winter.

AMERICAN POETRY THROUGH ENGLISH EYES



N English critic who has scanned the pages of two recent anthologies of American poetry* in the hope of finding therein that high spirit of youth and adventure which befits a young nation, confesses himself disappointed at finding, instead, a certain "timidity" which often appears under the guise of sentimentality; a "mournfulness" united to "preoccupation with the moral"; and a "message of brief life and

the triviality of mundane things." He tries to account for these unprepossessing qualities (in the London *Times Literary Supplement*), and comes to the conclusion that they must be attributed in part to the fact that American poetry is based not on spontaneous national song, but on "the traditions of a race which, by the time when American poetry can first be taken seriously, had become an alien and distrusted race"; and in part to the "Calvinism" inherent in the American temperament.

Our first great poet, as this English writer reminds us, was William Cullen Bryant. Now Bryant, whatever else he may or may not

*THE CHIEF AMERICAN POETS. Edited by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

*THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONGS AND LYRICS. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Company.



"PÉLLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE"

(By Leon Dabo.)

Pélléas: What saidst thou, *Mélisande*? . . . I hardly heard it. . . . Thou lovest me too? . . . Since when lovest thou me?

Mélisande: Since always. . . . Since I saw thee . . .

Pélléas: Oh, how thou sayest that! . . . Thy voice seems to have blown across the sea in spring."

—From Maeterlinck's "*Pélléas and Mélisande*."

have been, was not a gay or youthful poet. "Smooth, silent, iceberg," Lowell called him; and to dwell on Bryant's poetry is to be impelled, in mere mischief, to quote more of Lowell's criticism:

Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose,
he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm.

If we are looking for gaiety, continues the writer, we shall have equal difficulty in finding it among Bryant's successors.

"Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes were what they were almost entirely by virtue of their proper learning and enlightenment. They drew their inspiration, not from the stirrings of national life about them, but from the things which caught their fancy in the learning of past ages. There is no ebullience, no high spirits. Whittier, on the other hand, the first and greatest of the few spontaneous American singers, drew what the Academic school lacked—passion and purpose—from the cause of the slave; but, stay-at-home farmer's son that he was, he lacked the knowledge and the critical standards of the Academics. Whittier and Longfellow often come close to each other; both have written poems that have reached English homes where English poetry is never read. Could they have been rolled into one, and Longfellow's variety, taste, and knowledge been joined with Whittier's earth-born ardor, they would have made a very great poet, and a very American poet. . . . To a younger man, to Lowell, who, in spite of all the 'isms on his back, had the passion and high spirits—something of the irresponsibility, too—of youth, it was left to unite the homely warmth of Whittier and the learning of the Academics and Transcendentalists into the one great poem of the war, the greatest poem America has yet produced, the Harvard Commemoration Ode. Remembering that poem and the 'Biglow Papers,' we are tempted to say that not Whittier but Lowell is the really representative American poet."

The "most considerable of all the poets who came after the war," in the opinion of the *Times* critic, was Sidney Lanier. Of Lanier, he says: "The proportion of 'sheer judge' to genius in him is less than in Poe. He remains the most fearless and passionate, the widest in range, the greatest master of melody of any of the American poets."

Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte and Bayard Taylor, are next passed in review. The first-named, we are told, would have made a better poet if he had had "a dash not of moral, but of artistic, timidity"; on the other hand, Harte and Taylor "suffered from that timidity too much." The *Times* critic mentions Edward Rowland Sill, Richard Watson Gilder, H. C. Bunner, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, but pro-

nounces them "minor poets" all. Of these, and a hundred more, he writes:

"They are cultivated people who sit apart, weaving fancies and carving jewels. Their work does not breathe the spirit of their country, it advances no new ideal, no new claim, has no particular bearing on the life of their time. The Emersonian tradition is dead, except, perhaps, for the formless, trenchant verses of Miss Dickinson; no one, except some contributors to a certain independent journal, imitates Whitman. The great influences have passed. The case of American poetry is as ours—the lamp is being kept alight, no more. There is in the work of nearly every living poet the timidity of the scholar, the sentiment of the passionless nature. It may be the posthumous influence of a long past Calvinism that induces the tameness of this dainty work; it may be that in the mad race for wealth people of letters hold aloof from national life, of which, again, nothing so thwarts the development as the individualism of commercial competition; it may be that America must assimilate her mixed population before the national spirit finds new expression. . . . In any case, most of the modern American poets—Father Tabb, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Mifflin, and others, to say nothing of the many poetesses—are like our own, remote from national life, and craftsmen rather than prophets."

Whence is the awakening to come? asks the writer, in conclusion. It can never come, he thinks, from the Hoosier poems of James Whitcomb Riley, or the negro songs of Mrs. Greene; and Mr. Stedman's prophecy of the upgrowth of poetic drama he dismisses with the statement: "This prediction has not yet been fulfilled, except in the case of Mr. W. V. Moody, a young poet of great power and promise, but again remote, Æschylean, and a little difficult." The writer closes:

"We have more hope in such poets as Richard Hovey and Mr. Bliss Carman; or, rather, not in them, but in something to which they may give rise. Hovey died too young; Mr. Bliss Carman is hard at work falsifying his early performance, writing too much, carelessly and parrot-wise. The poet of the immortal 'Eaves-dropper' has too often written nonsense. But with all his lamentable extravagances, weaknesses, and lapses from true taste, he has that quality of which we have noted the lack in most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery, due, perhaps, to his Canadian birth. It seems, indeed, as if he might be showing to his adopted country the way to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit, which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs. . . ."

"At least he is never sentimental, never afraid of passion, any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses. And, if that temper be sincere, it may be the forerunner of an awakening, an outburst of poetry greater than any that America has yet produced, a poetry that shall be worthy of a great nation and of the greatness of her earlier poets."

Music and the Drama

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN FOR 1906

"The American theater," avers Mr. Clyde Fitch, "is as good as the American people care to have it. The syndicate is a good scape-goat, but the syndicate only wants to find out what the public most desires and will pay money for." Judging by the opening of the dramatic season, there is little reason for dissatisfaction on the part either of the public or the managers. The notable successes at the beginning of the season have been plays of serious intellectual importance from Pinero, Jones and Stephen Phillips. There have been also four or five good American plays, among these one by the foremost of our younger poets, William Vaughn Moody; and Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish-American playwright, has scored a remarkable success in two theaters with Bertha Kalich and Blanch Walsh in two different versions of his "Kreutzer Sonata."

Important Shakespeare and Ibsen revivals are in prospect. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is announced for the first time on the American stage. And Mr. Heinrich Conried promises among other important novelties, Oscar Wilde's play, "Salome," and Hauptmann's great symbolic play, "Pippa Dances." "Salome" will be presented at the Irving Place Theater simultaneously with the production of Richard Strauss's musical version at the Metropolitan Opera House. Readers of CURRENT LITERATURE are already familiar with Wilde's gruesome tragedy, as well as with Hauptmann's puzzling fairy-play, excerpts from each of which appeared in the two issues preceding the present.

The first play of serious dramatic value is undoubtedly Pinero's "His House in Order."

At the time of its London presentation, with George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh in the leading parts, we reproduced the enthusiastic comments of the English press on the play. In the current issue we give a few more critical opinions elicited by Mr. Frohman's American production, with excerpts from the play itself. It will suffice here to speak briefly of Mr. John Drew's and Miss Illington's reception. Both have received a full measure of praise for their skilful in-

terpretation of the characters of Hilary Jesson and of Nina. Mr. Drew, says *The Sun*, is at his best, and that is very good indeed. "He has manly simplicity as always, manly delicacy and crisp humor. He speaks his lines with distinction and acts with flawless technical mastery." It is remarked by several critics that those in the audience who saw George Alexander in the original production report that the American performance is distinctly better. The critics unanimously concede to Miss Illington sincerity and strength, and agree that her Nina is by long odds the best thing she has done.

Almost simultaneously with the production of "His House in Order," Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Hypocrites," was brought out at the Hudson Theater. Whatever reasons may have influenced

Mr. Jones to present his play first on this side of the Atlantic, it has proved to be no error of judgment on his part, for the play has been very favorably received.

Melodrama, but melodrama in the best sense, is the designation applied by most critics to "The Hypocrites." Mr. Jones, says *The Sun*, has painted on the broad canvas he has chosen with large, bold, and, in the main, convincing brush strokes. *The Sun* goes on to draw an unexpected parallel between the Jones play and "Man and Superman." In each play a young girl has made a false step and the question arises whether her child is to be legitimized by marriage. But whereas Shaw keeps the theme in the light vein of comedy by having the young folks already married, Mr. Jones places it in the field of drama by having the prospective father engaged to be married to another woman. The "hypocrites" in question are the young man's family. In the case of a youth of the local parish who has got into a similar difficulty with a woman of light character, they are all for forcing him to marry her in spite of the fact that such a marriage means the ruin of his life. But when they discover the predicament of their own son, the tune changes and they unite in a conspiracy to prevent a marriage recommended by all mo-

tives of humanity and justice. They make the unfortunate young woman, Rachel Neeve, the tool of their hypocritical deception, and the young man's mother, Mrs. Wilmore, eventually persuades the girl to sign a paper exonerating young Wilmore. She even appears before the local worthies and the curate of the village, an uncompromising man of God, to attest the young man's innocence. In the ordeal that follows, Wilmore's better nature finally conquers, and, taking the girl into his arms, he openly repudiates his hypocritical family. The honors of the playing have been equally divided among Richard Bennett in the unsympathetic part of young Wilmore; Leslie Faber, as the curate; Miss Jesse Milward as the mother; and Doris Keane, appearing for the first time in a serious part, as the wronged girl, Rachel Neeve.

No love story, with the possible exception of "Romeo and Juliet," has so persistently haunted the popular imagination, century after century, as "Paolo and Francesca"; and its latest dramatic version, written several years ago by Stephen Phillips and lately presented at the New Amsterdam Theater, in New York, has given Americans an opportunity to estimate one of Mr. Phillips's most ambitious efforts, and to get a first impression of the acting of Henry B. Irving, the famous son of a still more famous father. The critical attitude toward both play and actor is best described as one of mild disappointment. *The Times*, it is true, speaks with enthusiasm of the "exquisite music" of Mr. Phillips's lines, and of the "moving tragic acting" of Mr. Irving in the part of Malatesta; but it is generally conceded that, in poetic inspiration, the play falls far below the poetic standard set by D'Annunzio in his treatment of this theme, while, in dramatic action, it is ranked as less effective than the Boker version used by Lawrence Barrett and Otis Skinner. Mr. Irving's impersonation, moreover, is felt to lack that "final note of distinction" which is essential to acting of the highest order.

In a lengthy analysis of the play, appearing in *The Sun*, Mr. John Corbin declares: "It is distinctly less impressive acted than read. In the study it seems to belong—as all plays should belong—to the world of the footlights; but on the stage it is redolent of the midnight oil." He says further:

"These people of Mr. Phillips's are puppets who avail themselves of his powers as a lyric poet to tell the audience what they are, what they

are doing, and how they feel about it. . . . One felt, in short, that Mr. Phillips was inspired by literature, not by life. There are many beautiful lines in the play, and not a few passages that give rare scope to the actor bent on the effect of the moment, but the whole is miles away from the traditions we had hoped it might maintain."

Of Henry Irving's acting, Mr. William Winter writes (in *The Tribune*):

"Resolute character, intellectual purpose, and a temperament that blends sensibility with satirical cynicism are the chief attributes revealed in the acting of Mr. H. B. Irving. He possesses the physical advantages of a thin, lithe figure, a strong, clear, but not very sympathetic voice, an expressive, handsome countenance—the eyes being remarkably fine—and a distinguished manner. His method is remarkable for clarity of design and for the measured, propulsive movement of orderly execution. . . . He is an expert and accomplished actor, within, apparently, a limited range,—the range, namely, of analysis, singularity, morbid introspection, and the shifting phases of mental complexity. He would act perfectly well such a part as Rashleigh, in Scott's 'Rob Roy,' or Utric, in Byron's 'Werner.' He does not appeal to the heart, and he did not disclose any exceptional power over the emotions."

The three preceding dramas are from the pens of British playwrights. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may serve very properly as a link between English and American plays. For the works of Shakespeare are our heritage no less than that of our English cousins. The comedy was enacted at the new Astor Theater, with Miss Annie Russell as Puck. *The Dramatic Mirror* characterizes the performance as resembling "a musical comedy with some of the music left out." The production, it thinks, was too substantial for a fairy play. The main interest centered, of course, around Annie Russell. While not unprecedented, it is unusual for an actress of prominence to portray the mischievous Puck. Many misgivings were expressed as to how the Miss Russell of many demure and gentle rôles would be able to impersonate that "Cupid turned devilish." But the experiment proved successful. "Miss Russell," says Franklyn Fyles, "tricked and fooled the audience neatly as to her appearance, and nicely as to her performance." He says further:

"This Puck is wired for both light and power. He makes his entrance from aloft, alights on the branch of a tree, flies across the scene to a moss bank, which the tips of his toes barely bent, and settles down on the ground as tho exempt from the laws of gravitation. When Oberon sends

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THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

Nina (Margaret Illington) has just shown to her brother-in-law, Hilary (John Drew), letters incriminating the supposedly "sainted" Annabel, her husband's first wife. She points to a passage in a letter. "There!" The whole scene is described, with a reprint of the dialog, on another page.



HENRY IRVING'S SON

him on an errand, he speeds away through the air in a way that makes the girdling of the earth in forty minutes seem an easy flight for him. We have had aerial ballets, and Maude Adam's Peter Pan rides invisible broomsticks, but here mechanical and acrobatic feat has the aspect of fantastic illusion. At the touch of his wand flowers glow with their colors in the night, and when he waves it fireflies twinkle in the verdure. He teases an owl and its eyes shine weirdly. In the episode of Lysander and Demetrius' encounter in the enchanted forest—when they grope in the darkness to find and fight each other in rivalry for Hermia, and are led hither and thither by the deceptive voice of Puck—his impish face shines faintly into sight, when all else is black, with a phosphorescence of spooky deviltry."

Israel Zangwill's new play, "Nurse Marjorie" (Liberty Theater), in which Eleanor

NURSE
MARJORIE

Robson takes the title rôle, is described as "just a bit of a fairy-tale, and a fairy-tale no less, tho its hero has a squint, and its heroine is only a duke's daughter in disguise, and not the familiar princess who gathers cresses in the wood." The *Times* critic sums it up as follows:

"It is a made-to-order play, not uninteresting for that reason, and very likely to succeed because the tailoring has been done so well. The rôle of Nurse Marjorie will be called a perfect fit for Eleanor Robson, and it is—so far as it goes. . . . The chief flaw in Zangwill's new play, apart from his abominable habit of punning, is a hero who justifies the application of the word snob, hurled at him at one moment in the proceedings by the lady of his heart. Supposedly a leader of the people, an enthusiast in the cause of the laboring classes, he absents himself from an important parliamentary debate for no better reason than a desire to further enjoy the society of the pretty girl who has suddenly taken possession of his heart. He is, in short, a most amazing zealot who never for a moment conveys any suggestion of the sincerity of his protestations. But he marries the heroine in the end, and one is expected to believe that all his weakness has been suddenly converted into strength. In the first act the doctor has operated on him for a squint; in the second he is cured. In the third Nurse Marjorie heroically attacks his moral squint. In the fourth he sees life rightly. It is all very amusing, it is very nicely acted, and it will 'go.' But Mr. Zangwill could and should do better."

Mr. William Vaughn Moody's remarkable play, "The Great Divide," was treated at length in our June number. The feeling of the Chicago critics seemed to be that the play was greater in promise than in actual achievement. The author, far from disdaining to bend his ear to criticism, remodeled the play before offering it at the Princess

THE
GREAT
DIVIDE

Theater. And in its present form the play seems likely to receive not only the praises of the elect, but to hold its own on Broadway. If Mr. Moody has not yet written "the great American drama," it may at least be said of his play that it is a genuine American play with a strong and vital motive, involving a fierce struggle between widely contrasted human types treated with marked vigor and originality. *The Evening Post* says:

"Concerning the philosophy and psychology of the piece there is plenty of room for differences of opinion, but there can be no question of its potent dramatic quality or of the absorbing interest which it establishes and maintains, in spite of its rather contemptuous disregard of some modern conventions. It is a piece, in short, with some faults, but with more conspicuous merits, among the chief of which are its clearness of design and sincerity of purpose, its freshness and boldness of conception, its complete freedom from mere theatrical sillinesses and trivialities, and its sustained human interest. In addition to all these good qualities, it is constructed with a degree of skill and compactness seldom found in the work of a new dramatist."

Margaret Anglin, who takes the part of the heroine, is said to have been as intelligent an interpreter as Mr. Moody might have wished for. To quote again from *The Post*:

"Miss Anglin has never shown a more varied mastery of the methods of emotional expression. Her superiority as an actress over the whole shrieking sisterhood of popular emotional stars was evinced in the profound effects which she created by quiet means."

Another distinctly American play is Mr. James Forbes's "The Chorus Lady," with Rose Stahl in the title rôle. In fact, *The Theatre Magazine* speaks of it as "the most characteristic American play so far produced this season, and more vivid and real in many respects than any other play." And Mr. Corbin says (in *The Sun*) that "The Chorus Lady" deserves far more respectful and extended attention than it is likely to get in the pressure of the season's dramatic openings. The same writer continues:

"The title is unfortunate, suggesting musical comedy, or the frothiest farce; but this is a pity, for it is admirably suggestive of the light and accurate vein of satire so prominent in the play—the accent, if you please, is on the *lady*! And the main theme lacks the appeal of novelty. An ill favored but waywise and humorously right-minded veteran of the musical stage (Miss Rose Stahl) is standing guard over a pretty but light



ROSE STAHL

Whose impersonation of Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady" is pronounced by a New York *Evening Mail* critic "as luminous as Mr. Mansfield's Chevalier, Mrs. Carter's Zaza, or Mr. Warfield's Music Master."

headed younger sister, who is in the toils of a gay deceiver. She follows the girl to the bachelor's rooms, and there, to save her, compromises herself before her own true love.

"Oh, that door of a bachelor's bedroom and a pure woman's attitude of self-sacrifice. They have long been the bugbear of the playgoer. No young playwright, especially if he belongs to the 'profession,' regards himself as decently clothed without them, and Mr. Forbes has served both as dramatic editor and press agent. Yet here, too, it must be admitted, he has a touch as true as it is light and sure. He has constructed his scene with such freshness and plausibility as almost to reconcile one to the 'Chorus Lady's' pose of abnegation."

No small part of the credit for the success of the play is due to Rose Stahl, for whom it was originally written as a vaudeville sketch. Her acting, says Mr. Corbin, overweighed in the emotional scene, is admirable in the many passages of light comedy and pathos.



JESSIE MILWARD

As Mrs. Wilmore in Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Hypocrites."

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, like Mr. Forbes, dipped his brush in local color. He writes of newspaper life from the inside, as Forbes writes of the stage. "The Stolen Story" (Garden Theater) is said to hold audiences breathless with attention while the curtain is up. It is only after it has fallen and there is time for reflection, that the inconsistencies and absurdities of the situation become apparent. It is in this spirit that *The Times* summarizes the plot of the play, as follows:

THE
STOLEN
STORY

"The star reporter, Billy Woods, having landed a tremendous beat on all the other morning papers, appears in an office from which he has been discharged, frantically sets about turning his information into copy, and as a result of his absent-mindedness circumvents the schemes of a band of grafting, scheming politicians who have all but got possession of the New York water front, saves the honor of a reformer who has allowed himself to get mixed up in their schemes, and last, but by no means least, wins the girl of his heart, who has been vainly trying to induce him to come out with a flat-footed proposal of marriage for the best part of the three preceding acts.

"It is all frankly impossible, of course, and beyond its occasional hints at real types, and its

big, absurd but nevertheless exciting final scene, it never for a moment gets at the real heart of that big, pulsating thing known as Newspaper Row."

"Clothes," by Avery Hapgood and Channing Pollock, with Grace George in the leading part (Manhattan Theater), is pronounced clever, but not clever

CLOTHES

enough to make an intellectual appeal. "The play," says *The Dramatic Mirror*, "is bright, yet it is not to be denied that much of its brilliancy is reflected from a long array of 'originals.' *The Theatre Magazine* raises another interesting point. "As a transcript of life," it says, "the play could not be better, but drama is a question of form, of the arrangement of the material, and the tech-



ANNIE RUSSELL

As Puck, that "Cupid turned devilish," in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

nique is the final and absolute arbiter of value. Of what avail the minute touches of life, the handling of a billiard cue, the fondling of pet dogs, the groupings, the coming and going, the pouring out of tea, and the multitude of little things perfectly natural in themselves, if the play itself lacks in form?"

The play is the story of a girl whose love for the show and the externals of life almost brings about her ruin. Grace George is admirably qualified to make the most of such a rôle, for which delicacy rather than cogent dramatic force are prime requirements. Even epigrammatic platitudes receive, as one critic puts it, a certain charm from her manner of utterance.

Two plays based on Biblical subjects are "Mizpah," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle, and J. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of Lew Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India." One of the central

figures of the novel, it may be remembered, is the wandering Jew, who effectively reappears in the play. The dramatization is said to be chiefly remarkable as an elaborate stage spectacle—a veritable orgy of color. The appeal of the play, observes *The Sun*, is intentionally made to a public to which mere art is anathema. Yet it hesitates to apply to the play the term "melodramatic" in any opprobrious sense. It says:

"In spite of its bare, stark outlines the story of the loves of the Christian princess and the Mohammedan invader has, essentially, the nature of the true love drama. The characters have real nobility and heroism in the conception, however wooden the execution; and the action moves steadily, irresistibly, from scene to scene, toward its end."

RISTORI: AN ACTRESS OF THE OLD SCHOOL

A MORE striking contrast could hardly be imagined than that presented by the two greatest actresses of modern Italy—Adelaide Ristori and Eleonora Duse. The former belonged to a past generation and found her chief delight in the interpretation of classic and Shakespearean rôles. The latter is a modern of moderns, intent on reproducing the spirit of D'Annunzio, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. At a time when all Europe was celebrating Ristori's eightieth birthday, four years ago, the great tragedienne took occasion to enter a solemn protest against what she regarded as the "dangerous" path



DORIS KEANE

As Rachel Neeve in "The Hypocrites."

"Mizpah," too, is a spectacular play. It tells the story of Esther in terms of the popular drama. *The Evening Post* summarizes its impression of the play as follows:

"It is partly metrical, the verse, in passages, being of rather striking excellence; its action is also laid in a remote period of general resplendence. . . . But it does not depart far from the models of the indigenous melodrama."

upon which Duse had entered, and against the whole tendency of modern drama. She said:

"Dramatic literature to-day differs radically from that which it was my privilege to represent and interpret. In fact, it is like looking at two worlds. We used to play Shakespeare and the classics, and all our efforts were directed towards realizing the conceptions of the great masters, to whom we owe so many splendid images and characters. To-day the stage is something wholly different. The classical repertory has suffered fatally from the changed demands of the public. In obedience to these demands playwrights now produce pieces that are by no means badly constructed, but which, broadly speaking, are trivial, reflecting the prosaic and seamy side of the routine of life. The absence of mighty

works, on the other hand, may be due to the absence of great artists, capable of moving audiences to sincere grief or sincere joy."

America has a special interest in the career of Ristori, in view of the fact that some of her most notable triumphs were achieved here. It is now forty years since she visited us for the first time, and twenty years since she said her farewells. She was seen in this country, for the most part, in tragic rôles, such as Medea, Phèdre and Judith. Her last two impersonations, in New York, were of "Lady Macbeth," conjointly with the eminent actor, Edwin Booth, and of "Marie Stuart," with a German company. This last performance was, in some respects, unique. Ristori, an Italian, spoke her lines in English in a German drama, with actors who spoke German.

Mr. William Winter, one of the few American critics who survives to give us first-hand impressions of Ristori, declares that the conquering characteristic of her acting was its humanity. "She was faithful to actual life," he says, "and that fidelity appeared in her presentation of classic ideals as well as in her portraiture of the heroines of history." He says, further (in the *New York Tribune*):

"She was not a spiritual actress; her art methods were, distinctively, rugged rather than delicate; and her mind seemed deficient in the attribute of poetry. But all of her dramatic persons were women of flesh and blood, and she was always definite in depicting them. She ranked in the school of natural, as contrasted with the school of ideal, tragedians. Those thinkers upon acting who attach more value to imagination in conceiving ideals, and to intellectual character in expressing them, than to frenzies of the person and the eccentricities of ebullient emotion, were able, while rejoicing in her magnetism,



Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine.

ADELAIDE RISTORI

Who died in Rome, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-four. "Ristori carried on the old traditions of tragedy to the last," says the *New York Times*, "believing in a style of acting which reminds one of the sculpture of Canova—measured, classical, elevated, cold."

to enjoy it with something of the coolness of patience. She was, unquestionably, a great actress; she possessed many attributes, physical and mental, which made her one of the foremost women of her time; but she lacked the ineffable quality which has always been found to animate and hallow the highest forms of human genius.

"In the realm of the literal, the actual, she had no rival unless it were Tommaso Salvini. In the imaginative, the ideal, she has been surpassed; but the epoch was not without cause for pride and gratitude that could name Charlotte Cushman, Marie Seebach, and Adelaide Ristori as contemporaries and as its own."

Ristori was the daughter of strolling players, and made her début before she was three months old in a comedy entitled "The New Year's Gift," in which she was introduced as a new-born babe concealed in a basket. At fourteen she was taking leading parts, and at eighteen she scored a pronounced success in

"Marie Stuart." The young actress enjoyed great popularity in Turin, Parma and Rome, and in the last-named city was united in marriage with the Marquis Giuliano Capranica del Grillo. She gave up the theatrical life, and became the mother of four children. But Italy would not hear of her retirement from the stage. She returned to the footlights at last, and covered herself with new honors. In 1855 she went to Paris, and for awhile rivalled in popularity the redoubtable Rachel. Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, were at her feet. Then came English triumphs and American. She was signally honored not only by the King and Queen of Italy, but by the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of Spain and the Sultan of Turkey. Madame Ristori amassed a great fortune, and retired from the stage in 1885.

WAGNER'S ONLY MEETING WITH ROSSINI



HE musical revolutionist, Richard Wagner, and the "orthodox" composer and melodist, Rossini, met only once, the younger man calling on the older in Paris, in 1860, when Wagner's circumstances and prospects were extremely unfavorable, while Rossini enjoyed fame, wealth, admiration. Rossini was a wit, and rumor credited him with all manner of satirical and caustic remarks on Wagner's ambitions and pretensions; moreover, he had been told that the apostle of the "music of the future" had nothing but contempt for his "conventional" operas and other compositions. Under the circumstances, a friendly meeting of the two seemed unlikely. But Wagner really admired much of Rossini's work and called on the old master to pay his respects and dissipate misunderstanding. The visit was made at the suggestion of E. Michotte, a musician and writer, who accompanied Wagner on this interesting occasion and has just published in Paris a pamphlet giving the first authentic account of the meeting.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" had failed at the Paris Opéra, and the conversation turned at first on the merits of this work. Rossini was very modest about his own work, and tried to put his rather low-spirited guest at ease. He said: "It is impossible to judge of a work like 'Tannhäuser' by seeing the mere score. I have only heard the march, and I sincerely say that I thought it excellent."

Rossini spoke of his love of German music; then of his efforts in behalf of Beethoven, who was a great man, but poor and neglected, when he first met him in Vienna. It was Beethoven who had dissuaded Rossini from writing serious opera. Italians, he had said, lacked musical knowledge, but in opera-bouffe they were inimitable. "Your 'Barber,'" he had told Rossini, "is a masterpiece, and will always be sung. Give us more 'Barbers,' Rossini."

Wagner showed intimate knowledge of Rossini's work. He remarked that, in addition to light music of exquisite quality, his host had written fine music in serious, dramatic style. He mentioned scenes from "William Tell" and "Moses in Egypt."

Rossini answered earnestly: "Ah, you have alluded to the rare, happy exceptions. But what are they, beside the works of Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Beethoven? . . . If Beethoven is a marvel of the earth, Bach is one of the heavens. . . . But enough of all this.

We are all of us, great and small, men of the past. Tell us about the future, Wagner."

Wagner explained his ideas at length, his impatience at the restrictions and artificialities of conventional opera, his need of freedom, truth, spontaneity. Rossini was cordial and sympathetic.

"How right you are!" he rejoined, "how justified in your longing for truth! All these arias and numbers—they have been my nightmare. Think of having to please the first tenor, the prima donna, the first basso, and so on. These gentry would count the bars and refuse to sing, if their parts were not made longer by a third! But can we realize absolute truth in opera? Is not opera inherently artificial? Life is not spent in singing. You can manage your lovers, but when people are angry or agitated or laying conspiracies, they do not sing."

Wagner admitted the limitations of opera, but said there were degrees of artificiality. He went on to explain his idea of "flowing melody," of the *arioso* style, of melody changing with words, situations, characters. He showed Rossini how in "Tell" and in "Moses" he had anticipated these ideas, and pointed out several examples of dramatic music and *arioso* writing.

"What!" exclaimed Rossini. "Have I written 'music of the future'? Really, I have had no suspicion!"

Wagner said that the master had written music for all time. He expressed regret that Rossini had discontinued writing at the age of thirty-seven. It was a crime, he declared, for the world had lost a wealth of beauty and splendor.

Rossini replied laughingly that after fifteen years' steady work and forty operas—"no mean figure for a lazy man"—he had felt the need of rest. He was childless, and had not needed to provide for a family. Besides, opera in Italy had fallen into decay, and there was nothing to do but to drop the pen. Now, he concluded, he was too old to resume or to take up new theories of music and opera. But the younger men, he told Wagner, should ponder the new ideas. Music had not died with Beethoven. Why should there not be new departures, new styles, new ideas, in music?

With this the visit ended, and Wagner went away in a very friendly mood. It is a mistake to suppose that Wagner was bitter toward Rossini. On the contrary, he spoke of him with respect, and recognized his great gift of melody.

THE HAUNTING GRACE OF MARY ANDERSON

FOR the benefit of a generation who came too late to witness the stage triumphs of Mary Anderson, Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, has ventured to recall the salient characteristics of a life which he regards as essentially "beautiful." The dramatic career of Miss Anderson was comparatively brief, lasting only from 1875 to 1889; but it was "brilliant with achievement," and in its "honesty, simplicity, radical worth and beneficent influence," it left enduring impress. "Through a mist of years," says Mr. Winter, "it seems, in memory, a pleasant dream; for about the thought of it there is an atmosphere of gentle loveliness, affecting the mind like a strain of music heard at a distance on a moonlit summer sea."

Mary Anderson's first rôle, very appropriately, was that of Juliet in Shakespeare's tragedy, and she reversed the usual order of things by starting not at the bottom of the ladder, but at the top. ("Genius and beauty," observes Mr. Winter, parenthetically, "can, sometimes, so begin, wisely and to advantage; but in general that course is not judicious.") The performance took place in Barney Macauley's Theater, in Louisville, Kentucky, and is described as one of extraordinary force, feeling and promise, notwithstanding the crudity inseparable from youth and inexperience. Its paramount beauty was its vocalism. Says Mr. Winter (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia):

"Miss Anderson's voice, indeed, was always her predominant charm; certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart, and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face; you can pad your person; you can wear a wig; you can walk in shoes that augment your height; you can, in various ways, change your body; but your voice will, sooner or later, reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impartments; but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory. The time had not yet come when she could, actually and absolutely, *embody* Juliet. It did come, and her success in that part was decisive and unequivocal. The most romantic and the most passionate Juliet of our epoch was that of Adelaide Neilson: the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical Juliet that our stage has known within the last fifty years was that of Mary Anderson."

Mr. Winter goes on to speak of "the splendid amplitude and freedom" of Mary Anderson's style. "Most actors," he says, "are constrained to give scrupulous attention to artistic method in acting. Miss Anderson was unfettered." He continues:

"I had the good fortune to see and study every one of her embodiments. She acted, during her thirteen years on the stage, Parthenia, in 'Ingotmar'; Bianca, in 'Fazio'; Julia, in 'The Hunchback'; Pauline, in 'The Lady of Lyons'; Evadne, in the play of that name; Berthe, in 'Roland's Daughter'; The Duchess of Torrenueva, in 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady'; Galatea, in 'Pygmalion and Galatea'; Clarice, in 'Tragedy and Comedy'; The Countess, in 'Love'; Meg Merrilies, in 'Guy Mannering'; Ion, in the tragedy so called; Juliet; Rosalind; Desdemona (once only); Perdita and Hermione in 'The Winter's Tale'; and Lady Macbeth. In each of those parts she gave an individual and potential impersonation; but I was always impressed, first and most of all, by the *inevitable* quality in her performances. She appeared to have grasped each character by intuition, to have entered bodily into it at once, and to be living it without conscious volition. Study she must have given to those characters, and the effect of art decidedly she produced, in the embodiment of them; but I always thought that 'she builded better than she knew.' Her acting was simple and graceful with the fluency of nature. I have heard her call it 'work,' but it never seemed 'work' to the spectator. There was, in particular, such a charm of spontaneity, simplicity and natural loveliness about her personation of Parthenia that nobody could resist its appeal."

In Mr. Winter's judgment, the most instructive remembrance that can be recorded of Mary Anderson is that she made her public appeal and reared the fabric of her fame on *acting*. He writes on this point:

"Much is heard, in these days, about 'producing syndicates,' and much is heard about actors who are running up and down the earth in quest of 'something new.' Mary Anderson was aware of the truth that *great acting is always new*, and she was content to choose the great parts in old drama, and to act them in a superb manner. The example should not be disregarded. A good new play is always welcome; but the dramatic literature already existent abounds in opportunity for the actor, and the vital need of our stage is not more plays, but more and better *acting*. The 'business' of 'producing' plays is, intrinsically, of no more importance to the public than the business of producing pickles. There is no greater infliction at this time than the everlasting, sickening announcement that 'So-and-So presents.' Such a woman as Sarah Siddons, such a man as Edmund Kean, would liberate and impel awakening, inspiring and ennobling forces that might soon change the whole complexion of the American theater, so heavily burdened with mediocrity,

so cruelly oppressed with the spirit of trade. One such blaze of elemental power as that which made Mary Anderson glorious in the frenzy of Bianca, one such burst of colossal emotion as that which makes Richard Mansfield imperial and splendid in the tent-scene of Richard III, is worth a whole hecatomb of the paltry, jack-straw, tailor-made plays that are turned out, every hour, from the perpetual trash-mill of this shop-keeping time."

Finally, we get this glowing pen-picture of the actress's beautiful presence:

"Fair; tall; of an imperial figure; her features regular; her changeful blue eyes, placid as a summer lake or blazing with the fire of roused imagination; her noble head, enwreathed with its copious wealth of golden hair; her smile, the diamond sparkle of morning light; her gestures, large, wide, graceful, free; her movement, at times electrical with action, at times pathetically eloquent of slow, wandering grief or the stupor of despair; her voice, clear, smooth, silvery, ringing through many moods, from the ripple of arch, bewitching mirth to the low moan of anguish, the deep whisper of passion or the clarion note of power—she filled the scene with her presence, and she filled the hearts of her audience with a refreshing sense of delightful, ennobling conviction of the possible loveliness and majesty of the hu-

man soul. I think that this was the sum of her service to art and to society. Many pages might be written about electrical points in her personations of character—her denotement of Juliet's desolation, after parting, in the lonely midnight, from the last human being whom she may ever behold; her revelation of Hermione's awful despair, when she covers her face with her mantle, and falls in deathlike trance; her simplicity and piquant archness when giving the flowers, as Perdita, contrasted with her soul-subduing agony in Bianca's supplication to her stony-hearted, exultant, scornful rival; but that would require the wide domain of an essay, and this is but a glimpse. The decisive fact suffices that this actress was one of the authentic messengers of Heaven who shed a light on this world and in the hearts of its weary workers, rekindle the sacred fires of hope and trust."

Miss Anderson took no formal farewell of the stage. Her last impersonation was that of Hermione, in Washington in the spring of 1889. A year later she married Antonio de Navarro, and since that time has lived in a quiet English village, where "her friends are glad to know," says Mr. Winter, "that she is—as she deserves to be—one of the happiest women in the world."

A PLEA FOR THE PRINTED DRAMA

STUDENTS of the drama can hardly have failed to notice a curious anomaly in connection with the production of current plays. When new plays are written in France and in Germany, they are printed in book form, as a matter of course, and are often in the hands of the public before they are presented on the stage. But in England and America, even the best plays are withheld from publication, and are circulated only in private copies used by actors and theatrical managers.

During recent months an influential movement has sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic with a view to encouraging the publication of English and American plays. A start in this direction has already been made by a well-known New York publishing house, which has undertaken to print a number of Clyde Fitch's plays. Several American professors, among them Professor Matthews, of Columbia, Professor Baker, of Harvard, and Professor Phelps, of Yale, are lending support to the movement by passing their students through a course of lectures and examinations in contemporary plays. And now Mr. Henry Arthur

Jones, the distinguished English playwright, has taken occasion, during his present visit to this country, to make a convincing plea in *The Theatre Magazine* (October), in behalf of the printed drama. He is aware that his argument will not find much favor in the eyes of actors and theatrical managers, and concedes that in cases where the success of a play depends upon unexpected situations, their attitude of opposition is natural and to some extent justifiable; and yet, he says, it would be well if managers and leading actors could be reasoned out of their prejudice against the immediate publication of plays. He continues:

"Surely in France the art of acting, as well as the art of the drama, stands upon an immeasurably higher level than in England; and this is partly due to the differentiation in the public mind of the art of the drama from the art of acting. Both are judged in their due relation to each other, and both are judged on their respective merits instead of being carelessly muddled together. The printing of plays tends to secure that the actor and the author shall each receive his rightful guerdon. And in weighing the advantages and disadvantages which would accrue to the actor, were every play to be published simultaneously with its production, he may be asked to reflect

that the printing and reading of plays tends to raise the intellectual level of the drama, and with it the intellectual quality of the acting, and the intellectual status of the actor. No actor who respects and loves his art, no actor who desires to see it established in the national esteem on the only right and safe ground, can consistently object to the immediate publication of a play on the eve, or on the morrow of its production."

Mr. Jones realizes that there is little likelihood of the printed drama becoming financially profitable until it is demanded by the reading public, and he is encouraged by a disposition that he has observed on the part of "that benevolent, woolly-brained person who carries the purse, the 'general reader,'" to take some little interest in published plays as a possibly agreeable means of beguiling his vacant hours. To the man who cannot make a railway journey without spending money on some magazine or novel which he "immediately rates at its true value by throwing it away as soon as he has read it," Mr. Jones suggests the following reasons for investing in plays rather than in novels:

"A modern play cannot be more foolish or banal, more destructive of whatever literary taste the general reader may possess, or more debilitating to his mind than the average novel where-with he is wont to fodder himself.

"Any modern play which has obtained sufficient success upon the boards to be printed will probably contain elements of popular amusement and interest which will be exactly to the general reader's liking.

"Play reading is rather difficult at first, and so far will provide the general reader with a new mental exercise; but after the first few attempts, when once its shorthand is mastered, play reading becomes easy and stimulating, and will therefore provide the general reader with a new mental pleasure.

"A new modern play can be bought at about one-third of the price of a new modern novel.

"By buying plays and reading them the general reader will incidentally encourage the fine arts of acting and the drama, and so far advance the civilization and culture of his country.

"Chief of all reasons, a complete play can be read in about one-fifth of the time that is consumed in reading a novel of average length. This must needs have a powerful argument in countries like England and America, where time is said to be money—with such strange results."

It may be asked: Why take so much trouble to win over the general reader, who for generations has shown a consistent indifference to dramatic literature? To this question Mr. Jones replies: "It is only by raising the taste of the whole body of playgoers, by uplifting the drama as a whole, that we can make it secure in its rightful place as a fine art." He goes on to register his conviction that when

playgoers read dramas, as well as see them, there will be a revolution for the better in play-writing. Many of the plays that have satisfied an uncritical theater-going public would fail to measure up to the standard of a reading public which applied the test of the study, as well as of the footlights. In this connection Mr. Jones instances such plays as "The Two Orphans," which have theatrical strength, but no literary value. He says:

"Suppose we had been forced to make a diligent and exhaustive study of 'The Two Orphans' in print (may God appoint us some other penance!) before seeing it for the first time in the theater—would it then make the same impression upon us in the theater? Would not its essential theatricality grin at us all through the performance, and forbid any enjoyment of its plot and structure?

"Again, suppose that before reading the same play, we could gather to its first performance an entire audience of highly critical and cultivated persons on the intellectual level—say of Aristotle, Lessing, Saint-Beuve and Matthew Arnold—ourselves being allowed a corner seat amongst them. Should we then enjoy it in the theater?

"Does not this signify that our enjoyment of such plays in the theater depends wholly upon our being swamped in a general mass of uncultivated playgoers, and thereupon lending ourselves to be swayed with them in a good-natured panic of misplaced enthusiasm? Does it not also imply that to the extent the judgment of the constant playgoer is informed and enlarged and purified by reading plays, to that extent he will cease to enjoy in the theater those plays which cannot also interest and satisfy him in the study?"

It is as "a lever to the public taste," therefore, that Mr. Jones urges the diligent publication and searching study of modern plays. He writes in conclusion:

"Will not playgoers who constantly apply the reading test to those plays that have captivated them in the theater—will they not begin to ask themselves: 'Are these the things that we praised and applauded? Were we tickled by this? Did we melt into tears over that? Was it here we shook with laughter, and there, impostors to true fear, that we thrilled and quivered with suspense and alarm? Did we indeed cloy ourselves with all this cheap sugary sentiment, like good children debauching their greasy immature digestions with the sickly messes of a Sunday-school treat? Were we so thirsty for amusement that we greedily drank up this green mantle of stagnant idiocy, these gilded puddles of obscenity that beasts would have coughed at? Did we, the supervisors, grossly gape on, behold these monkey tricks and call them amusement? Are these the gibes and gambols and songs that last evening set the theater in a roar, and now in the clear bright daylight are seen to be as empty of merriment as Yorick's skull—and smell so? Bah!

"The moment the great body of playgoers begin to read and examine current plays, that moment we shall take one great step towards a serious intellectual drama."

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"—PINERO'S NEW MASTERPIECE



PINERO'S new play, "His House in Order," the greatest success of London's last theatrical season, bids fair to enjoy a no less notable success at the Empire Theater, New York, with John Drew and Miss Illington in the leading rôles. Tho New York critics are less exuberant in their praise of the play than their London colleagues, it is the consensus of opinion that in "His House in Order" Pinero has given us a masterpiece. All critics agree that for the technique of the stage we can look to no other living English dramatist as his equal. The New York *Evening Post* speaks of him as a "superb mechanic," and James Huneker remarks (in *The Metropolitan Magazine*) that Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaver-like proclivity for design and structure in his drama, will outlast Oscar Wilde, Shaw and a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists and rhapsodists.

"His House in Order," from which we reprint extracts by courtesy of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is what might be deemed a "family play." It portrays the English middle-class in a rather uncomplimentary light. The atmosphere is charged with hypocrisy, sham and bigotry, yet the human appeal of the play is unusually strong. Mr. Pinero has lost none of his power of character portrayal. In fact, "as a realistic study in devious feminine impulse," observes Mr. John Corbin in the New York *Sun*, "—and that, at the last analysis, is what all of Pinero's pieces are—it is more subtle and more supple, more infused with latent, half-suggested intuition, than any of its predecessors."

The play presents the struggle between Nina, the Hon. Filmer Jesson's second wife, formerly the governess of his boy, and the shadow of Annabel, the matchless, the virtuous, the methodic—his first wife. Nina is a good-hearted but somewhat shiftless woman, hardly more than a girl, who had made her husband thoroly regret his marriage by her inability to conduct domestic affairs as systematically as her predecessor. To put "his house in order" he had found it necessary to ask Annabel's sister, Geraldine, a vixen and a prig, to manage the household. Geraldine and her people, Lady Ridgeley, her mother, Sir Daniel, her father, and her brother Pryce make things very uncomfortable for Nina, and, by their constant interference and continual harping upon the dead woman's excellences, effectually bar a reconciliation between Filmer Jesson and

his wife. The latter is finally driven into open rebellion, and on the occasion of the opening of a park to the memory of her sainted predecessor garbs herself in flowing pink to signify her contempt for the "park and all concerned in it." A domestic scene ensues. At this crucial moment the dead woman's boy, Derek, accidentally supplies her with proofs that his dead mother was not only guilty of infidelity to her husband, but was actually on the point of running away with Major Maurewarde, her husband's friend and the father of her child, when a carriage accident ended her life. These letters she now flaunts in the face of Hilary, Jesson's brother, the only person who had taken up the cudgels in her behalf. Hilary at first indignantly refuses to listen to her.

Nina: But you must hear. You have to hear. (*Distinctly.*) Some letters.

Hilary: Ah?

Nina: These four letters. (*A pause.*) I've read them.

Hilary (frowning): You've read them?

Nina: The handwriting first attracted me; and then a sentence caught my eye—and I read them through.

Hilary (disdainfully, half turning from her): Tsch!

Nina (hotly): Scandalous, isn't it? At the same time, I advise you not to waste your scorn on me, Mr. Jesson—that is, unless you've an unlimited stock of it at your disposal. (*Fingering the letters.*) They are from Major Maurewarde.

Hilary (with polite indifference): From Major Maurewarde?

Nina: To her.

Hilary: I dare say.

Nina: Such letters!

Hilary: Major Maurewarde is a very old and close friend of my brother—

Nina: Friend!

Hilary: And of mine. We regard him—you know it as well as I do—we regard him almost as a member of our family.

Nina: Almost!

Hilary: I can quite understand, Mrs. Filmer, that your present frame of mind disposes you to detect evil in matters of a perfectly innocent kind—

Nina: Innocent! Oh, why beat about the bush? This immaculate lady; the sainted Annabel—your stained-glass-window sister-in-law—

Hilary (quietly): For shame!

Nina: She was nothing but Maurewarde's—woman. (*There is a pause, during which neither moves.*) Yes, and Derek—the boy—is his son.

Hilary (after a further pause, advancing to her and looking at her fixedly): If a man said this, Mrs. Filmer—any man living—

Nina (returning his gaze unflinchingly, with a slight shrug): You could hit him in the face. But that wouldn't alter facts, would it?

(*She moves to the farther end of the oblong table. Seating herself at the table, she clears a*

space in front of her and proceeds to arrange the letters in some sequence.)

Nina (to Hilary, imperatively): Mr. Jesson. (Reluctantly, he goes to her. She motions him to sit by her. He draws away the chair from the left of the table and does so. Side by side, their elbows together, they examine the letters.)

Nina: They are written upon the Towers notepaper.

Hilary: How can that have been? He must have been staying with them, in that case.

Nina: He was; but she was avoiding him—wouldn't be left alone with him. You'll see presently. "Monday—" (Handing him a letter). I fancy that comes first.

(They read, she looking over his shoulder, their lips moving in unison.)

Hilary: Yes, I see.

Nina (pointing to a passage in the letter): There. (He reads on, mumbling the words to himself.) He was pressing her to go off with him.

Hilary (hushing her): Ssh, ssh! (Almost inaudibly.) "We have never wanted for pluck, Bel, you and I. But these past six or seven years . . . these past six or seven years . . . have been hell upon earth. They have pretty well broke both of us . . . pretty well broke both of us. And all for what? For this cursed sham of respectability. Bel, dearest—"

(Finally he throws the letter back to her and she places another before him.)

Nina: Number Two, I think. (He reads.) Or Three. There's no day on either of these. (Giving him another.) Perhaps this is Two and that is Three.

Hilary (a letter in each hand): Is it of much consequence? (He reads both, hurriedly, and returns them to her.) Thank you.

Nina (giving him the fourth letter): The last. "Thursday—"

Hilary (glancing at her): It was on a Thursday—she—

Nina: While he was on a visit here!

Hilary (with a nod): This might have been written—in the morning—

Nina: It took place in the afternoon, didn't it?

Hilary (reading): Yes.

Nina: This is about Derek. (Looking over his shoulder.) Next page. (He turns the page and again she points to a particular passage.) "As to the child—" It begins there.

Hilary: "As to the child, how often have I told you I don't expect you to join me without him?"

Nina (reading with him): "You remember our last talk in town—?"

Hilary: "—talk in town? In God's name, what gives you the notion that I could bear, any more than you could, to leave our boy . . . to leave our boy . . . in Jesson's keeping?"

Nina: Go on.

(He reads to the end; then, dropping the letter upon the table, rises and paces the room. She folds the letters and tucks them away carefully into her bodice.)

Hilary (pausing in his walk—with feeling): I—of course I—it goes without saying, I hope—of course I apologize to you most sincerely.

Nina: Apologize?

Hilary: For accusing you of being inclined to twist innocent things into guilty ones.

Nina (waving the apology away): Oh—

Hilary: I—I fear your allegations are too well grounded. (Resuming his talk—working the story out in his brain.) Annabel—Maurewarde; Annabel—! Yes, yes—Maurewarde—Derek—! (She rises. He approaches her.) Tell me again. The child was sitting, writing—here—when you opened the bag?

Nina: Yes.

Hilary: Then he didn't see you extract the letters? Is that so?

Nina: No, he didn't see me.

Hilary: He is ignorant that they were in the bag?

Nina: Absolutely. It was empty, for all he knew.

Hilary: You are sure?

Nina: Positive.

Hilary: Where is the bag?

Nina: He has taken it to his father—to Filmer.

Hilary: When Filmer opens it—?

Nina: He'll find nothing.

Hilary (with a sigh of relief): Ah! (Softening.) Oh, my dear Mrs. Filmer, what a mercy—a mercy we can never be sufficiently grateful for—!

Nina: Mercy?

Hilary: If these terrible letters had to come to light—what a mercy it is that they should have fallen into our hands.

Nina (steadily): Into my hands.

Hilary (accepting the correction): Into your—(blankly, struck by her tone). Why, you wouldn't—you haven't the smallest intention of—?

(Checking himself.) I—I beg your pardon.

Nina: I wouldn't—I haven't the smallest intention—? Won't you finish?

Hilary: Please, please! You must forgive me.

Nina: I wouldn't use them, was on the tip of your tongue, wasn't it?

Hilary: Ah, Mrs. Filmer! At a moment like this—the shock, the horror of it all!—a man may be excused if his thoughts run a little wild.

Nina (calmly): Oh, your thoughts are sane enough, apparently. You ask me whether I intend to make use of the letters. The question slipped out, but I'll answer it. Yes, I do intend to use them.

Hilary: You—you don't.

Nina: I do, certainly.

Hilary: You couldn't be so cruel!

Nina: Cruel!

Hilary: So—damnable vindictive! (Furiously.) You shan't use them.

Nina: Mr. Jesson!

Hilary: You shall not.

Nina: What's to prevent me—or who? Or who? (Gripping the letters through her bodice.) Even if you snatched them away from me—tore them away from me—I know; I know. But I don't think you'd forget yourself to that extent.

(He turns from her and seats himself in the chair behind the settee on the left.)

Hilary (after a silence, regaining his composure): How are you going to set about it?

Nina (ruffled): Ha! That's more courteous. (Sitting upon the seat before the escritoire.) While you are all out of the house—opening the park!—I shall shut myself up in my bedroom and copy the letters.

Hilary: You will allow them to open the park with clear consciences, then?

Nina: Oh, yes, they shall enjoy their solemn parade. The mockery of it! (*With a curl of the lip.*) But they wouldn't forego that, in any event.

Hilary: Afterwards—?

Nina: How curious you are!

Hilary: No—merely interested.

Nina: Afterwards—(*puckering her brows.*) I shall put the copy into an envelope, with a note explaining how the originals came into my possession—

Hilary: And—?

Nina: And see that Geraldine receives it directly she returns.

Hilary (between his teeth): And hit my brother a blow from which he will never recover; and bastardize the boy; and drag—

Nina (rising): Oh, no, no; you're a great deal too quick. I'm not hurting Filmer, much as he has hurt me—or the boy. Except for Maureward, the secret will be yours and mine—and the Ridgeleys'. Trust them to keep it. (*Walking to the fireplace.*) It's the Ridgeleys I'm aiming my blow at. (*Clenching her fists.*) The Ridgeleys! The Ridgeleys!

Hilary: Geraldine will tell her people, you think?

Nina (at the settee on the left, with relish): I should say she will be forced to, sooner or later.

Hilary: Forced?

Nina: To account for the alteration in her attitude towards me; to convince them of the necessity for a total change of attitude on their part. (*Sitting, triumphantly.*) Ah!

Hilary: I understand. Henceforth, down on their marrow-bones, eh—the whole Ridgeley family?

Nina (suddenly kneeling upon the settee, her elbows upon the back of it, her face on a level with his): As I have been to them ever since Geraldine was sent for; ever since Geraldine took up the reins again, here and in London. She shall crawl to me—Geraldine shall—as I've crawled to her; and you're right—she shall make them all crawl. *Hilary*—Mr. Jesson—often and often I've cried myself to sleep, after being tormented by Geraldine almost beyond endurance; cried half through the night. Now it's her turn, if she has a tear in her. She shall be meek and groveling now, to me—consulting my wishes, my tastes, in everything; taking orders from me and carrying them out like a paid servant. I sha'n't be terrified any longer at her frown and her thin lips, but at a look from me she shall catch her breath—as I've done—and flush up, and lower those steely gray eyes of hers. And she won't be able to free herself from me. I've got her! I've got her, and she sha'n't leave me till I choose to dismiss her. (*Striking the back of the settee.*) Oh, she has tortured me—tortured me—she and her tribe; and from to-day—! You watch! You watch!

(*She sinks down upon the settee, weeping with anger. He rises and walks away to the right.*)

Hilary: Yes, undoubtedly you are upper dog, my dear Mrs. Filmer. Whether or not the rest of the Ridgeleys are made to participate in the secret; whether or not it has ultimately to be revealed to my brother; from the moment Miss Geraldine receives your agreeable missive, you become upper dog unquestionably.

Nina (drying her eyes): Ah, ah, upper dog!

Hilary: On reflection, there is only one con-

sideration that I can suggest that should cause you to hesitate.

Nina (raising her head): One—?

Hilary: Human nature being what it is, I admit you can scarcely be expected to commiserate our friends, the Ridgeleys, very deeply.

Nina: Scarcely.

Hilary: Nor, alas—if it comes to it—my brother. But there is a solitary figure in the tragical comical picture of Filmer's earlier married life which seems to me to stand out from its surroundings, and to cry aloud to you to throw those letters into the fire and to forget their contents.

Nina: A solitary figure? (*Foreseeing his answer.*) Who—whose?

Hilary: Annabel's.

Nina (rising and confronting him—in a hard voice): Annabel's!

Hilary (continuing, after a brief silence—quietly): She has been dealt with, you know.

Nina: Dealt with.

Hilary: She paid. Her account is balanced. Two thick black lines are scored under it. The book's closed.

Nina: Paid! (*Advancing.*) How—paid? In what way has she paid? Aren't you all about to open this miserable park in commemoration of her?

Hilary: We are. And I shall perform my share of the function, in spite of those letters, without a scruple.

Nina (satirically): You—you are very chivalrous, Mr. Jesson.

Hilary (with a slight bow): I am six-and-forty.

Nina: But isn't it rather a mistaken chivalry which leads you to gloss over this woman's wickedness?

Hilary: I don't gloss it over.

Nina: To put it aside.

Hilary: Nor do I put it aside. I couldn't if I would; it will haunt me till my dying day. It is so monstrously grotesque, so odious—and so little flattering to the discernment. And yet I wouldn't add to the punishment she underwent by inflicting a single scratch upon the image—the false image—those who loved her, and exalted her, have set up.

Nina: Punishment! (*Seating herself in the chair behind the settee on the left.*) All this talk, talk, talk of punishment, and payment! (*Unrelentingly*) It's true, her end was sudden—awfully sudden—

Hilary: No, no; that wasn't her punishment. A pair of runaway horses, an overturned carriage, a stone-heap by the roadside, death in a flash! That wasn't her punishment; that was her release. (*At Nina's side.*) Her punishment! Why, read that scoundrel's letters again. "The past six or seven years—" he says, "—the past six or seven years have been hell upon earth." To him, hell upon earth. Were they pleasanter to her? What must they have been to her? He goes on to remind her—doesn't he?—that both he and she were nearly broken by their sufferings. Piece it together; trace it from the start. A young woman—carefully trained, according to the narrow views of her parents—content, in her ignorance, with finding herself mistress of the ice-house my poor brother calls his home. Then—Maureward! Handsome, brave—heaven save the

mark!—ardent, *alive!* Then, the first gleam of romance—and the drifting—and the surrender—and the awakening—and the agony of remorse—and the commencement, in cold blood, of the regular, dreary game of deception. Then, the child—the blessing turned to a curse. What a motherhood! Conceive it. The bitter tears shed silently upon the pillow, the inward writhings, the dumb cries for support; and, after a time, the resuming of her customary duties and of her place, opposite her husband, at his table. And once more, and to the finish, the mask chafing the face and the ceaseless guard over every word, and look, and gesture. Punishment——!

Nina: You imagine this—invent it. Of course, *he*—Maurewarde—was full of his sufferings; he was persuading her to elope.

Hilary: While she, poor wretch, was shunning him, trying to shut her ears to him.

Nina: Shut her ears to him! She didn't even destroy his love-letters. Why? Because she was studying them, pondering them; because she was weighing her desire to bolt against the advantages of continued "respectability." (*Starting up.*) Phuh! you are wasting your sympathies, Mr. Jesson.

(*She passes him, going towards the right. He detains her by laying a hand upon her arm.*)

Hilary: Yes, but granting that she was on the point of flying with Maurewarde; granting it—what then?

Nina (facing him): What then!

Hilary: Granting that the strain had become unbearable, and that exposure and dishonor would have been a welcome relief—she wasn't allowed to take that last desperate step, remember.

Nina: Not allowed——?

Hilary: No; she was stopped.

Nina: Stopped? By whom?

Hilary: By whom?

Nina: Who stopped her?

Hilary (after a pause): Your father was a parson, wasn't he, Mrs. Filmer?

Nina: Well?

Hilary: He couldn't have been one of the grim, eternal fire-and-brimstone sort. From what I gather, he was too soft-hearted, too indulgent to his daughter, for that.

Nina (coldly): I don't——

Hilary: Did you never learn from him, in his church or in your daily intercourse—you and he were inseparable, weren't you?—did he never encourage you in any of those simple beliefs that bring peace and comfort to many people?

Nina: Beliefs?

Hilary: The belief, for instance, in the doctrine of Divine interposition in the ordinary affairs of life.

Nina (leaving him and leaning against the oblong table): Oh, he may have done.

Hilary (following her and standing before her): Well, here was this woman, we will suppose, entertaining the idea of eloping with her companion in sin and branding her innocent child with illegitimacy. On the morning of the very day on which she meets her death—on that fatal Thursday—she receives a letter from Maurewarde—we've read it—a letter which may have turned the scale and broken down her resolution never to betray the secret of the boy's birth. It's, at least, possible that it was so. And she

goes out for her afternoon drive—alone; to familiarize her thoughts, perhaps, with her future. What happens? She's saved; and the boy's saved. And the trees in this bare park will shoot up; and Derek, when he's a grown man, will walk under 'em, and picture fondly and reverently the mother who was taken from him when he was a little chap. Come, Mrs. Filmer! Let us believe, if we can—if it makes us better, and gentler, and more merciful!—let us believe that in all this there was the hand of God!

Nina (harshly): Very well; let us believe it. (*Looking him in the face defiantly and measuring her words.*) Only we must believe equally that it's the hand of God that has brought these letters from their hiding-place and has delivered them to me.

Hilary: Yes, believe that also. And ask yourself—ask yourself on your knees—whether they have been given to you to use in the way you propose to use them. *Nina—Nina——*

(*She moves away from him again and sits before the escritoire, resting her elbow upon it and supporting her chin with her fist. He takes a chair and seats himself close to her, so that she can hardly avoid his gaze.*)

Hilary: *Nina*, my dear friend, don't think that, because I preach to you, I pose as being a man who has nothing in his life to look back upon of which he is ashamed. Far from it, my dear, I confess to you humbly. But I have, in my knocking about the globe, seen a good deal of men and women; and I declare to you that the happy people I've come across have never been the people who, possessing power, have employed it malevolently or uncharitably. I know your position is a difficult one; a hard one, in many respects; and that the temptation which assails you this morning is a temptation few could resist. Still—do resist it. Things are not so bad with you as to be beyond mending; on the contrary, I think it likely that, if you'll be patient, matters will eventually adjust themselves between you and Filmer. But I tell you, *Nina*, that at this moment you are in danger of putting the chances of happiness away from you irretrievably. More! I promise you that you can attain real happiness; attain the only solid happiness in this world; to-day, by the act of renunciation I urge upon you. (*She stirs slightly. He draws nearer.*) *Nina*, there some people walking the earth who are wearing a halo. It's invisible to you and me; we can't see it; but it's there, round their brows, none the less; and the glow of it lights the dark walls of their lives, and sustains them through pain, and oppression, and tribulation. They are the people who have made sacrifices; who've been tempted and have conquered; who have been offered a sword, or a scepter, or a bludgeon, and who have shaken their heads and passed on. They are the people who have renounced. *Nina*, be among those who wear the halo. Burn Maurewarde's letters, my dear—(*glancing at the cold grate*) or give them to me—and forget you've ever read them.

(*She rises and leaves the escritoire. He rises with her. Her fingers stray to her breast and, at last, she produces the letters and hands them to him.*)

Nina (simply): I'll forget them.

Nina consents to doff her pink gown and to

attend the opening ceremonies of the memorial park. In her magnanimity she even sacrifices her two dearest hobbies, dog-kennels and cigarettes, to the prejudices of Annabel's disagreeable family. Meanwhile Hilary takes the threads of fate again in his hands. He first faces the major, who is forever haunting the house of his dead love and seeking consolation in the presence of the child he dares not claim. He wrings from Maurewarde the promise to leave the house and never to return. Having so far drastically, but discreetly, cleared the atmosphere, he now advises his brother to put "his house in order," effectually, by giving to Nina the reins of domestic empire and turning Annabel's relations out. Filmer's refusal forces Hilary to play his trump-card—the letters. Filmer, almost staggered, disbelieves the testimony of his own senses, and the following dialogue takes place:

Filmer (with an almost expressionless face): This—this—is a forgery. This is a transparent forgery.

(He sits in the chair behind the settee on the left and reads another letter.)

Filmer: These are—these are forgeries. It's a base trick—a conspiracy—a—a foul—

(He begins to read another letter. In the middle of it, he looks up abruptly and stares before him. Then he starts to his feet and goes to Hilary unsteadily.)

Filmer: Maurewarde—! Maurewarde—! *(Gripping Hilary's arm.)* What—what did Maurewarde say? *(Shouting.)* I want to hear what Maurewarde said! Maurewarde!

Hilary (turning to him—quietly): I kicked him out. He'll leave the country. He let me kick him out.

(Filmer attempts to resume his reading of the letters, but fails. Ultimately he gets to the settee facing the fire, and there collapses. Hilary rises and comes to the chair behind the settee.)

Hilary (after he has seated himself—gently): Well, there's the living. Do you remember the words Nina used to me this morning, when we three were together here? "The living have claims as well as the dead." It's the living that you must think of, from this time forward. You have to do justice to the living now; make amends to the living.

Filmer (brokenly): Nina . . . ? The—letters . . . ? When—when did she . . . ?

Hilary: About half-an-hour before we started for the park. She consulted me, and we agreed as to the course to be followed.

Filmer: She—she gave them to you?

Hilary: To destroy. I should have burnt them this afternoon, upstairs, in my room. *(As if in defense of himself.)* But there's the living! How could things be allowed to go on as they are going! How could they!

Filmer: She—she won't—?

Hilary: No. She'll forget that she's read 'em. Your first wife's memory will never suffer from any act of Nina's. Make your mind easy on that score. You may depend on Nina implicitly.

Filmer (almost inaudibly): That—that—

Hilary: What?

Filmer (partly raising himself): That—that—that's kind of her.

Hilary: Isn't it? *(Laying his hand on Filmer's shoulder.)* Deficiencies you say she has? She may have deficiencies—have we none?—but I believe her to be one of the finest creatures on God's earth. And at this moment—misunderstood, under-rated, wronged; and with the power of bringing her enemies to her feet, if she chose to exert it—she's humbling herself still further to these people. Method, system, regularity! A fetich! They are becoming your aim in life instead of an accessory. Your house in order! Filmer, you've had your house in order—compare the worth of it with what you possess in this girl.

(The double-door opens, and Lady Ridgeley and Sir Daniel enter with Nina in attendance. Sir Daniel is carrying a small tortoise-shell cigarette-case.)

Lady Ridgeley (in explanation of her appearance): A shower.

Sir Daniel (genially): An April shower. . . .

Sir Daniel (coming between Nina and Lady Ridgeley—playfully, holding up the cigarette-case): And who is to be the owner of this pretty thing?

Lady Ridgeley (searching for her pocket): Give it to me.

Nina (quickly): Oh, no, Lady Ridgeley. I'll divide my cigarettes among the gardeners willingly; but, please, I want my case.

Hilary (advancing—to Nina): Yours?

Nina (to Hilary, piteously): I left my cigarette-case in the summer-house yesterday.

Sir Daniel (examining the case): I happened to sit down upon it a few minutes ago.

Lady Ridgeley (to Hilary): We have succeeded—Sir Daniel and I—in extracting a promise from Nina that she will break herself of the objectionable habit.

Hilary: Of smoking?

Sir Daniel: Of smoking.

Lady Ridgeley: So unladylike—worse, so unwomanly.

Sir Daniel: Degrading. In a man it's deplorable enough, carried to excess.

Lady Ridgeley (anxiously): Dan—

Sir Daniel: Eh?

Lady Ridgeley: Has it struck you that our Pryce has been smoking too many cigars lately?

Sir Daniel: It has. Heaven forbid that I should find the smallest fault in one of my own children—but it has.

(Lady Ridgeley, having found her pocket, now holds out her hand for the cigarette-case.)

Nina (touching Sir Daniel's arm): No, no! Sir Daniel! That was a gift from my father.

Sir Daniel: From your father!

Lady Ridgeley: A clergyman!

Nina: He always smoked a pipe after supper in his study—

Lady Ridgeley: } A pipe!

Sir Daniel: }

Nina (to Hilary, appealingly): And I used to sit opposite to him—we were great friends—! *(To Sir Daniel.)* Sir Daniel—!

Sir Daniel (shaking his head): A strange clergyman.

Lady Ridgeley: A strange parent.

Hilary (pointing to the cigarette-case): May I look at it?

(Sir Daniel surrenders the cigarette-case to Nina, who passes it to Hilary. Lady Ridgeley sniffs disapprovingly.)

Hilary (to Nina): Mrs. Nina, in my den at Montiago I've a collection of odds and ends—souvenirs, mementos, reminders of hours gayly spent, profitably spent, ill spent.

Lady Ridgeley: Ah!

Hilary: It's a quaint museum. Paintings, sketches, curiosities of every description, old ball-room trophies—a shoe, a glove, a fan or two—!

Sir Daniel: Tsch, tsch, tsch!

Hilary: The blood-stained handkerchief of a matador, and a cigarette, half smoked, which has been pressed by the lips of an Empress!

Lady Ridgeley: Good gracious!

Hilary: My treasures speak to me of friendships made all over the world—Madrid, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest, Tokio, Washington, and elsewhere; and I should like to add one more voice to the babel of tongues. Will you give me this little case? If you will, I shall place it, apart, beside the remains of the poor Empress's cigarette.

Lady Ridgeley (faintly): Oh, dear!

Hilary: She was a woman, Mrs. Nina, who was sorely tried, but who was generous, and patient, and forgiving—who was, in fact, one of the noblest of her sex. So you would be in good company.

(While Hilary is speaking, Geraldine and Pryce appear in the outer hall, coming from the right. Attracted by what is going on, they halt in the doorway and listen. As Hilary finishes speaking, they enter quietly. Geraldine is wearing a garden hat. Pryce, scowling at Hilary, removes his hat on entering.)

Nina (to Hilary, after a pause): Keep it. (Raising her eyes to his.) A souvenir.

(Filmer rises and faces those in the room.)

Nina (surprised, moving to the back of the settee on the left): Filmer—?

Sir Daniel: Filmer?

Lady Ridgeley: We didn't see you, Filmer.

Filmer: No, I—I've been sitting—thinking.

Sir Daniel (mournfully): Thinking.

Lady Ridgeley (sighing): Ah!

Sir Daniel (discovering Geraldine and Pryce): Oh, are you there, my dears?

Filmer (who has come forward, putting his words together with difficulty): I—I am glad you are all here—because I—I've something to say to you—to say—

Sir Daniel: Ah? H'm?

Filmer: It relates to—Annabel.

Lady Ridgeley (in a murmur): Dear Filmer.

Filmer: And to Nina. To-day we—we have honored the dead. We have discharged a debt—so far as such a debt can be discharged—to the dead. And now—there is the living—the living—

Lady Ridgeley: The living?

(Hilary moves to Filmer's side. Nina stares at Filmer in wonderment.)

Filmer (steadying himself by grasping Hilary's arm): By the living, I mean—especially—Nina. For reasons known to you, she has stood aside during the greater part of our short married life. From to-day those reasons cease to have

weight with me. (Nina sits.) I have been—thinking. Order, method, regularity, natural to Annabel, are not easy to Nina. Nina may acquire them, or she may not. But whether she acquires them, or whether she does not, it is her right that she should be mistress of my house. (To the Ridgeleys) I thank you—thank you all—for the help you have given me. My obligation to Geraldine is indeed deep. Let us—my wife and I—let us often welcome you—here and in London—as our guests.

(There is a pause, and then Sir Daniel shakes Filmer by the hand.)

Sir Daniel: I—we—we quite understand. Very, very proper—eh, Harriet?—very, very proper.

Lady Ridgeley (icily): Very, very. There was no necessity for hesitation—no necessity whatever. If Filmer—if Filmer—

Sir Daniel: I—er—I'll go upstairs and have my nap, Harriet.

Lady Ridgeley (rising): I'll come with you.

Sir Daniel (moving to the door—thoughtfully): My nap—my nap—

Lady Ridgeley (following Sir Daniel—to Geraldine): Are you doing anything, Geraldine? Geraldine (with a slight shrug): No, mother; I've nothing to do.

Lady Ridgeley: I wish you would explain that embroidery stitch to me again.

(Sir Daniel, Lady Ridgeley and Geraldine pass through the outer hall and disappear on the left.)

Pryce (taking a cigar from his case): The shower's over. Shame to stick indoors.

(He puts the cigar in his mouth and his hat on his head, and also disappears, following his people. Filmer sits in the chair on the left of the oblong table. Maureward's letters are crushed up in his hand. He now begins to smooth them out upon his knee. Nina rises and approaches him timidly.)

Nina: Filmer—

Filmer: Yes, Nina?

Nina (seeing the letters): Ah—! (Turning to Hilary.) You—you've told him—you've given them to him—!

Hilary (nodding): Yes.

Nina (under her breath): Oh, how cruel of you! (To Filmer.) Filmer—Filmer—

(He allows her to take the letters from him, and she crosses to the fireplace. There she burns the letters, one by one.)

Hilary (to Filmer, gently): That was splendid.

Filmer (in a whisper): Hilary—

Hilary: Eh?

Filmer: Annabel—so systematic—so methodical! And yet—she neglected to burn Maureward's letters?

Hilary: My dear chap, you see! Every system has its breaking-point, when we apply it to ourselves. A Lord Chancellor has been known to bungle in making his own will. (Pointing to the light in the grate.) They're burnt at last, tho.

(Nina is now sitting upon the settee, gazing at the blaze. Filmer rises and goes to her slowly, and seats himself beside her. Then Hilary withdraws—looking at them lingeringly as he closes the door upon them.)

Religion and Ethics

WHAT IS THE FINAL GOAL OF HUMAN PROGRESS?



PROGRESS has been provisionally described as "the good begetting the better," and Joseph H. Wicksteed, a London writer, finds in the phrase the keynote of the modern spirit. The men of an older day taught that life had fallen away from its perfect Origin, but the newer faith of to-day is rooted in the thought that life is a perpetual growth from lower forms upward. Between these conceptions Mr. Wicksteed finds "irreconcilable" differences. By way of contrasting the two points of view, he writes (*Independent Review*, September):

"In the beginning," says Genesis, the Spirit of God brooded over the deep. The whole infinite perfection of power, of wisdom and of love was present and self-realized above the silent, formless void. Nor do we ever throughout the story lose this thought of Deity in the origin, of perfection in the beginning. It is to the garden of Eden we must look for perfect manhood; the complete laws of God are given in the dawn of national existence by Moses; Elijah rather than the Babylonian Isaiah is the typical representative of prophecy, and the spiritual wealth of the Psalms is attributed to Jerusalem's first king.

"In the New Testament, indeed, Jesus claims a higher place for the new commandments of the Spirit than for the law of Moses, and compares the Kingdom of God to the growing and developing seed, and the spreading leaven. But even to him, childhood is the type of human goodness; the beginning of life is the best. And still less had his disciples after him the courage to follow out his bolder idea. To them he himself, indeed, seemed the crowning summit of history, but for that very reason nearly all the significance was gradually taken out of his earthly life and put into the original scheme. Every episode tends to be looked upon as known and ordered from the beginning, and as a feature in the eternal design. His life becomes the inspiration of the chosen prophets before him, no less than of his own apostles. So that when at last in the fullness of time it came to be lived, it seemed no hot and disturbing eruption of creative will and vision, wrenching the course of history from its expected channels into new ways, that left the awakened world for ever changed; but rather the perfect performance of a long foretold part, the calm and conscious pivot of a supreme cosmic drama eternally preordained."

In startling contrast to all this stands what Mr. Wicksteed calls "the new tale of wonder even now being unfolded in our ears":

"For the origin of every best thing we are told to look to something lower; and the sacred

river of life is said to flow from slow and turbid beginnings in lone swamps of far-off eons rather than to spring up fully grown and stainless from the inexhaustible caverns of God. The lands and seas of this our beautiful world come perchance, we are told, from fiery chaos begotten of the unguided clash of dreary, vagrant rocks through illimitable space; man more certainly arises from the brutes; literature, art and religion itself, from dim and groping, sometimes immoral, rites and superstitions. Yea and the Bible itself—into whose ancient scheme this new wine was so vainly forced, till the beautiful days of creation were put upon the rack and tortured to become desolate eons of astronomic and geologic time—even the Bible itself has now gently yielded to a new alchemy, and become one of the chief glories in the crown of evolutionary theory. For in her new voice she now tells us of a God not perfect in the beginning, but conceived as narrowly national, cruel, passionate, and deceitful; yet becoming first the God of internal and national, and then of universal justice, till at last he is the eternal lover of the human soul as such, in every land and age; the infinite Father ever seeking to redeem, but whose ineffable purity cleanses as with fire the souls of those who would approach his presence, till in a shape of perfect benignity he becomes man, that man may become God. Nor does the tale of advancing thought end as we close the Bible. The religion of Augustine and Dante appears as no mere attempt to recover the faith of Moses and Jesus. For the thought of each seems a mighty growth out of the past; a true synthesis of many older faiths and truly greater than any of its origins. And are not even we to-day groping to find expression in our words and deeds for a still higher vision; a saner view of earthly redemption and of the conquest of disease and distress; a wider conception of human solidarity; a truer view both of man's littleness and his greatness in the universe to which he belongs?"

This newer conception of life, already widely accepted, is bound to change the whole current of man's thought and aspiration. In at least two fundamental respects it disturbs the cherished beliefs of centuries. In the first place, it removes the idea of a definite goal as the aim and end of human effort. The "Kingdom of God" is no longer an absolute and eternal kingdom, to be let down from the heavens on the day of the millennium; it becomes something to be approximated through eons of toil and travail. In the second place, the newer view transfers the emphasis of religion from the theological to the human field.

The questions immediately arise: Has this new philosophy of human life the same dyna-

mic power as the old? Can it also give a "positiveness" to the ideal of progress? Mr. Wicksteed offers a tentative answer to both of these questions in the following paragraph:

"No faith ever held dear has failed to enhance the joy of moments of exaltation. The true test of a religion is its power to stay us also in our hours of gloom, and this will depend not upon its beauty, but its convincingness. For in our depression we doubt everything that we are intrinsically capable of doubting. And therefore the faith that will give the surest and most unflinching purpose to life will be a faith rooted in our elemental human nature. Now the element of our life which appeals most universally and exalts the highest is the social instinct. All religions have in one way or other striven to improve the communion of man with man, or of man with God. And the common finite impulses, the love of man for woman, of parent for child, of all men for some kind and degree of fellowship, give daily and hourly motive to life."

Pursuing the same line of thought further, Mr. Wicksteed declares that when St. Paul likened humanity to a mystic body of many diverse members united by one spirit, he gave us, in germ, that conception of "the realization of the individual's life in the race-life and of the race-life in the individual's," which the knowledge and experience of the modern world is ever reinforcing as the goal of human endeavor. Even physically, all known life is so closely interconnected that "it is hard to look on it as essentially other than the manifold branches of a single tree"; and "we are even more intimately involved in one another mentally than physically." At the same time, tho each man is but a fragment of the whole, it is no less significantly true that for each man that whole is different. "There is but one principle," says Mr. Wicksteed, "able to convert this mighty aggregate we call the Universe into a vital, significant, and organic unity. And this one principle is different for each man, being his own conscious interests and concerns, his own conscious will-power, his own character and personality." Moreover:

"The whole network and nexus of the Universe radiates for me out of my sense of justice and beauty and love, howsoever and whencesoever these things may be derived. And as the great Whole changes for myself day by day and year by year, as I grow or diminish in insight and wisdom, so it is eternally distinct from that of any other man; for tho it be composed of essentially the same atoms, it is welded and organized into a different whole, by a different individual personality."

"And into the conscious part of this world of mine and that world of yours, there enter those visions of earth and heaven, those hills and seas, those woods and skies; those spirits of poets and

singers and saints; those death-cries and lusts; those common men and women with their great human destinies; those living friends of the soul, which your character and my character have drawn closer round us from the great life of earth and city of mankind, and chosen to live with."

"And it is here that we may find again the peace which passeth understanding. In the surpassing life of Nature beyond our power to move, and beyond our responsibility; and in the secure past history of man, from which we may select for our own all things noble and good, both in art and deed, since we can no longer change what is, bad; in these and in the perennial features of the race-life, motherhood, childhood, and the common man's joys and tears and laughter, we have an unassailable heaven of good, inexhaustible and transcendent, yet related to our own individual lives by those most intimately human and personal ties which make these things our own."

As the last link in his argument, Mr. Wicksteed reminds us that no man's idealism ends abruptly at the achievement of a purely personal heaven for himself, however secure. "In all of us there is in greater or less degree the impulse to see our own individual lives translated and given back into the race-life that gave us birth."

"It is here that our ideal becomes creative, and in the higher sense progressive. The past we can never change nor improve; we can never do more than realize it more or less imperfectly, in our own lives—as men tried of old to realize the perfect life of the eternal and infinite Good. But in the future there is always illimitable scope, always a new opportunity to create new realms of power and joy. For every individual brings into the world a new organizing and vitalizing power, by means of which he may add a whole new world to the materials his successors will inherit. Let him but realize his mission to draw sweet honey from the past and present life about him, to bear and defend it in his own body through sun and shower, and sealing it fast in art or act, bequeath it to his fellow-men."

"In such a system it will be seen that no end or goal for the race-life is found, in the sense of anything which ever could even ideally be finished or complete, like the perfect reconciliation of man to God in Dante's Paradise. For in place of the perfect and never-changing Good, we have the ever-accumulating race-life itself, which would continue to grow even if (what perhaps could never be) it should become completely and finally organized, the whole in each part and each part in the whole."

"But for every individual there may be an ideal end, in the sense of something which for him would leave no deepest desire unsatisfied. For whatever the future might yet have in store for others, each man would move towards a true goal who sought by his indwelling creative power to make the fruit of all good that had ever been on earth his own, and to make himself the vehicle of that good to the present and all succeeding time."

A DIPLOMAT'S DEFENSE OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA .



MR. CHESTER HOLCOMBE, a gentleman who for more than thirty years has been connected with the American diplomatic service in China, has furnished the missionary organizations of this country with a valuable document. In an article which has been widely quoted in the religious press and which *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) would like to see "reprinted and scattered by the hundred thousand among American Christians of all denominations," he pays a high tribute to the American missionaries in China. Writing avowedly "from a purely secular standpoint," he endeavors to show that many widely accepted ideas in regard to our Chinese missionaries are without basis in fact. The missionaries have been charged with "persistent and impertinent attempts to force an alien and undesired religion upon the Chinese," and have been held responsible for the Chinese hostility toward foreigners and for the disastrous Boxer movement. If Mr. Holcombe's testimony is trustworthy, both criticisms will have to be retracted. He says (*Atlantic Monthly*, September):

"It might be pointed out that the Boxer uprising was an abortive attempt to drive all foreigners of every class from China, and thus to save the Empire from partition and distribution among the great cormorant Powers of Europe,—which was believed to be the distinct purpose and inevitable result of the continued presence of foreigners there; that, in fact, missionaries formed the only class of alien residents who had no part in the development of such a fear and frenzy; that they suffered most because they alone of all alien classes had established themselves at remote parts of the interior, in close touch with the people, and out of reach of battleship, cruiser, or any other means of defense or place of refuge. In a general raid against all foreigners, the missionary was first attacked because he was first at hand, and, to put it frankly and truthfully, he suffered because he was in or part of bad company; not because he was a missionary, but for the crime, in Chinese eyes, of being a foreigner."

As to the charge that the missionaries have attempted to force an alien and inappropriate belief upon the Chinese, Mr. Holcombe says:

"In the entire history of missionary effort in China, or in other parts of the Far East, nothing even remotely approaching the exercise of force has been attempted. To talk to persons who choose to listen, to throw wide the doors of chapels where natives who desire may hear the Christian faith explained and urged upon their atten-

tion, to sell at half cost or to give the Bible and Christian literature freely to those who may care to read them, to heal the sick, without cost, who come for medical treatment, to instruct children whose parents are desirous that they should receive education,—surely none or all of these constitute methods or practises to which the word *force* may be applied under any allowable use of the English language. . . . Those who assert that Christianity is wholly unsuited to the Chinese character, that the Chinese will not and cannot become sincere and loyal Christians, are most respectfully referred to the long list of native martyrs, of both sexes and all ages, who readily and gladly gave up their lives in the Boxer movement, rather than abjure the Christian faith.

"It might further be added that unselfish men and devoted women, enthusiastic in what appears, to them at least, to be a great cause, who are ready to expatriate themselves and to abandon all their ambitions and their lives to its promotion in foreign lands, have as good a right to carry out their self-sacrificing wishes, to enter China and do their chosen work there by all proper methods, as have their fellow citizens who seek the same Empire in order to win a fortune by dealing in cotton goods, kerosene, silk, tea, or possibly in opium."

In disproof of the statement that the Chinese Government is in any marked sense hostile to the missionaries, Mr. Holcombe cites the two remarkable privileges officially granted to them: that of residing in parts of the empire outside of treaty locations, and that of purchasing real estate and "erecting such suitable buildings as may be required to carry on their good work." No similar concessions have been made to any other foreigners. Mr. Holcombe writes further:

"Aside from this most practical evidence of the appreciation and favor with which the government of China regards the missionary enterprise, there is a great mass of testimony from individuals high in rank and authority throughout the Empire, all serving to show that this unselfish effort for the good of Chinese humanity has gained for itself an honored place in influential minds once suspicious of or openly hostile to it. Large donations to mission hospitals and schools from official or wealthy Chinese, a great and rapidly increasing demand for Christian literature and educational works, special and unsolicited courtesy and assistance shown to missionaries, all these indicate that the day of Chinese opposition to missionary work among them has passed, and that, whatever may be the opinion of foreigners either resident in China or in their native lands, China itself, as represented by the leaders of thought and public opinion in it, has recognized and accepted the missionary enterprise as one of the most important and useful

factors in the creation and development of new life in that ancient and antique Empire."

If only from a commercial point of view, continues Mr. Holcombe, the Chinese missionaries ought to have our heartiest good-will. In this connection he writes:

"Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience, and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalog of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. Did space permit, an overwhelming array of facts and figures could

be set forth to prove the inestimable, tho unrecognized, value of the missionary as an agent for the development of American commerce in every part of the globe. The manufacturing and commercial interests in the United States, even tho indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort."

Mr. Holcombe makes the statement that in all the years of his official and friendly intercourse with all classes of Chinese in every part of the Empire, he "never heard even one complaint of or objection to the presence of American missionaries in China, or the character of their work."

THE DEVIL IN MEDIEVAL TRADITION



HE legends and ballads of the people," observes an English scholar and clergyman, Mr. R. L. Gales, "are to the great dogmas of the Faith what the child's prattle is to the man's grave speech—the same language, the same thing"; and in this spirit he has gathered and sifted much quaint and interesting material reflecting medieval conceptions of the Devil. In an article in *The National Review* (London, September), he says:

"There can be no greater misrepresentation than to describe the medieval faith as a religion of gloom. The Christians of the Middle Ages dwelt much, it is true, on things which the cheerful Greeks kept out of sight. But the background against which the Greek cheerfulness was displayed was terrible and grim. To them, pain and error, disease and death were fatal and necessary, irrevocable and final. Against them there was no appeal. In these circumstances obviously the only thing to do is to forget them. But the Christian could afford to look at, even to dwell upon, pain and sin and deformity and death, because they were accidental to humanity, no part of the Divine intention, and because their sting had been drawn and their real power destroyed. The Faith was a glorious optimism—a vision of man's greatness, and of the good reserved for him. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the traditional Catholic view of the Devil, as shown in the writings of the Doctors and Saints of the Church, and in the folk-lore and legends of all Christian lands. This view exactly reflects the original promise, the words spoken to the serpent—'it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise its heel.' The Devil is the defeated, powerless enemy, 'the sport and laughter of redeemed man,' the baffled, inefficient spirit, conquered once for all upon the Cross, and continually outwitted by the simplest rustic cunning of Christian men."

It is true that Dante pictures the Devil as "the most notable and beautiful being of all creation," corrupted through envy and "cursed pride"; and Milton's Satan, in "Paradise Lost," compels the admiration and sympathy of the reader. But the popular medieval conception degraded the Evil One to a powerless or contemptible figure. In miracle plays the comic element was always supplied by the Devil, and in the more elaborate spectacles he appeared with four tails. Legend and folklore represents him as constantly outwitted; contracts with him are broken, and he is deceived by the simplest tricks, such as substituting a lamp for the sunrise. Says Mr. Gales:

"These stories occur endlessly in every corner of every country in Christendom. There is an Icelandic legend which is possibly the origin of the proverb, 'The Devil take the hindmost.' He had agreed to instruct seven scholars in all the mysteries of magic for no other reward than that when their seven years' apprenticeship was over he should have as his thrall the last to leave for the last time by the single narrow iron door. On the fatal day the last to leave literally escaped him—eluded him by slipping out of his cloak which the Devil had grasped."

"He is constantly represented as childish, grotesque, spiteful. With his bellows he tries to put out St. Genevieve's candle as she carries it alight through rain and wind to church. A very well-known legend is that of St. Dunstan, who, when attacked by him whilst busy at the forge, brought the conflict to an end by seizing the Adversary with the red-hot tongs."

In accordance with Biblical tradition, the lion and the dragon were animals typical of the Devil. It is said that the universal practise of placing weathercocks on steeples originated in

the supposed animosity between the lion and the cock. A medieval rhythm tells of a lion disturbed by the crowing of a cock in the night time, and the popular idea was to terrify Satan by the sight of his enemy on the sacred building. Mr. Gales continues:

"The dragon was the symbol of the powers of darkness everywhere. In many of the stories of saints delivering a countryside from a devouring dragon, the dragon obviously represents paganism destroyed by the labors of the Christian apostle. Up to the French Revolution a prisoner was set free at Rouen every year on Ascension Day in commemoration of the deliverance of the people from a dragon by St. Romain. In Provence, St. Martha bound a monster called the Tarasque with her girdle, so that the people could slay him 'with swords' and 'glaives.' Hence the name Tarascon. In Spain a monstrous snake, called *la Tarasca*, is dragged in the Corpus Christi processions to signify Christ's triumph over death and hell."

No sketch of Christian tradition about the Devil, says the writer, in concluding, could be complete without some account of his character

as the "Prince of the Powers of the Air." On this point we read:

"He was believed to have special power over the air, to be continually stirring up thunderstorms and tempests of wind and hail. Hence the ringing of the bells during thunderstorms to frighten the evil spirits away. Again we find the belief in Dante.

Giunse quel mal voler che mal chiede
Con l'intelletto, e mosse il fummo e il vento
Per la virtù che la sua natura diede.

"Then came that evil will that ever seeks for evil, and stirred up smoke and wind by the virtue that his nature gave."

"It was by the help of Satan that Simon Magus, according to the early Christian legend, floated in the air till commanded by St. Peter to descend. It is significant that Leonardo da Vinci, the typical figure of the Renaissance, spent many years of his life in the endeavor to invent a flying-machine. The opposition he met with from the clergy and devout people was intense. It is indeed difficult to imagine a more concrete symbol of all that is most opposed to what has been known historically as the Christian spirit than a flying-machine. It must have seemed a partaking of Lucifer's daring presumption, to be speedily followed by a similar fall."

IS GERMAN PROTESTANTISM DISINTEGRATING?



ONE of the most noteworthy phenomena in connection with present-day religious life in Germany is the constantly increasing number of Protestants who go before the courts and legally sever their connection with the state churches. The movement has attained such proportions that enemies of the church—notably the Social Democrats—are trying to inaugurate a propaganda in favor of a *Mussenaustritt*, i. e. a rupture with the church *en masse*. The agitation is not local, but apparently widespread. At a recent public meeting held in Magdeburg, more than two hundred persons joined in signing a document in which they severed all connection with the church; in Frankfort, between five and six hundred took the same step, and at once organized a free religious communion; in Weisbaden one hundred and eighty-one left the church at a single meeting; and in the various Berlin congregations, between January 1st and May 15th of the current year, five hundred and twenty-seven persons have joined the secession movement. The indications are that hundreds more will take similar action in the near future.

Is this the beginning of the end of the Protestant state churches of Germany? Some fear,

and others hope, that it is. The *Chronik der Christlichen Welt* (Marburg), which collected from reliable sources the specimen statistics quoted, and has published other figures that tell the same tale, has lately endeavored to make plain the why and the wherefore of the agitation. It is first of all noticeable that the movement originated not in conservative, but in advanced and radical, circles. In spite of the fact that the state churches are constantly charged with doctrinal laxity, and are criticized for permitting the most destructive teaching and preaching without even making an attempt to discipline the clerical and professional offenders, the adherents of the old views seem to be fairly well satisfied with the condition of affairs. At any rate, independent churches are not being organized by this section of German Christendom. Moreover, the "free" Protestant churches of Germany, found in Hanover, Saxony, Hessen and the old provinces of Prussia, consist of but a handful of conservatives. It is the radicals who have started the cry for emancipation from the churches, and their chief grievance is found in the governmental methods adopted by the church consistories and by the Emperor, or *Summus Episcopus*. The direct and immediate cause of the present cru-

sade is the enactment in Prussia of a new school law, by virtue of which the old regulations that religious instruction constitute an integral part in the curriculum of the public schools, and that these schools be virtually kept under the control of the state, are retained. Progressive and advanced thinkers propose to "punish the state," as they publicly declare, for sacrificing the school to the church, by withdrawing from the latter and in this way decreasing the taxes raised for church support. They demand the complete secularization of popular education, or, at least, a system of religious teaching that is based only on general moral maxims and truths.

The secession policy, however, finds some opposition even in advanced theological circles. Not long ago, the famous Dr. Stöcker, the ex-court preacher of Berlin, publicly called upon the adherents of radical theology to leave the churches, whose official creeds they no longer accept. Their reply has been voiced by Dr. Forester in a special pamphlet entitled "Warum wir bleiben" (Why We Stay), in which he states that he and his colleagues have

no intention of doing as their opponent requests. By historic right, he declares, Protestant principles are capable of development. This legitimate development is represented by new beliefs, and admits, he holds, even the denial of such fundamentals as the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity and the Atonement.

Other champions of the radical point of view object to the severance of the historic tie, on the ground that as long as the authorities do not drive them out, it is the part of practical wisdom to remain in the churches and make use of the vantage ground for the propaganda of their creed. This view is defended in the *Christliche Welt* by the famous Württemberg theologian, Schrempf, who openly denies the doctrine of the Trinity, but who has not yet been disciplined by the authorities.

That the government is not blind to the significance of the new movement is evident from the fact that at the last moment it agreed to some modifications of the school law, which gave to local communities more liberty in the control of their own schools.

A NEW SCHOOL OF OLD TESTAMENT INTERPRETATION



THE latest news from German theological circles would seem to indicate that the famous Wellhausen school of Biblical criticism, which for nearly a generation has held a position of supremacy in the field of Old Testament research, is being undermined by the newer theories of Prof. Hugo Winckler and the so-called "Assyriologists." This shifting of values has a profound significance for the whole Christian world. In the light of the new interpretation, the religion of Israel becomes something quite different from what we have generally thought it to be. It is no longer an evolution from crude forms upward, created out of the heart of a people with a genius for religion. It is rather a traditional and aristocratic faith, rooted in Babylonian ideas, handed down to the masses by a superior caste, and never completely possessed by the Jewish race until after the dispersion.

The importance of the new views may best be gathered from such a comparison between the Wellhausen and Winckler theories as is made by Prof. Justus Kählerle, of the University of Rostock, in a late issue of the *Luther-*

ische Kirchenzeitung (Leipzig). He points out that no work since Strauss's "Life of Jesus" has left such a permanent impression on the theological thought of the world as that left by Wellhausen's "Prolegomena zur Geschichte Israels" (An Introduction to the History of Israel). Until recently, the views it so brilliantly upheld were almost unchallenged in Germany. But now there is a movement of determined opposition to its theories, headed, rather remarkably, not by theologians, but by philologists. Professor Winckler, the leader of the movement, is on the faculty of the University of Berlin, and the best expression of his views is to be found in his latest work, entitled "Der Religions-geschichtliche und der geschichtliche Orient" (The History of Religion and the History of the Orient) (Leipzig, 1906).

According to Wellhausen's theory, the various books of the Old Testament are a collection of writings which shaped religious views as they actually existed in Israel. The Jewish religion was originally of a primitive character, corresponding to the early nomadic state of popular culture, and best compared with the

heathendom of the ancient Arabs. Later, Israel advanced to the status of the Canaanite peasants, and the teachings of the prophets elevated the religion of the people to an ethical stage. That is to say, Judaism was, first of all, a religion of the nomads, then of the peasants, then of the prophets. Finally, it took on a legal character.

Over against this view, Winckler and his followers have put forward a set of theories which may be summarized thus:

(1) The Old Testament, as we have it now, contains a religion which the people of Israel never actually possessed. The religious teachings of the Old Testament must be sharply distinguished from the religion popularly held by the Jews. The people did not accept the religion of the Old Testament, as such, until the nationality of Israel had disappeared from the pages of history. The ideal religion of the Old Testament may have been held by specially prominent individuals, such as Moses and David; but for the mass of people it was a religion yet to be taught.

(2) The claim that Israel's religion was originally of a nomadic, then of a peasant, type, and later developed into a higher belief, in accordance with the theory of evolution, is wholly without foundation. The truth is, that religious views and teachings of a higher type were all long maintained by a special class, the priests, and were rooted in a higher culture than that possessed by the people at large. The Old Testament is not the expression of a religion of nomads and peasants. It is everywhere the embodiment of an official set of doctrines, inculcated by a priesthood that claimed to speak with authority.

(3) This priesthood was influenced and instructed chiefly by the religious principles of the Babylonian system, formulated centuries previously by a highly educated class of learned teachers. Here originated that conception of God, the world, and of man, which furnished the fundamental thoughts for the Old Testament doctrines. To say this is not to deny that Israel's religious development may have had individualistic tendencies. In fact, such was certainly the case. The Prophetic Monotheism of Israel, while perhaps externally connected with that of Babylon, is yet unique in character.

(4) The Old Testament throughout is an expression of the astro-mythological system of the Babylonians, altho the details of the system are not everywhere apparent. The fundamental idea of the Babylonian system was that the earth in all of its parts and relations, and all that takes place upon it, are a reflection of relations and happenings in the heavens.

In discussing these views, Professor Käberle remarks that they are hardly likely to find favor with the conservatives. The new movement, he observes, "is not a conservative reaction, and indeed in many particulars cannot be satisfactory to those who still adhere to the old view of a revelation in the Old Testament." And yet, he adds, "even from a conservative point of view it is a move in the right direction. Assyriology has already furnished magnificent archeological and historical data, and now seems destined to render service of the highest value to Old Testament research."

AN IMPENDING "CRISIS" IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH



Those who keep in touch with Roman Catholic affairs, the political situation occasioned by the separation of Church and State in France has presented a topic of engrossing interest. But, according to a London *Times* correspondent, Roman Catholicism is on the verge of "an intellectual and religious crisis" which will throw in the background the present controversies in France. The new crisis, he prophesies, will come as the culmination of the age-long conflict that has been going on within the Roman Catholic Church between the scholars and thinkers, on the one hand, and the Vatican, on the other. He writes:

"The *non possumus* with which Pius X has received the law which places the French Church under a *régime* similar to that accepted by Rome in several other countries—and far more favorable to ecclesiastical authority than, for instance, the system of *associations culturelles* under which

the Roman Church in Germany has lived and flourished since 1875—is but one manifestation of the policy of general reaction which the present Pope has pursued from the very beginning of his pontificate. Perhaps this fact would have been more generally recognized but for the strange legend, widely accepted in England until recently, which represented the Pope as a liberal and enlightened Pontiff of progressive views. Nothing in the previous career of Cardinal Sarto supported this legend, the improbability of which has from the first been apparent to everyone who knows what an Italian seminary is, and what type of mind is likely to be developed in a 'church-boy' of peasant extraction who has entered such an institution at an early age and emerged from it only when he has received priest's orders at the age of twenty-four. That the Pope has not, like a certain number of French and Italian priests, broken down by subsequent self-education the wall of separation which the seminary system raises between its victims and the modern world is manifest from all his public utterances. Take, for example, his Encyclical of February 2, 1904, on the Immaculate Conception, in which he states

quite simply and literally that the Hebrew patriarchs were acquainted with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and found consolation in the thought of Mary at various crises in their lives. It is obviously impossible for anyone whose mental attitude is such even to begin to understand the contemporary religious problems, however excellent his intentions. Nobody doubts the excellence of the Pope's intentions, his piety and simplicity, or his transparent sincerity. But that very sincerity makes the situation the more hopeless. If the Pope's policy were dictated by considerations of expediency or diplomacy, there would be a chance of its being changed. Pius IX was always amenable to flattery; Leo XIII was often open to conviction; Pius X is impervious alike to argument and to personal considerations; he acts on fixed and absolute principles, which were formulated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

It is true, continues the writer, that the Vatican has seemingly modified its attitude, during recent years, toward the more eminent "heretics." After the condemnation, three years ago, of the Abbé Loisy, the Abbé Houtin, and the late Abbé Denis, there were no further condemnations until last April. Even the Abbé Loisy has been left unmolested since he sent his third letter of submission. But this inactivity, declares the *Times* correspondent, is only apparent. In reality, "Rome has all this time been preparing to strike a decisive blow at the intellectual movement in the Church;" and we already have "certain harbingers of the coming storm." To quote further:

"The first was the condemnation by the Pope, in a personal letter addressed to Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, of the pastoral on 'The Church and the New Times,' by Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona. The Bishop's offense was that of advocating religious toleration in practice, and saying that, in the circumstances of the modern State, the separation of Church and State was often better for the Church. The Pope took pains in his letter to show that it was not merely as being inopportune that he condemned Bishop Bonomelli's opinions; he declared them to be 'modern liberalism which the Church will never accept.' The letter produced something like consternation among American Catholics, who saw that its principles would ruin the Church in America; and there is little doubt that it was by protests from America (and possibly elsewhere) that Cardinal Agliardi was enabled to save Bishop Bonomelli from further proceedings; for once the Pope recognized that he had gone too far. It can hardly, however, be reassuring to Catholics in England, or in any Protestant country, to find that, at this time of day, it is declared unlawful for any Catholic to approve of religious liberty and toleration or to support the separation of Church and State in any circumstances."

A later condemnation is even more disconcerting:

"By a decrees published in the *Osservatore*

Romano of April 7 the Pope placed on the 'Index' a brochure by M. Paul Viollet, entitled 'L'Infallibilité du Pape et le Syllabus.' M. Viollet is one of the most distinguished and orthodox of French Catholic laymen, a professor of the Ecole des Chartes, and a member of the Institut. The object of his brochure is to show that the 'Syllabus' is not infallible and that, when it condemns 'modern civilization,' religious toleration, and so on, it is not to be taken literally. He certainly goes no further than did Cardinal Newman in his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' and what he says is said by nearly all English and American Catholic apologists, most of whom would accuse a Protestant controversialist of misrepresentation if he denied that the Church held what Pius X has condemned. The condemnation of M. Viollet cuts the ground from under the feet of 'minimizing' apologists of the school of Mr. Wilfrid Ward and the Rev. Dr. William Barry, who, it is now plainly demonstrated, do not represent the real mind of Rome and are as heterodox as the 'liberal' Catholics from whom they take such pains to dissociate themselves."

The same decree that condemned M. Viollet consigned to the "Index" two philosophical works by the Abbé Laberthonnière, "a philosopher of European reputation," and has led to the impression that "Rome is determined to impose on Catholics a mode of philosophical thought and language which is dead and meaningless for the rest of the world." But great as was the indignation of French Roman Catholics, in view of the condemnation of M. Viollet and M. Laberthonnière, it was as nothing compared to the sensation that has been caused in Italy by the condemnation of "Il Santo," the latest novel of Antonio Fogazzaro, the great Roman Catholic novelist (see CURRENT LITERATURE, April). On this point the writer says:

"It is not perhaps surprising that 'Il Santo' was unpopular at the Vatican, since it distinctly suggests that, if Christ returned to the earth, He would receive from the Vatican the same treatment, *mutatis mutandis*, that He received from the Sanhedrim. But the fact that a Catholic of such deep and acknowledged piety as Fogazzaro should believe that to be true is the really grave matter. The condemnation of the novel has given it an enormous sale in every language. The Church in Italy has also been distracted by what has now become an open conflict between the Pope and the Christian Democrats. For a long time past the Pope has been trying in vain to suppress the Christian Democratic organizations and to force Italian Catholics to take their political orders from the Bishops. His latest condemnation of the Christian Democrats has been met with open defiance, and he will have to choose between wholesale excommunications and acquiescence in defeat. Indeed, the Church in Italy is seething with discontent, and modern ideas have probably made greater headway among Italian Catholics, both clergy and laity, than among French."

In nothing, however, says the *Times* writer, has the tendency of the present Pope been

more plainly demonstrated than in his attitude toward Biblical questions. The Biblical Commission, it seems, has been entirely diverted from the purpose for which it was appointed by Leo XIII. More specifically:

"The present Pope has swamped its expert members by the addition of a large number of dignitaries who have no knowledge of the questions with which it has to deal; he has appointed Cardinal Merry del Val, who is certainly not an expert, to be its president, and Dom Jannssen, O.S.B. (a rigorous and fanatical scholastic, quite unversed in Biblical criticism), to the secretaryship, in place of Father David Fleming, O.F.M., who was removed because he had some knowledge of, and sympathy with, the critical position. The Pope has also removed Father Gismondi, S.J., from the chair of scriptural exegesis in the Gregorian University, though his attitude towards critical questions was quite conservative, and has appointed in his place a Belgian Jesuit, Father Alphonse Delattre, whose principle of scriptural exegesis, as stated by himself, is: 'Il faut tout prendre ou tout laisser' ['It is necessary to take all or leave all']. Early in his pontificate the Pope made an even worse appointment to the similar chair in the Roman diocesan seminary, in the person of a Tyrolean Capuchin named Hetzenhauer, whose lectures have excited the ridicule of the irreverent and disconcerted even the ultra-orthodox."

All these events are described as "but precludes to the comprehensive blow at intellectual Catholicism which is now daily expected." This blow will probably take the form of a new Syllabus issued from the Vatican and containing condemned propositions from the works of M. Loisy and other liberal Catholic writers. We learn:

"The Syllabus has been long delayed, but there is every reason to believe that it will not be delayed much longer. Great pains have been taken to make it exhaustive. Not only books, but Catholic papers and periodicals in every language have been overhauled; and non-Catholic reviews have been searched for compromising articles. Even Protestants are said to have been asked their opinion about the critical 'novelties,' and it is, rightly or wrongly, declared in Rome that certain Anglo-Catholics, including a Bishop who was once himself suspected of unorthodoxy, have expressed opinions as to the wickedness of liberal Catholics and Biblical critics which would do credit to the most orthodox Roman. Whether the Syllabus will be confined to propositions dealing with Biblical questions is not known, but they will certainly have a prominent place in it, and the Pope is credited with the desire to appeal to conservative Protestants as the defender of the Bible. The really important questions, however, are whether the names of the authors from whose works the condemned propositions are taken will be mentioned, and whether they or any others will be required to subscribe the condemnations. It is almost certain that the latter course will be taken, even if the authors' names are not mentioned in the document—certain persons, that is, will be required to declare their consent either to the condemnations or to certain positive propositions, on pain of excommunication. Without this the Syllabus would fail in its object, which is to purge the Church of the 'intellectuals.'"

It will be seen, concludes the writer, that the situation justifies grave apprehension for the immediate future of the Roman Catholic Church, "not only in France, where it is in danger of being entirely destroyed by the Papal policy," but also in other countries, such as England and the United States.

THE TENUOUS FAITH OF GOLDWIN SMITH



FIGURE not without elements of pathos, and standing toward our age in a relation somewhat analogous to that of Matthew Arnold toward his generation, is the veteran Toronto scholar, Goldwin Smith. His latest work* shows a mind halting between two alternatives. Like the traveler in Arnold's poem, he wanders—

between two worlds

One dead, the other powerless to be born.

His sympathies are with a faith that his reason can no longer accept; and in the twilight of life, his eyes search new horizons, vainly seeking the certainties of religious truth.

Never before, he thinks, has there been "such a crisis in the history of belief"; and "never before has man, enlightened as he now is by science, faced with a free mind the problem of his origin and destiny." He says further:

"It can scarcely be denied that between the higher criticism on one side and Darwin's momentous discovery on the other, materialism, in the scientific and philosophic sense, positive or negative, is gaining ground. We are called upon, at all events, to find a new warrant for spiritual life, for reliance on the dictates of conscience, for any hopes that we may have cherished of existence beyond the grave, for confidence in a divine order of the universe. We can no longer believe that the miscellany of Hebrew writings, many of them of doubtful authorship and date, some of them plainly mythical, are a divine revelation. Nor is anything to be hoped from an attempt to evade the difficulty by suggesting

*IN QUEST OF LIGHT. By Goldwin Smith. The Macmillan Company.

that Deity, in its dealings with man, had to accommodate itself to the Darwinian law of evolution. Of the Gospels, criticism has spared only the character and teachings of Jesus, which, on any hypothesis, have given birth to Christendom. In the authenticity, contemporaneity, harmony of the documents, we can confide no more. We can no longer sincerely accept the evidence for the Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception, the miracles, the Resurrection; or deem it such as would certainly have been given in proof of a revelation which was to be the light of the world. Moreover, the Fall being a myth, as it is now allowed almost on all hands to be, there is no ground for the Incarnation and the Atonement, a disclosure which in itself is fatal to the dogmatic and traditional creed of Christendom. Nor, we must sorrowfully confess, is the collapse of our evidences limited to the case of revelation. It extends to that of natural religion. Bishop Butler's proof of immortality, resting on the separate existence of the soul as an entity breathed into the body at birth and released from it at death, has been swept away by evolution. Theism itself has been seriously called in question, and arguments founded on the proofs of universal beneficence, such as the writers of the *Bridgewater Treatises* deemed conclusive, will unhappily no longer avail. The wrench is great; but through frank abandonment of that which cannot be sustained lies our only road to truth."

To the question of immortality, which he feels goes to the very roots of life, he returns again and again. "Immortality," he confesses, "is an idea which my mind fails to grasp, as it fails to grasp the ideas of eternity, infinity, omnipotence or first cause. But if this life ends all, I do not see how conscience can retain its authority." Pursuing this line of thought further, he declares:

"The authority of conscience, it seems to me, is religious. The sanction of its awards appears to be something beyond and above temporal interest, utility, or the dictates of society and law. In the absence of such a sanction what can there be to prevent a man from following his own inclinations, good or bad, beneficent or murderous, so long as he keeps within the pale of law or manages to escape the police? One man is a lamb by nature, another is a tiger. Why is not the tiger as well as the lamb to follow his nature so far as the law will let him or as he has power? Eccelino, for instance, was by nature a devil incarnate, a sort of Satanic enthusiast of evil. What had merely utilitarian morality to say against his gratification of his propensities as long as he had power on his side?

"The age of Machiavel was something like ours, in being one of religious eclipse attended by failure of the traditional foundation of morality. A domination of self-interest without regard for moral restrictions was the result."

But there are voices which incline him toward a more hopeful philosophy. One is that "the phenomena of what we have hitherto called man's spiritual nature, his sense of moral responsibility, his appreciation of moral beauty,

his moral aspirations. . . . in themselves claim consideration like other phenomena submitted to science, whatever may be the physical genesis of man or of the soundness of his particular conceptions." Another is that "we have apparently no sufficient reason at present to conclude that there is nothing in the universe, or nothing cognizable by us, beyond that which is perceived by our bodily senses and is the subject of physical science."

A third note of recurring hopefulness we find in his references to Christianity. "No other creed," he admits, "has shown such power for good." And again he says:

"The essence of Christianity as it came from the lips of the Author seems to be belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Trace the practical effect of this belief through the centuries, disengaging it as well as you can from ecclesiastical superfetations, from the effects of fellowship with evil powers of the world, from the crimes of theocracy, and from the fanaticism of sects. Does it not appear wherever it has prevailed; under whatever form and in whatever circumstances, in all nations and in all states of life, to have produced in those who strove to live up to its excellence and beneficence of character, spiritual happiness, with an inward assurance that it would be well for them in the end? In that case may not Christianity fairly present itself as something more than an ethical speculation? May it not claim to rank in some degree as a right solution of the problem of humanity and a practical experiment which has not failed?"

With this interrogation point, we may fittingly take leave of the depressing reflections that have dogged Goldwin Smith's "quest for light." The sentiments we have quoted appeared, for the most part, in letters addressed to the *New York Sun*, and aroused widespread controversy at the time of their publication. "Never in his life, so long and so illustrious in its scholarly production," says *The Sun*, editorially, "has Mr. Goldwin Smith reached and stimulated so many minds as he has done in these discussions." It continues:

"They relate to a subject which can now be treated with a more perfect candor and from a larger and broader view than ever before since the advent of Christianity. This is a period of religious revolution, and the public mind is now more open and more judicial concerning questions of religion than at any past time.

"Even twenty-five years ago expressions of doubt as to religious dogmas fundamental to Christianity and of the supernatural premises on which all religions are founded would have been dangerous material for printing in a daily newspaper which reached the great public. Now we find that the letters of Mr. Goldwin Smith are welcomed, even where there is opposition to their suggestions—in the camp of religious faith no less than in the sphere of religious doubt."

THE STRONG POINTS IN AMERICAN PREACHING



INTELLECTUAL virility, a realistic and practical quality, and a faculty for covering a great variety of subjects—such, in the opinion of Prof. Lewis E. Brastow, of Yale University, are the distinguishing traits of American preachers. "In no other pulpit in Christendom, probably," he observes, "has the homiletic personality such free range;" and "into no other pulpit," he adds, "are there introduced subjects of such wide-reaching and varying import."

The position of the American preacher, as Dr. Brastow points out in a new work* on "The Modern Pulpit," is a peculiar one. More than ever before, he stands a man among men, a specialist, so to speak, in matters theological and ethical, owing his authority not so much to his place or function (tho, of course, these are factors in his influence), as to the inherent quality of his manhood and his message. Upon this inherent quality will rest his success or failure. As Dr. Brastow puts it:

"A free state and a free church rely upon the power of a free pulpit and a free ministry to perpetuate the moral and religious life of the people. There is, therefore, a severe exaction upon the preacher. No state church, with its political and ecclesiastical prestige and its wealth and social position, represses the freedom of individual judgment or of individual initiative, or discredits the power of the free utterance of a free ministry. Tradition, precedent, custom, which is the common law of ecclesiastical communities that are in close alliance with the state, has but little weight in a free church that has a firm grip upon the present and a clear outlook upon the future. An elaborate ritual, about which gather the sanctities of ages and of traditional authority, has never gotten firm hold here. It is the broad church in all religious communions, not the high church, that is the most distinctive American product. It is true that dogmatic tradition still bears sway in some religious communities, but it is an anachronism. The typical American pulpit deals freely with the traditional theology of the churches. It has more power because more intelligent freedom than a pulpit hampered by dogmatic tradition. Even the strongly centralized churches, whose influence is measurably conditioned by close organization, have many of them been not less freely responsive than the more democratic churches to a popularly effective pulpit. This is the Protestantism of the American pulpit."

The conditions of American life practically compel the preacher to adjust his sermons to the culture of our age, and to interpret Chris-

tianity broadly and rationally. As a result, says Dr. Brastow, "his product is emotionally more vivacious, more concrete and suggestive, than that of a former period, has better literary form, and speaks more copiously to the imagination." He has to adapt himself to commercial and industrial communities, to men that do some thinking, but who think rapidly and rather superficially, and expect their minister to speak as they think. To quote again:

"American thought in our day is rapid, not over profound, and above all practical. The conditions of American life have furthered the development of this type of thought. A mark of modern life in general, it is especially true in this country that everything in our day is utilized, put to work, pushed out into the domain of practical result, and made tributary to practical interests. Theology is less abstract and speculative than it was formerly. With ever increasing earnestness of desire and purpose the true preacher recognizes his vocation to adapt Christianity to the actual conditions of the people. Hence the prevailing tendency of the American preacher in interpreting Christianity to appeal to human experience. Hence a great extension of the ethical type of preaching, the application of Christianity as an ethical religion to the interests of all classes. Hence its missionary character. Hence the abandonment of the theological and dialectical type of preaching that appeals prevailingly to the understanding and furthers the doctrinal interest, a change from elaborate discussion to a more incisive and direct method of appeal to the sense of reality and to a more concrete suggestive, persuasive representation of truth—that addresses the practical faculties."

Every section of our country, according to Dr. Brastow's analysis, has its essential and peculiar qualities. "As compared with the preaching of the northern section," he remarks, "that of the southern is much more emotional in its rhetorical and oratorical qualities, much more effusive and demonstrative;" while the North is developing the "practical" and "ethical" note. Of the mental habits which disclose themselves in the preaching of the eastern and western sections of the country, we read:

"It may be fairly questioned if the pulpit of the west has in general fully shared the intellectual independence that may be justly claimed as characteristic of the pulpit of the east, or if it is equally catholic in spirit and equally responsive to the thought movements of our time. That the pulpit of a free and manly people like that of the great west should not be hopelessly hampered by dogmatic tradition or hopelessly committed against all progress in religious thought, is of course natural, and it is certain that it is not the victim of such committal. But that the so-called practical interest should dominate the intellectual or what has been called the speculative interest

*THE MODERN PULPIT: A STUDY OF HOMILETIC SOURCES AND CHARACTERISTICS. By Lewis O. Brastow, D.D., Professor of Practical Theology in Yale University. The Macmillan Company.

is also natural. That a people intellectually so alert and so intelligent in their judgments in all important matters, even when unreflective in their habits of mind and esthetically crude, should demand something more than emotional fervor and sentimental gush in their preachers, and that they should insist upon pith and vivacity of thought and expression, is certainly a necessity. But that it should be the people of the west rather than of the east that discredit and antagonize the modern historic method and its results, that they should distrust theological innovations and should identify unfamiliar theological theories with unverified and unverifiable speculation, is not altogether unnatural, however unreasonable it may be."

Dr. Brastow is not one of those who hold that great preaching is a thing of the past in America. The denominations, he declares, still have their pulpit giants. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, shows "a certain largeness of range in the sweep of his thought, a stateliness and rhetorical exuberance, a dramatic intensity and a graphic effectiveness, that remind us of the exalted style of preaching which we associate with a former period." Such men as ex-President Patton, of Princeton, "evinces intellectual scope, strength and subtlety, dialectical skill, free range in the high

altitudes of theological discussion, ethical manliness, and rhetorical cleverness and cogency." Dr. Parkhurst "illustrates the moral severities of old Puritanism" in new and effective form, while Dr. Henry van Dyke is "the pulpit artist of his school." Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Dr. Russell A. Conwell, Bishop Greer, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Bishop Vincent and Bishop McDowell are all mentioned by Dr. Brastow as highly gifted preachers. There is a distinctly national quality, we learn, in the preaching of the American, as compared with that of other nationalities. "His product is less sentimental, less affectionate, than that of the German, less fervid and rhetorically brilliant than that of the Frenchman, less dignified and churchly than that of the Anglican, less Biblical, less sympathetic, and less evangelical than that of the English non-conformist." Dr. Brastow adds: "In a certain mental manliness the typical American preacher rarely finds a successful competitor, while it must be acknowledged that in spiritual fervor, in delicacy of feeling and sentiment, in moral searchingness, in evangelistic zeal, and in Biblical simplicity he is distinctly deficient and in all these aspects might be bettered."

"JOB" AS A PROBLEM PLAY

FEW books in the Bible have caused such perplexity, or left so much room for speculation, as "Job." It has been called by successive commentators a chronicle of fact, a didactic theme, an allegory, an idyl, a treatise on theology and a dramatic poem. The latest theory as to its character comes from an English clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, who thinks that it ought to be called "a problem play," and that its author was influenced by Æschylus and Euripides. He writes (*Nineteenth Century*, September):

"To suppose that the Jews produced no dramatic literature is, to say the least, an improbable assumption. In the face of facts it is an impossible one. In individuals, as in nations, drama, in some form or another, is bound to emerge and assert itself, because it is woven into the fabric of our being. Life is drama, and drama is life. Sooner or later the rough facts of things will be seized and lifted by the method of dramatic writing. I do not assert, of course, that in the Bible we have the fulness and peculiar richness of the Athenian theater, but we have exactly what we have in the early history of Greece, the dramatic element slowly encroaching upon the lyric and epic form, until we have the

tragedy of 'Job' and the musical pastoral comedy of 'The Songs of Solomon.'"

The "problem" with which "Job" is occupied is that which so persistently haunted the Greek dramatists. The book tries to solve the riddle of human destiny, in face of the unrelenting power of Fate and the Moral Law. Or, to use simpler language, it attacks the question: Why do the religious suffer? "The problem, the ultimate issue, and the mode by which it shall be brought about," says Mr. Forbes, "are known to the audience from the start, and then, following exactly on Æschylus's lines, the action moves on in one unswerving and impressive channel, while the dialog is marked by intense life, movement and dramatic force." To quote further:

"The prolog acquaints us with the chief character, Job, and the nature of his calamities. He is depicted as a prosperous Arab sheik, rich in cattle and other possessions, displaying a tender solicitude for the welfare of his family. The scene changes, and we are transported by the poet from the plains of Uz to the halls of heaven, where, like an Oriental sovereign, the Almighty holds His court. The 'sons of God'—i.e., the angels—come from time to time to report them-

selves to their Sovereign.' In this scene begins the actual staging of the story. The construction is so much in the nature of a play that half a dozen people, with the Bible in their hands, could represent it without any interference with the text. For modern stage purposes we should have:

Scene: The Court of Heaven, discovered the Almighty, angels presenting themselves before Him. (Enter Satan.)

God: Whence comest thou?

Satan: From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

God: Hast thou considered my servant Job?

For there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.

Satan: Doth Job fear God for nought?

Hast Thou not put a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce Thee to Thy face.

God: Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

(Exit Satan.)

"Here we have a perfect scene, sublime in its simplicity. Change the names and we might be reading from a Greek play. There is an audacious originality in the author's conception of Satan. How it must have fascinated an audience to see the arch-fiend depicted as one of the sons of God, and sneering in the very face of the Almighty! How the dramatic strength is intensified by such audacity, and the knowledge that to the enemy of mankind is given, for the time being, almost unlimited power over a good man! This is the strong dramatic touch exactly of that character which grips a crowd of people. The atmosphere, in few words, is charged with the potentialities of tragedy."

As the drama unfolds, we see in Job a figure who recalls Hamlet, and who "turns and winds and agonizes, advances and recoils, as he argues out the problem." In fact, according to Mr. Forbes, Job is "the Hamlet of the East." We can almost imagine Job turning upon his friends with the exclamation:

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

As a matter of fact he says:

Let the day perish wherein I was born,
And the night which said, There is a man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness:

Let not God regard it from above.

The author of "Job," continues our commentator, is not only a great dramatist, but "a genius for light and shade." With great daring, but with realistic and human touch, he introduces into a situation of surpassing pathos a touch of something very like comedy. To say that Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar are "Job's comforters," sums up the whole matter. They tell him he is so altered they would

hardly recognize him. Job meets them with gloomy silence; and "very masterly indeed is the silence with which these men regard each other. One feels the tension of it all, and the situation is again solemn and impressive." The "comforters" remain to argue.

"In the first cycle of speeches his friends occupy themselves with presenting what, we may take it, is the accepted theology of the day, God dispensing to every man according to his morals, not arbitrarily, but with mathematical accuracy, giving each man what he deserves. Therefore, Job in his suffering is the mark of Divine displeasure. What, then, has Job done? They urge him to confess. Job meets this with a denial, and protests his innocence. They imply bluntly that he is a liar. Here is the dramatist's art in perfection. The audience is admitted into the secret, the actors are not. Any stage-manager who knows anything about his art would say: 'This is good work; this is drama.' The situation is no mere house of cards. All the characters are strong, and the dialog of each is to the point and vigorous. At the same time there are just those touches which one expects in a play.

"The men are no mere puppets repeating speeches. You have real characters of flesh and blood, diverse and of different temperament. Eliphaz is most courteous and inclined to be conciliatory, while maintaining his own position. Bildad is arbitrary and accusing. Zophar is insinuating and provoking. Job is as some philosophic Titan who would scale the height where God is enthroned, and tear away the veil that conceals Him from mortal gaze. The characterization is excellent, but it is the characterization of public presentation. Again and again you get expressions which imply hot interruption which would be natural in spoken debate. 'Behold now.' 'Hear it and know it.' 'Be content. Look upon me.' Bildad complains of Job's long speeches—'How long wilt thou speak these things?'; and, again, 'Hold your peace; let me alone'; and 'Suffer me that I may speak.' 'Look straight at me! is it likely I shall lie to your face?'

"Every now and then the high tide of eloquence is broken by some humorous or ironic allusion which only a dramatist would use, and use with the distinct object of providing fresh interest for his audience. Job asks: 'Am I a whale or a sea that thou settest a watch over me?' And there would be a ripple of laughter when Job remarks to his antagonists: 'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.' And an outburst of merriment when he adds, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.'"

The dramatic interest never lags, and the "problem" is debated without mercy or quarter until the end. The audience would get the first hint of a resolution of the entanglement in the murmur of the rising storm, and their thought would naturally go back to the prolog. There is a delicacy of handling here which excites Mr. Forbes's special admiration. He says:

"In the prolog you have the Almighty speaking—among immortals to immortals. The author feels the difficulty of producing God upon a stage, so he causes the Divine voice to be heard from the midst of the storm. If 'Job' were merely a speculative treatise, or a story of rural and patriarchal religious life and thought, all these stage devices would be quite unnecessary.

"The resolution of the drama is planned and executed with a largeness of design, a depth of purpose, a poetical imagery to which it would be difficult to find any parallel. Altho from the opening we are expecting the *Deus ex machina*, yet when it does come it is unexpected, and the general effect is to impress the mind with a sense of unapproachable power and majesty. In a way the problem is never solved, and yet it is answered for all time. The question is lifted to a higher atmosphere, the equation is stated in other terms, the relative position of things is defined in an elevation of treatment profound and moving.

"We have a series of searching questions which

are addressed to Job, and to the hearts of all, actors and spectators alike. Each question is a blow of the master artist, driving his chisel into the raw marble which shall presently reveal the figure to be, and Job comes out of the ordeal changed, because he sees things in a new light. Each humiliating answer he gives marks his way of progress and removes the films from his eyes."

Mr. Forbes finds the drama of "Job" so admirably constructed that "it could be put into rehearsals to-morrow without requiring a tithe of the 'touching up' given to plays by up-to-date writers." He concludes: "The actor-manager who has the ability and the courage to present 'Job,' who has sufficient of the religious instinct to get every ounce of strength out of 'Job's' glorious lines, for him there is awaiting a great artistic success, and, I venture to add, an eager and appreciative public."

A JOURNALIST'S LAY SERMON



UCCESS in this life," says William Allen White, the brilliant Kansas journalist, "is service to one's fellows;" and "the chiefest token of Christ's divinity is not in the miracles, nor in the signs and wonders, but in the fact that He knew that the gearing of the world is not turned toward the millenium by money or by the power that comes through worldly success, but by service of man to man." During the course of a lengthy elaboration of this fundamental message, which he does not claim as new, but which he endeavors to reinforce in the fresh and vital terms of the moment, Mr. White declares (*American Magazine*, October):

"The contest for the establishment of eternal justice in this world is not to be ended because the average man has a Sunday suit, a high-school education, modern conveniences in his house, and chicken and mashed potatoes for Sunday dinner. There is danger that he may become too smug and complacent. For the comforts of our complex life have deadened our hearts to what we should continually feel is the mainspring of that life—our debt to humanity. The liberties we enjoy, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses in which we live, are not of our own getting. We owe for all of them. In our civilization countless thousands serve every man every day. And as man rises above the average of his fellows, the thousands become tens of thousands and his debt to humanity grows heavier. What we must realize before eternal justice will be established on this earth, is that no man ever can pay his debt, and also that the only happiness

he can have is in trying to pay it. And thirdly and finally must we realize that folly's crown of follies is on the head of him who tries to pay his debt to humanity by mere money."

Mr. White enters a special protest against the plea, so often put forward, that it is a man's duty to make money, that he may "do good" with it. "If Jacob Riis," he says, "had put off helping the poor of New York until he had made enough money to hire someone else to do it, he would have accomplished little." At best, we are reminded, "money is merely a counter in the game, and he who cheats to get the counters has not won the game." Moreover:

"The great workers of this world do what they do in the joy of service, and not for the dollars that return from the service, and to make any service great, whether it be painting a masterpiece or building a barn, it is first needful to take away the thought of money from it and put in the joy of serving. Service is the coin in which humanity's greatest debts are paid. Only by service to one's fellows can one call up from his soul the latent sense of duty to humanity which moves through this life of ours, and works among us for the promotion of eternal righteousness. He who serves for the joy of service, whether he be inventing a dynamo or digging a ditch in the street to carry away fever-breeding filth, is releasing the instinct of growth in his heart which God planted within life when He made this world. And only by giving full play to the instinct of growth in his being which impels him to help his fellows, may a man work out of the divine purpose within him. And conversely, if he does not serve his fellows in a real

way, if he does not give them that service which comes from the altruistic instinct of growth within him, he has failed in life, and no matter how much money he has accumulated, no matter how much apparent power he may command, still that man has failed. For success in this life is service to one's fellows."

According to Mr. White's standard, our millionaires are "the greatest failures in our modern life"; and they are failures, he avers, because "as a rule they have accumulated money without giving society a just and equitable return for that money." He proceeds:

"They have acquired what seems to them a vast amount of power, without intelligence to use it, and they are going through life looking for joy and happiness, but finding only pleasure that burns out their souls and does not satisfy their hearts. To get their money they have developed their cunning and stunted their candor; they have deceived and bullied and sometimes killed the man in their own hearts, and have let a demon lustful for gain reign in their souls. Often the man who was killed lingers in an empty heart—a pious ghost, full of wise saws and good intentions, and the crackling laughter of the fool, but the good man is only a ghost; he has no real part in the rich man's life. Supposing the pious ghost that haunts the richest man in the world, desired to set aside half of his millions to promote the cause of the Christian religion. His money would accomplish but little. The worst blow the organized Christian religion might have would be that money. For the man's life is so well known, his character is so thoroly despised, that all the preaching of the paid preachers would be futile against the influence of that one life. 'How can I hear what you say,' says Emerson, 'when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?' The example of one poor man laying down his life in a fire or in a flood for humanity is worth more to the cause of righteousness than all the millions for which the rich man has strangled his manhood or bartered away his soul."

It will be objected that ours is a "practical" world, and that to take away the love of money would be to take away the fire that generates the steam in the engines of our civilization. But Mr. White contends that this assumption is contradicted by the ordinary experiences of our daily life. "Let us look at the thing we call civilization," he says, "and see how it is going:"

"We know America fairly well; it is probably as highly civilized as any other part of the globe. In New York City there are said to be five thousand millionaires. Probably there are ten thousand or even let us say twenty thousand men who are nearly millionaires, and fifty thousand more who are living in the blest hope of becoming millionaires reasonably soon. Their hopes of course are based largely on being able to tear down the real millionaires and to share in the fallen fortunes. Let us say that there are one hundred thousand people who certainly are inspired by the love of money. These hundred thousand

people have killed the social instinct in their own hearts. They serve their fellows only for the money there is in it. They live parasitic existences. But what of the three million other men and women in New York? Is the civilization of New York dependent upon the hundred thousand parasites, or is it dependent upon the three million people? Three million people are working day by day for money with which to buy the necessities and comforts and luxuries of life. The three million people devote eight hours every day to money-getting; but what of the other sixteen hours during the day? In the eight waking hours that are left what a vast amount of work is done for the love of it; and as we descend to those levels which are falsely called the lower levels of society—to the poor—what a vast amount of social work is done without the thought of pay. The nursing of the sick, the care of motherless children, the feeding of those below the line of subsistence, the helping and shielding and soothing that is done by the poor to the poor every day, if paid for in dollars would make the hundred thousand millionaires poor at sunset.

"The spirit of social service is in the masses of all our people."

This is, indeed, a "practical" world, concedes Mr. White, but in a sense not usually understood. It is "made practical by those who, without money, do practical work for the practical benefit of their fellows, and who, perhaps, without professing religion, are living the spirit of Christianity in their simple relations with their real neighbors." He adds, in concluding:

"What the world needs is faith to accept its own wisdom as truth. We have eyes, yet we see not; we have ears, yet we hear not; day by day we go to our work, toiling at our block houses that topple because they are built in our moral blindness. We kill and maim our bodies in this work of civilization, and we choke and sear our souls battling like beasts in a pit; and yet there is no pit but our ignorance of the simple law of the partnership of men, which our mouths chatter a thousand times a day. There is no practical world, except that which we make when we live within this law. Often following this law men go to physical destruction; the mother dies for her child; the soldier dies for his country; the engineer dies for his passengers; the life-boat man dies for his duty; the miner dies for his friend. But the immutable law of this universe, the law of cause and effect, which governs the movements of the farthest star in its course, will surely not be barred by the mere portals of physical death, and that which made the soul happy in leaving this world will keep it happy afterwards. Often the law of the partnership of men seems to lead its followers into suffering and want, and they shrink back ignobly and call upon the law of self-preservation—which never yet has given a soul a breath of happiness. But inevitably he who follows the higher law of the preservation of his race, has found that in some unexpected way there came to him the joy that follows service—the happiness that follows kindness."

A RELIGION BASED ON THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT



"THOU shalt not kill." This is the prime commandment of all great religions. It is not, however, in the West at least, generally extended to animals. The peoples of the mystic East are more merciful, and apply the Golden Rule to beast and bird as well. The Buddhists think it an abominable sin to kill an animal or to hurt it, while among the Jainas, a sect that has often been confused with the worshipers of Buddha, kindness to all living things, and with it vegetarianism, assumes the dignity of a religion.

The faith of the Jainas is an ancient faith, and its adherents claim that even Buddha was only a disciple of Mahavira, the founder of their religion. The latter is believed to have flourished in the sixth century before Christ. His followers are now estimated, in the Bombay presidency alone, at 1,334,138. This, Mr. E. Martinengo Cesaresco tells us in an interesting monograph published in the *Contemporary Review*, gives no idea of their real number. Jainas, he says, are to be found almost everywhere in Upper India, in the West and South and along the Ganges.

The Jaina scriptures, we are told, are really a rule of discipline for monks, and not a guide for the mass of humanity. As all Jainas cannot be saints and at the same time perpetuate their creed and the race, those who cannot comply in all respects with the exacting demands of the scriptures express their desire to worship in the building of splendid shrines and refuges for man and beast. To quote further:

"The vegetarian principle is observed vigorously by all—clearly with no bad effect on health after a trial of about twenty-four centuries, for the Jaina's *physique* is excellent, and they are less subject to disease than the other communities. They strain and boil water before drinking, and whatever may be said of the motive the practise must be highly commended. They are also often to be seen wearing a mouth-cloth to prevent them from swallowing flies, and they carry little brooms with which they sweep insects out of their path. The hospitals for sick animals begin to be better managed than formerly, when they incurred much censure as mere conglomerations of hopeless suffering to relieve which practical means were not taken."

Mahavira himself "fulfilled the law" by allowing gnats, flies and other insects to bite and crawl over him for four months. A possible explanation of the Jaina attitude may be found in the altruistic tendency toward primitive

animism. The writer makes the statement that in the last Indian census over eight millions were returned as animists. The Jainas, he tells us, took into their world soul fire, water, wind, shooting plants and germinating seed. On this point he remarks:

"The disciplinary results must have been inconvenient, but a religion was never less popular because it put its devotees to inconvenience. Those who still clung to animistic beliefs were already prepared to see a soul in the flickering fire, the rushing water, the growing blade. We all have odds and ends of animism; did not Coventry Patmore say: 'There is something human in a tree.' With more detail the Jaina observes that trees and plants are born and grow old; they distinguish the seasons, they turn towards the sun, the seed grows up, 'the Asoka buds and blossoms when touched by a fair girl's feet'—how, then, shall we deny all knowledge to them?"

Thus the poetic worshipers of Mahavira complete the pilgrimage through life kindly toward all creatures, ruthless only toward themselves. Their morality, as perhaps ultimately all morality, is based on reciprocity. Mr. Cesaresco concludes with a remarkable story that well illustrates this point:

"Once upon a time three hundred and sixty-three philosophers, representing a similar number of philosophical schools, and differing in character, opinions, taste, undertakings and plans, stood round in a large circle, each one in his place. They discussed their various views, and at last one man took a vessel full of red-hot coals which he held at a distance from him with a pair of tongs. 'Now you philosophers,' said he, 'just take this for a moment and hold it in your hands. No trickery, if you please; you are *not* to hold it with the tongs or to put the fire out. Fair and honest!'

"With extreme unanimity, the three hundred and sixty-two drew back their hands as fast as they could. Then the speaker continued: 'How is this, philosophers, what *are* you doing with your hands?' 'They will be burnt,' said the others. 'And what does it matter if they are burnt?' 'But it would hurt us dreadfully.' 'So you do not want to suffer pain?' 'Well, this is the case with all animals. This maxim applies to every creature, this principle, this religious reflection, holds good of all living things. Therefore those religious teachers who say that all sorts of living things may be beaten or ill-treated, or tormented, or deprived of life will, in time, suffer in the same way themselves, and have to undergo the whole round of the scale of earthly existence. They will be whirled round, put in irons, see their mothers, fathers, children die, have bad luck, poverty, the society of people they detest, separation from those they love, 'they will again wander distraught in the beginningless and endless wilderness.'"

Science and Discovery

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS NATURAL DEATH?

LOWER organisms are not subject to the natural death that seems to come inevitably to man and the higher animals. So confident of this is the eminent Elie Metchnikoff, "expert of experts in the science of life," as he has been termed, that he actually proclaims "the immortality of unicellular organisms." It is an immortality not less surprising, he reminds us, than the kindred fact that there are animals high in the scale of life to which natural death does not come. Metchnikoff even quotes Naegeli, a well-known German botanist, as affirming that natural death does not occur in nature. Trees more than a thousand years old perish, not by natural death—that is by the gradual decay of their vitality—but by some catastrophe. The age of the famous dragon tree of the villa Oratava at Teneriffe was estimated at several thousand years. Its trunk was hollow, but the huge monster continued to flourish until it was overthrown by a storm. The baobab is reputed to live for five or six thousand years.

Moreover, Professor Loeb's conclusion that valid evidence of the existence of natural death is not obtainable commends itself likewise to Professor E. Metchnikoff in that work from which these

views are abstracted.* However, Loeb has observed that ripe but unfertilized eggs of sea hedgehogs die a few hours after they have been discharged. This, infers Loeb, may be a case of natural death; but Metchnikoff cannot agree with this opinion. An egg that has not been truly fertilized may be compared with a creature deprived of its proper nutrition and so dying of starvation. Death is purely accidental and could have been avoided. Metchnikoff says further:

"If natural death does exist, it must have appeared on the face of the earth long after the appearance of life. Weismann has suggested that death arose as an adaptation for the advantage of the species, that is to say, in relation to the surrounding conditions of existence and not as an absolute necessity inherent in the nature of the living substance. He thought that as worn organisms are no longer suited for reproduction or for the struggle for life, natural death was due to natural selection, it being necessary to maintain the species in a vigorous state by weeding out the debased individuals.

"But the introduction of death for that purpose was superfluous, since the debility caused by old age in itself would eliminate the aged in the course of the struggle for existence. Violent death must have appeared almost as soon as living things came into being. The infusorians and other low organisms, despite their potential immortality,



Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING MEN OF SCIENCE

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, the bacteriologist, succeeded Pasteur as head of the famous Pasteur Institute in Paris. In his latest work entitled "The Nature of Man," Professor Metchnikoff avers that it is not so easy to find an authentic case of natural death. Nature, he thinks, does not appear to have made death an integral part of her scheme. Many deaths which, to the lay mind, seem natural enough turn out—from the point of view of the biologist and bacteriologist—to have been violent in the extreme.

*THE NATURE OF MAN. By Elie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

must have been subjected perpetually to violent death, falling victims to larger and stronger organisms. It is impossible to regard natural death, if indeed it actually exists, as the product of natural selection for the benefit of the species. In the press of the world natural death could rarely come into operation because maladies or the voracity of enemies so frequently cause violent death.

"No doubt a certain number of deaths are recorded in statistics as being due to old age without visible malady. Sometimes decrepit old men feel no pain and seem to fall quietly into their eternal sleep; but autopsy reveals serious lesions of the internal organs."

There is reason to believe, however, says Metchnikoff, that even such deaths from "old age" are in reality violent and are usually caused by infectious microbes. The general effect on the mind produced by examination of the collected facts is not an acceptance of the view that natural death is essentially inherent in living organisms, but the production of a wish to discover if there be any real proof of its existence.

For some time natural death has been ascribed only to the parts of the body that are of use in the individual life. These cells, the function of which is to secure reproduction of the species, are, like unicellular organisms, potentially immortal. The egg-cell is changed into an organism that is vital and so is the starting point of a new generation. The sexual cells of this new generation give rise to the third generation and so on in an endless chain of life. The greater number perish. Their death is not natural, however, but violent. It is due to harmful external agencies. An infinitesimal minority of the sexual cells survive indefinitely in the succession of generations.

A scientific proof exists, therefore, that our bodies contain immortal elements, eggs or spermatozoa. As these cells not only are truly alive, but exhibit properties that are within the category of psychical phenomena, it would be possible to build up, affirms Metchnikoff in conclusion, a serious thesis on the immortality of the soul.

THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL VICTORY EVER WON BY APPLIED SCIENCE



SIR WILLIAM PERKIN has been the central figure in America's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his great discovery of the first dye stuff extracted from coal tar. This coal-tar jubilee has become international, notes the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), adding that the fact need scarcely cause surprise, since Sir William Perkin is unquestionably the hero of the greatest victory ever won by applied science in the purely industrial field. For the youth of eighteen, as Professor Henry E. Armstrong puts it in the *London Times*, who boldly set forth to produce quinine artificially and while doing so discovered mauve, did enormously more than add a new color to the resources of the dyer. "He opened up a new world of dye stuffs, he added a new weapon to the armory of science and laid bare to the discerning eye almost infinite possibilities of fruitful progress." The full significance of the event, Professor Armstrong thinks, can only be faintly pictured by the statement that coal tar, the by-product in the manufacture of gas from soft coal (once worthless for any purpose except bedaubing fences, and despised as a cumber of the ground) has become a mainstay of the world's whole industrial life.

Sir William Perkin himself has given an account of his discovery which reveals that his scientific career began when he was but fourteen. The interest taken by young Perkins in chemical studies attracted the attention of his school teacher, who suggested to him that he write to Faraday, the illustrious scientist. Faraday was then delivering his brilliant and epoch-making lectures, as the *London Times* calls them, and when he received the school-boy's letter he sent him a course ticket. Thus was the name of Perkin associated with that of the discoverer of benzene and with the place of its discovery. A little later—we follow the account of Professor Armstrong—the eager boy had the rare good fortune to come under the influence of Hofmann, whose personality and teaching were of the most stimulating character. As Hofmann's assistant, young Perkin was in the forefront of the chemical knowledge of the day. So great was his scientific ardor that he carried on experiments in the evening and during his holidays. In the course of his efforts to prepare quinine artificially, young Perkin was led to oxidize aniline. Certain fortuitous combinations in a tube duplicated nature's coloring method in a branch of the vegetable kingdom. The new

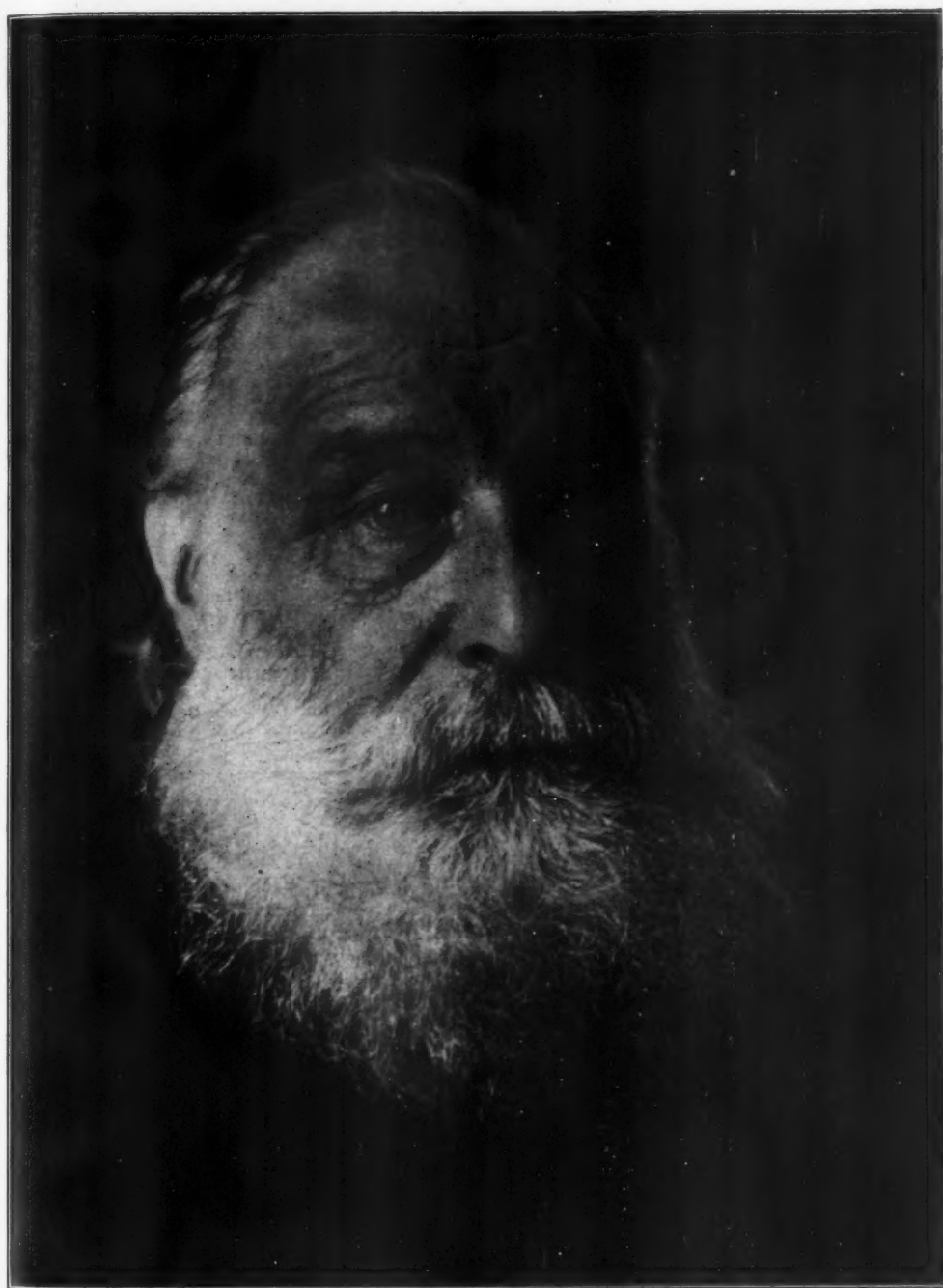


Photo. by Van der Weyde.

HE HAD REVOLUTIONIZED A GREAT INDUSTRY BEFORE HE WAS NINETEEN

Sir William Perkin, the discoverer of the properties of coal tar as applied to the art of the dyer, opened up a new world of dye stuffs, added a new weapon to the armory of science and laid bare to the discerning eye almost infinite possibilities of progress.

coloring matter received the name of mauve from its discoverer, the world recognizing it as aniline purple. Perkin was then but eighteen. He resolved to manufacture his coloring matter on his own account, and the dye was patented in 1856.

Perkin may also claim to have laid the foundation of the artificial perfume industry, as he is the discoverer of a method of preparing coumarin, the odoriferous principal of the Tonka bean, the first natural perfume produced in the laboratory. The discoveries he made in the course of this work became afterwards of great value in the manufacture of indigo artificially. The distinguished analytical chemist, Professor Henry Armstrong, from whose account of the coal-tar discovery all our particulars are taken, sums up thus:

"Coal-tar, once of little value except for coating park palings and similar purposes, has become an indispensable raw material; now we not only make colors from it, but perfumes and many most valuable medicaments. During the last quarter of a century the color industry has certainly been the mainstay of the German Universities; a great army of workmen, led by accomplished, highly-trained foremen, has been engaged in its service; and engineering appliances of the most refined character have been introduced into the works. It is probably safe to assert that no other in-

dustry requires the same amount of insight and grasp of principle, and that no other industry deserves so fully to be termed a scientific industry—in point of fact, the modern color works is nothing more nor less than a scientific laboratory on a large scale, conducted with commercial ends in view, the color manufacturer having to deal with the most recondite of scientific problems.

"Misled by the beautiful color effects produced when a thin film of tar is spread out on water, many think that colors are simply fished out from coal-tar. In point of fact, coal-tar affords but the rawest of raw materials—namely, certain hydrocarbons—compounds of carbon with hydrogen—which, after undergoing a whole series of transformations, ultimately give rise to the colors. Altho undoubtedly there is a relationship between color and composition, we are as yet in no way agreed as to its nature, so that the production of new dye stuffs is still a matter of discovery; we cannot straight away produce exactly what is required and must in all cases submit our views to the arbitrament of experiment; and the permutations and combinations are so numerous and the variation in properties is so great that there is every inducement to persevere in the search for new materials.

"The difficulties with which chemists must grapple in order to ascertain the precise nature or structure of the substances which they are called on to examine is well illustrated by the fact that, whereas, 50 years ago, when he discovered mauve, Perkin was seeking to make quinine artificially, the structure of this alkaloid has been made known with some degree of certainty only within the past few weeks."

LIFE AS AN AUTOMATIC PHYSICO-CHEMICAL PROCESS



HE processes which alone concern us in any investigation into the true nature of life are, from the standpoint of that renowned physiologist, Prof. Francis Gotch, physical and chemical, and they are nothing more. This holder of many scientific degrees and occupier of the Waynflete chair of Physiology at Oxford has just been urging the so-called non-creative hypothesis of life most uncompromisingly in an address before the physiology section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He has gone further, according to some comments in the columns of European papers, than even Haeckel in his most materialistic moods. For, says Professor Gotch, in any investigation of the phenomena of life, pure and simple, from the life of the proto-plasm to the life of the human animal, the only thing to be studied is "process." It happens that the phenomena of living include two processes, or a compound process. One of the processes is chemical, the other is physical. Two

further aspects of these processes may be termed, first, the machinery for their co-ordination, which is the nervous system, and second, the reason for the occurrence of the "process," that reason being the welfare of the organism.

Professor Gotch refers to certain physiologists, physicists and chemists who deny that the phenomena of life can ever be adequately described in terms of physics and chemistry, even if these terms be in the future greatly enlarged in consequence of scientific progress. There are many aspects of living phenomena, the professor admits, which, in the existing state of our knowledge, defy exact expression in accordance with chemical and physical conceptions; but he will not admit that they are therefore incapable of such expression from their nature. Those who adopt what is vaguely called "neo-vitalism" state, not only that certain phenomena of life processes are, from the chemical and physical point of view, inexplicable to-day, but that, from the nature of

things, they must remain so forever. This attitude implies that it is a hopeless business for the physiologist to strive to remove existing discrepancies between living and non-living phenomena.

This so-called "neo-vitalism," like its parent vitalism, is fostered by the imperfect and prejudiced view which man is prone to take in regard to his own material existence. This existence is, for man, the most momentous of all problems. It is therefore not surprising to find him assuming that in physiology, pathology and, to a less degree, in biology, events are dealt with of a peculiarly mystic character. Many of these events form the basis of man's sensory experience. They occur in a material which man regards with a special proprietary interest. Man is reluctant to believe that the phenomena which constitute the material part of his existence can be intellectually regarded as mere physico-chemical processes. Impelled by this reluctance, man fabricates, out of his own conceit, a special and exclusive realm for these processes. The physiological processes of life are in popular estimation still held to be due to peculiar forces blending with those of the material world, but so essentially different that they can only be described as "vital." The "neo-vitalists," without adopting this popular view in its entirety, retain the same term for such physiological characteristics of cell processes as, with our present limited knowledge and with our present inadequate methods of investigation, seem to be in disagreement with present chemical and physical conceptions. They assume the existence of "directive vital forces." Since these cannot be ranged alongside the forces of chemistry and physics, transcendental phenomena, according to their theory, may always be expected to occur. The orderly array of such transcendental phenomena as part of natural science is, we are warned, not merely a futile task, but an absolutely impossible one.

Now, what possible justification is there, asks Professor Gotch, for branding as hopeless all further physical and chemical investigation of certain aspects of the phenomena by attributing these to vital directive forces?

The gaps and imperfections of the paleontological record were once triumphantly vaunted by the opponents of evolution. Now that the work of successive years has convincingly contributed to the filling up of those gaps, not only has this objection collapsed, we are assured, but the hypothesis of special creation which it supported has been involved in its fall. Similarly, there are indications that the

discrepancies in certain phenomena diffused widely through different living structures may be knit by the results of future experiments. It may be many years before these are completed; but the introduction of "vitalism" or life-energy as a fictitious causative explanation is so opposed to the spirit and the progress of science that we may safely predict the complete abandonment of this position at a comparatively early date. Professor Gotch amplifies on this head:

"Although the complexity of living tissue makes our present knowledge extremely limited, it is essentially unscientific to say that any physiological phenomenon is caused by 'vital force' or is an argument in favor of 'vitalism.' If the term 'vitalism' embraces no more in physiology than the term living, its employment does not in any way enlarge our intellectual view of the subject-matter of physiology. It can only be considered either as meaningless tautology or as an expression of faith. If the term have some additional, occult and mystic significance, then its employment is detrimental to the progress of physiology, exerting as obstructive an influence to the growth of our science as the conception of special creation exerted upon the progress of biology.

"The recent history of physiological progress shows that investigations confined to the study of physical and chemical processes have been the one fruitful source of physiological knowledge. It would be impossible to give even a brief survey of the chief results which have, during the last twenty years, been thus obtained. Out of the enormous wealth of material, however, one of great importance and promise may be selected. It is that of the constitution of the nitrogenous compound familiarly known as proteid. Proteid, from its close association with protoplasm, has a fundamental significance and has therefore attracted the attention of many competent investigators. Important researches have been made into this subject by physiological chemists, notably Hofmeister and Kossel. At the present time the subject is likewise being studied by one of the ablest organic chemists of the day, Emil Fischer, whose previous work on carbohydrates is so illuminating. In the splendid chemical laboratory at Berlin, with its unparalleled equipment, a succession of researches has been carried out dealing not only with the constitution of the simpler proteid derivatives but also with the important and difficult problem of the synthetic grouping of these derivatives into more complex compounds. The success which has so far attended these investigations is so pronounced as to encourage the hope that the future may reveal the chemical constitution of proteid itself."

The trend of the immense advances which have been made in recent years is toward the assumption that the life-process is not in its essence different from processes occurring elsewhere in both the living and the non-living worlds.

PARANOIA OF UNREQUITED LOVE



LOVE unfounded upon reality or, at any rate, unsought and unsuggested by its object, is becoming one of the topics to which the general medical practitioner must give more and more of his attention, according to Dr. John W. Stevens, who writes of the insanity of love in *The Medical Record*.

The sufferer from this form of psychic malady, as our authority deems it, may seem so clear and rational on all subjects that those with whom he is in daily contact may for a long time be deceived into believing him entirely sane. When the patient happens to be a young woman who coherently, with detail and with seeming rationality, recites to her friends her story of disappointment, one may readily see what serious consequences might befall the object of her delusion. "No doubt many a suit for breach of promise of marriage is to be traced to the existence of such delusions." The plaintiff is simply one of the paranoid class, from which the victims of this "systematized delusional state" are so largely recruited:

"This psychosis is a disease of early adult life, usually making its appearance during the third decade, tho in a small number of cases not before the involutional period. It develops upon a defective constitutional basis, congenital or acquired, as manifested through the presence of the stigmata of degeneracy, both psychical and physical. Probably no mental disease in its etiology depends more completely upon heredity. 'So seldom, indeed, can the disease be traced to post-natal causes that the paranoiac may be said to be one predestined to his morbid peculiarities.' (Berkley.) This does not mean, however, that a history of well-defined insanity must be found in the family. The various nervous diseases, alcoholism, criminality, eccentricities, etc., in his antecedents, indicating the degeneracy of the stock from which he springs, endow him with a deficient and structurally weak nervous system. This is often shown in the peculiar mental makeup of such persons. From childhood they are often marked as strange and peculiar. At school they may be precocious in certain lines, but unequally so, and are apt to be deficient in the exact sciences. They are frequently shy and seclusive."

As these subjects reach maturity, and their sphere of activity and association enlarges, their earlier tendencies become more marked, and they are often flighty, unsettled and unstable in their undertakings. Their one-sided development may bring forth a genius in special lines of work with brilliant attainments. The unrequited love springs from some psychic process in the patient, the primary origin

of which must remain shrouded in mystery. The first expression of the psychosis, paranoia, is manifested in the patient's peculiar attitude toward the world, the misinterpretation of the simple events of every-day life and a tendency to find in the most commonplace words and actions of others a hidden and occult reference to himself. Various abnormal bodily sensations accompany this mental change.

Petrarch, as he roved and mused and sung by the limpid waters in the great chasm of Vaucluse, identifies himself with this large class in the diagnosis of symptoms recognized as characteristic by Dr. Stevens. Petrarch was a paranoiac whose genius clothed his malady in imperishable language. He first saw the Laura of his sonnets in 1327 and from that year until 1353, when the lady died, she did not give tangible encouragement to the passion she inspired. But she happened to live in an age of paranoia, or, rather, in unscientific language, it was characteristic of the time to feel as a matter of art the pangs of separation, the heart sorrow for irreparable loss, long devotion to one with whom there had been no plighting of troth, hardly an exchange of glances or a touching of the hands. Laura, thus, ceases to be a mystery. She was a prominent clinical feature in a class of cases made familiar by co-ordination of neurological experience through specialism in science. The practitioner of medicine is familiar with patients exhibiting all the characteristics of Petrarch except his genius. Dr. Stevens thus describes the patient's state of mind:

"He gradually comes to know that she loves him because of her peculiar expression and manner while in his presence. A chance word, look, or act reveals to him her feeling. He may at first be surprized, but looking back into the past, he sees many little things that he now understands in an entirely different way than he did at the time of their occurrence. She always seemed embarrassed while in his presence, flushed when he spoke to her; once, in passing, she brushed against his hand, etc. Having been casually thrown in contact by their daily duties, he looks upon this as an intentional act upon her part that she might be near him. At one time she made some commonplace request of him, such as any woman might make of any man whom she has ever met, which he now sees indicated her affection for him. He now begins to watch her and finds that she wears her hair in a certain way, walks on a particular street at a given time where he meets her, and a hundred other little things in her daily life which really have no reference whatever to him, but which he interprets as clear proof of her love."

WHY A BRAIN NEVER THINKS



HOSE physiological and surgical facts which show that brain matter has itself no capacity for thought are of such recent discovery that only a relatively small number of persons—mostly specialists—have the least idea that the brain neither originates a word nor forms a notion. Anatomy and physiology alike indicate that the brain is never other than the instrument of what—in the present state of science—must be called the “personality.” The personality is as different from, as separate from, the brain as the violinist is separate from his violin. It is not brain which makes man. Man makes one of his brain hemispheres human by his own labor. If a human personality entered a young chimpanzee’s brain—where, by the way, it would find all the required cerebral convolutions—that ape could then grow into a true inventor or philosopher. For it is the great man who makes the great brain and not the great brain which makes the great man. This is another way of saying that we can make our own brains—so far as special functions or aptitudes are concerned. Human brain matter does not become human in its powers, indeed, until the personality within takes it in hand to fashion it.

Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the work* from which all these details are taken, avows his opinion that the discovery of the true function of the human brain will, in time, cause the name of Broca—as yet unknown to the general public—to rank in the history of science with the names of Copernicus and Newton. This Paul Broca was an eminent French hospital surgeon in Paris some forty years ago. His investigations first revealed the brain as nothing more than the instrument of the thinking personality—an instrument never identical with the thinker or with his thinking capacity. No one can doubt, of course, says Dr. Thomson, that an originally well-organized brain is a good thing to have. But not even the best organized brain, or, for that matter, no brain of any kind can be made to think without the thinker. The man who refers to his brain as his “thinker” merely talks nonsense. Equally preposterous is the notion that the quantity of gray matter in the brain has any bearing upon intellectual capacity. “We might lose one-half of our gray matter, provided the loss

is only on one side and the other side remains whole, without losing a single idea thereby.” Thus Dr. Thomson, one of the most distinguished of American experts on the brain and nervous system. Formerly president of the New York Academy of Medicine and Professor of the Practice of Medicine and of Diseases of the Nervous System in New York University Medical College, Dr. Thomson is now physician to the Roosevelt Hospital and consulting physician to the New York State Manhattan hospitals for the insane and to the New York Red Cross Hospital.

A world of practical knowledge is, therefore, behind Dr. Thomson’s statement that there is no such thing as “a” brain in a human being. A human being has two brains and never one brain, just as he has two eyes and two ears. And these two brains are just as perfectly matched and duplicates of each other in all their parts as are the two eyes and the two ears. But, as must be said afresh for the sake of emphasis, our two perfectly symmetrical brains are not the sources of thought, but its instruments. To quote:

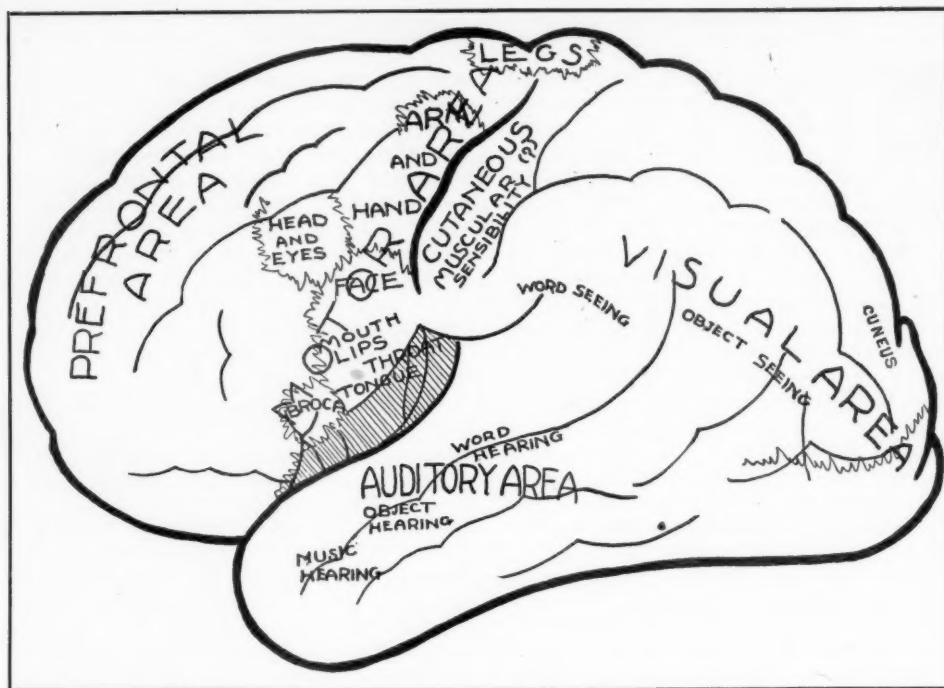
“The anatomical seats of the senses and those of muscular movements are found equally in both hemispheres of the brain and their functions, as such, are doubtless congenital. It was thus natural to infer, as the brain is a double organ, like our two eyes and our two ears, each hemisphere being the duplicate of the other, that both brains would equally participate in all brain work.

“But a most unexpected fact, and one of far-reaching significance, was soon demonstrated, namely, that the anatomical seats of the faculty of speech are found only in one of the two hemispheres. Thus if the Broca convolution, which is the seat of articulate speech, be damaged in a person after middle life, the loss is usually irremediable, so that he can speak no longer, tho the same convolution in the other hemisphere be wholly intact. The same is true as regards word-deafness or word-blindness from injury of their respective places, for the corresponding localities in the other hemisphere, tho not hurt at all, nevertheless are entirely word-deaf and word-blind, simply because they have never had anything to do with speech.

“But here again another new element in the problem presented itself, which proved that the endowment of one hemisphere with the great gift of speech was not owing to any original or special fitness of that hemisphere for such a function, but solely because it was the hemisphere related to the most used hand in childhood. In all right-handed persons, it is in the left brain that the speech centers are located; while in left-handed persons they are found exclusively in the right brain.

“Two conclusions inevitably follow upon these facts, first, that brain matter, as such, does not

*BRAIN AND PERSONALITY, OR THE PHYSICAL RELATIONS OF THE BRAIN TO THE MIND. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D. Dodd, Mead & Company.



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WHY SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING

This diagram of the functional area of the left hemisphere of a right-handed person's brain makes clear precisely why we may see a thing plainly without having the least idea that we see it at all. The primary center of sight in the occipital lobe is in the neighborhood of a wedge-shaped convolution called the cuneus. This convolution is found equally in both halves of the brain. That it is directly related to sight is proved by the fact that only when the region of this convolution is destroyed in both hemispheres does total blindness result.

The function of sight in the cuneus is doubtless congenital, but the child when born does not know what it sees. That particular power is afterwards acquired not by the cuneus but by an adjacent area of brain cells in front of the cuneus. If the area of brain cells in front of the cuneus be injured we can still see as well as ever, but we no longer know what we see. Hence, seeing and knowing what we see are not the same thing any more than—as is argued by Dr. William Hanna Thomson, from whose "Brain and Personality" the facts and the diagram are taken—the brain, which is merely physically related to thought, and the thinker are the same.

originate speech, for then both hemispheres would have their speech centers; and second, that either of the hemispheres is equally good for speech if something begins early enough in life to use it for that purpose. That something is the most commonly used hand by the human child at the time when it is learning everything, for self-education always begins in our race with the stretching forth of the hand, as anyone may note in the first purposive actions of an infant. The hand which it then most used to learn by determined which of its two brain hemispheres should know speech and which hemisphere should remain wordless and therefore thoughtless for life.

"This latter statement, that thought, as such, is a function only of the hemisphere connected with the faculty of speech, was decisively demonstrated by the next revelation which followed upon Broca's discovery. Without any help from metaphysics and upon a much surer basis than any metaphysical theories, it was simply found as a physical fact that our mental faculties, as such, are quite distinct from the elementary functions of sensation and of motion. These latter are congenital, but our ability to recognize and there-

fore, to know what the particular objects or meanings be of what our senses report is not congenital, but as much acquired by us as our speech is acquired and not congenital. Because, connected with the original anatomical seats of sight and of hearing were found certain physical, anatomical areas of brain matter, injury of which abolished all power to recognize what the eye sees or the ear hears. In the visual area is a place which, if damaged, renders the person unable to recognize members of his own family, tho he see them; and in the auditory area are places, one of which, if hurt, causes the person to be no longer able to know his most familiar tunes when he hears them; while by injury in another spot he loses all power of distinguishing sounds in general, so that he cannot tell the bark of a dog from the song of a bird because they are alike only noises to him. And here again these important brain areas in us, interpreting what sights or sounds mean, are found only in the left hemisphere of the right-handed and in the right hemisphere of the left-handed; in other words, in the hemisphere in which the seats of the faculty of speech are located.

"The decisive bearing of these pure matters of fact upon our whole discussion of the physical relations of the brain to the mind and to the personality is plain enough. As none of these wonderful mental faculties, including that of speech, were connected with brain matter at birth, but were created afterwards, it follows that they were created by the individual himself anatomically modifying his own brain. That brain matter did not itself organize these physical areas of mental function is shown by their entire absence from the convolutions of the wordless hemisphere."

If one-half of the total gray matter of our brains is distributed in one hemisphere and the other half in the second hemisphere, it is not for the purpose of doubling or even increasing our mental capacity. We might reason, argue, calculate, love or hate, like or dislike, or, in short, be altogether ourselves mentally with only one-half of our gray matter left us. All are agreed, however, that the gray matter is the material seat of thought. But it is not, as so many believe, the source of thought. The material organization of the gray matter, as it responds to its specific stimuli, does not give rise to thought, feeling, volition. Cases are recorded of patients whose gray matter had been half consumed by disease without any diminution of intellectual capacity. Everything involved in our conscious personality, while related to gray matter, is only related to, but not originated by gray matter. If it were originated by gray matter, both hemispheres would be equally necessary to our complete personality. If, in other words, gray matter originates thought, then both our hemispheres must share equally in producing thought, for one has just as much gray matter as the other and with just the same arrangement and organization of it.

On the basis of recently discovered physical and material facts, therefore, it is held to be strictly true that brain matter has itself no properties of mind. Brain matter becomes related to mental processes only in certain localities by becoming there artificially and not originally nor congenitally endowed with such functions. It is not with his whole brain that a man knows, thinks or devises, but he does so in limited areas of one hemisphere thereof which he himself has educated for the purpose.

It seems demonstrated, accordingly, that the best organized brain in existence cannot be made to think without a thinker. An already old theory of the subject regards the mind as wholly of the brain. Hence the mind can have no existence apart from the brain. Another theory regards the brain as nothing more than the instrument of the mind. No instrument,

of course, can possibly be identical with the agency which uses it. But no consideration of the physical relations of the brain to the mind would be complete, in the opinion of Dr. Thomson, without including the separation of the one from the other which occurs in sleep. Regarded simply as a phenomenon, sleep, notes our authority, has been well termed the great mystery of life. Where, in the words of the wondering child, do we go when we go to sleep? Something must be present, in order that the other thing be absent from it; and the thing present here is the living body, not only complete in all its parts, but also in its living attributes and functions. Not one of its component cells is changed or gone. The blood circulates as before. The secretions flow normally. All the processes of nutrition are as active as ever. But the completeness of that which is present accentuates the disappearance of that which is absent.

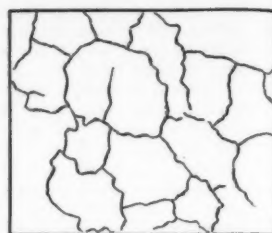
What is the "he himself" which thus takes the mechanism known as the brain and uses it for thought as a telegrapher would use a ticker and a series of wires for the transmission of messages? In the present state of anatomy and of pathology, replies Dr. Thomson, in effect, we have here the greatest mystery connected with the conscious personality. We know that the conscious personality—or whatever one pleases to call it—has a material organ to think with. The conscious personality does the thinking. The material organ is the instrument of thought, and that material organ exists in two symmetrical halves. It is only one-half of this organ, however, which can be used for speech, or for recognizing or knowing anything which is either seen or heard or touched—in the sense of the touch which is educated. All acquired human endowments, therefore, are acquired by modification of the material comprizing the speaking half of the brain. This speaking half of the brain did not originally have a single one of these great functions, not a single place in it for them, any more than its fellow hemisphere has to the end of its life. They are all stamped, as it were, each in its respective place in the speaking hemisphere, by a single creative agency. All words and all knowledge are put in the brain and arranged there for use, like so many books on their brain shelves by the brain's librarian. Where he goes to when he locks this library up and leaves for the night—in sleep—we do not know; but one thing is certain—not one of the books made itself or put itself where it properly is.



Cracks in the lunar crater Eratosthenes, with an extent of fifty-five miles.



Form of cracks in the surface of a mesa in Arizona. The cracks result from summer heat.



Mud cracks on the edge of a lake. The cracks extend two feet.

THE LINES THAT

LIFE LINES IN OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS



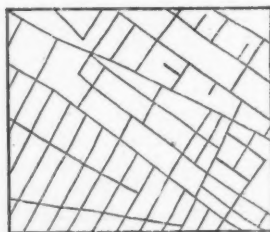
THE singular aspect of the markings on Mars, together with the absolute geometric precision of those markings, seems to have given to such eminent astronomers as Prof. Percival Lowell and Prof. G. V. Schiaparelli hints of some kind of organic existence on that mysterious planet. Now comes that noted member of the National Academy of Sciences, Mr. Edward S. Morse, contending that the whole question of the habitability of other worlds than ours can be answered—in the present state of human knowledge—only in the light of planetary markings. And it may be doubted, avers Mr. Morse in the volume he devotes to the subject,* whether, after all, the study of planetary markings comes within the province of astronomers.

In the study of the surface markings of the moon or of the planet Mars quite a different equipment from that of the astronomer is essential, so Mr. Morse is inclined to think, after much study of Mars through the great twenty-four-inch refractor at the Lowell Observatory. "It is no wonder, then, that astronomers, the

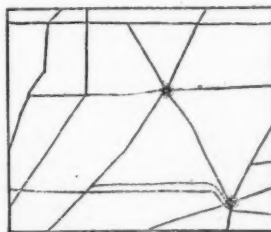
most conservative of all classes of investigators, should view with suspicion the results of the work of Schiaparelli, Lowell and others." Astronomers are immersed in mathematics. They trust in nothing that cannot be measured and reckoned. They hold their imaginations in abeyance. "Is it any surprise," asks Mr. Morse, "that they should present an attitude of indifference and even hostility to the work of those who, differently equipped mentally, have attempted a definition and solution of the riddle of the Martian markings?" The trouble is that astronomy, the oldest and most conservative of all the sciences, has been the last to "subdivide."

Already one group of workers has justified by its labors a division of the science known as astro-physics. This natural division suggests to Mr. Morse the propriety of making another division, equally distinct. This should comprise the study and interpretation of the surface markings of the planets and satellites under the name of planetology. Once a science of planetology were soundly established, it would be possible to approach with the necessary specialization of function and with the

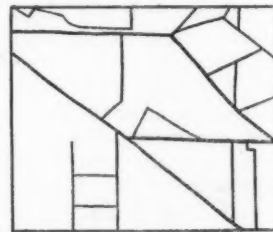
MARS AND ITS MYSTERY. By Edward S. Morse. Little Brown & Company.



Tracing of streets in a district of Montreal, covering an extent of half a mile.

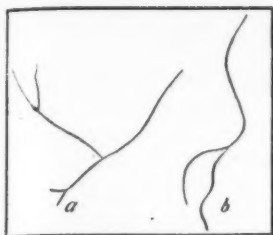


Thirty-seven miles of railroad in Illinois. Note the convergence of lines to a common center.

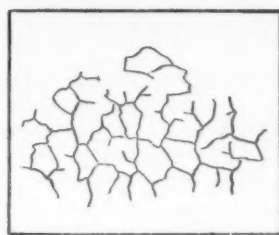


Irrigating canals near Phoenix, Arizona. The larger lines follow the terrestrial contour.

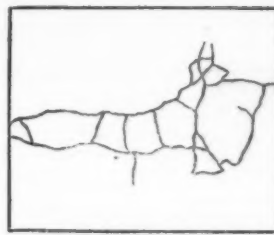
THE LINES THAT



a represents cracks in the moon.
b represents the great rift in southern Africa.



Cracks in the glaze of Japanese pottery ware. The cracks cover two inches.



Series of cracks in an asphalt pavement extending over an area of about two feet.

NATURE DRAWS

proper division of labor the problem of life on other planets.

As matters now stand, the lines on the surface of Mars demonstrate artificiality of origin, according to Mr. Morse. To quote:

"In order to pronounce the lines on Mars as simply cracks, one should study the various kinds of cracks in similar surfaces on the earth. In such a study he would be amazed at the similarity of cracks. When there is a grain in the substance, as in wood, the cracks follow the grain, tho even in this material they are discontinuous. In amorphous material they have essentially the same character. Whether in the almost microscopic crack of old Satsuma pottery or huge cracks in sun-dried mud, the areas enclosed are generally polygonal.

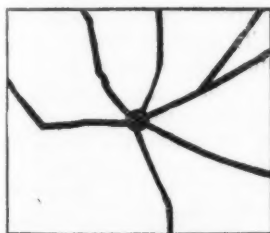
"Cracks arising from contraction never converge to a common center, and when not connected with another crack they taper to a point. They begin at indefinite places and end in an equally indefinite manner. That there should be a common resemblance in cracks due to contraction is evident, as they arise from a shrinking of the surface.

"The most ancient deposits, millions of ages ago, reveal mud cracks differing in no respect from those found to-day. We subjoin a few forms of cracks from various surfaces to show their essential resemblance. It will be found that the cracks in the moon are identical in character to those found on the mesa in Arizona. They start from some indefinite point, are irregular in outline and end as indefinitely. A poor asphalt pavement offers one of the best opportuni-

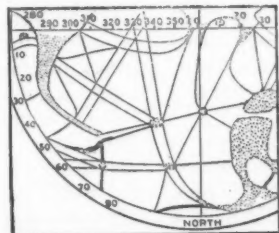
ties for the study of the formation of various kinds of cracks and fissures. On the edge of a sloping sidewalk one may see the cracks due to a sliding or lateral displacement of the surface. The effects of subsidence show a number of cracks around the area of depression. The growth of a tree crowding the asphalt shows the effect of lateral thrust and an enlargement of a root below, or the effects of frost show cracks due to elevation.

"All these various cracks reveal the same features; they are discontinuous, they begin and end without definition. Schiaparelli says in regard to the *canali* of Mars: 'None of them have yet been seen cut off in the middle of the continent, remaining without beginning or without end.' These lines on the surface of Mars, as a writer in *Nature* says, are almost without exception geodetically straight, supernaturally so, and this in spite of their leading in every possible direction.

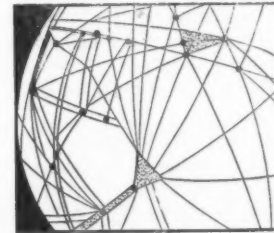
"But if we admit them to be natural cracks in the crust, we are compelled to admit that the forces implicated in such cracks must have been active many millions of years ago, as Mars, being a much older planet than the earth, must have long since ceased to show those activities which the earth, even to-day, exhibits in such phenomena as earthquakes, subsidences, elevations and the like. Now, cracks made at that early time in the history of the planet must have long since become filled with detritus and obliterated in other ways, and no evidence would show, even on close inspection, of their former existence, much less at a distance of 50,000,000 of miles, more or less."



Lines of canal system converging on the town of Groningen, in Holland.



Tracing from a hemispherical map of Mars. The original was made by Schiaparelli.



Section of globe on which Professor Lowell has drawn the canals of Mars.

INDICATE ARTIFICIALITY

A GEOMETRICAL THEORY OF OLD AGE



THE simplest form of life, a single-celled plant or animal, grows. Unless it grows, it dies. To grow, it must have food, and, with some exceptions, air. These factors in growth effect their entry through the entire bodily surface.

The consequence of growth is that when the cell has attained a certain size, it must divide into two. Perhaps this cell division gives rise to a pair of distinct individuals. The life of each is but a repetition of that of the single and simple cell from which both originated. Perhaps, on the other hand, the dividing cells remain united, in contact. The conditions of existence and of nutrition are changed. The divided cells in contact do not present the entire surface of two spheres for the reception of nutrition and air. Each cell has only a little more than half of its sphere surface presented for that purpose, the balance being taken up by the contact wall between. These two cells again divide.

But they do so transversely.

They form now approximately a square. The free surface of each cell is again reduced, that is to say, by another contact wall. With the third division, the direction of cleavage of the cells is again changed. The result is the formation of a double layer with four cells in each. The free surface of each cell is again diminished.

The nutrition of each cell is in direct proportion to its free surface. The smaller the free surface, the less the nutrition.

In the cluster of cells resulting from a fourth division, two interior layers will be formed, each containing two cells which have no free surface whatever. Two others will have but a very slight free surface. As the process goes on, there is an inevitable increase in the number of cells with no free surface. The number of cells which must be dependent for their nutrition upon such materials as they may gain from the cells adjoining them grows larger and larger. These interior cells—cells with no free surface—tend to atrophy and disappear.

Man is biologically but a complication of these primitive conditions. Man has his millions or billions of cells organized into a community of interest. All of man's cells have a like origin. Every human individual originates by successive cell divisions from the single primal germ cell. A man's whole process of development is a repetition of geometrical con-

ditions of associated cell growth. The atrophy of the interior cells leads to their destruction. In the developing mass are formed hollow spaces which coalesce into tubes. These eventually result in the ducts, arteries, veins and alimentary canal.

The whole process is dominated by a simple mathematical fact. While the mass of living material increases as the cube of unit dimension, the free surface exposed to the exterior, or to the interior vessels and tubes, can only increase as the square. As a consequence, perhaps, of the physical and chemical organization of the cell, this insufficiency of nutrition gives rise to the complexity of arteries, ducts, glands and organs of which animal forms are made up. Growth continues, of course, for a period. An increasing difficulty in finding building materials, however, finally brings about a standstill.

This is the beginning of old age.

Such is the geometrical theory of the subject put forth by the eminent Russian scientist of German origin, Dr. M. Muhlmann. For many years prior to the appearance of his work* on the origin of old age, Dr. Muhlmann investigated the subject from his mathematical point of view, reaching conclusions which have been widely discussed by men of science in Europe. The beginning of cell degeneration, according to Dr. Muhlmann, means the onset of true old age. Old age begins, thus, with growth. Old age is the geometrical result of the contact between dividing cells.

Evidences of senile decay will be found in the cells which, on account of their location with reference to the channels of nutrition, have the greatest difficulty in securing oxygen and food. The organs which lie farthest from the sources of supply are the nerves and the brain. This is the very part of the organism which first ceases to grow. In the human animal, the brain and nervous system reach full growth at the age of fourteen or fifteen. The bones of the skeleton attain their greatest weight at about the age of twenty. The muscles continue to grow up to the age of about thirty-five. The skin, the lungs, the lining of the alimentary canal—the outermost parts of the body—continue to grow up to a period of advanced age. From the first sign of vitality in the human organism, therefore, until the dissolution of the organism in senility, the progression is simply geometrical.

*DIE URSACHE DES ALTERS. Von M. Muhlmann. Leipsic.

Recent Poetry



THE foremost poet now living is undoubtedly Algernon C. Swinburne. Neither in Great Britain nor on the Continent is there a singer whose reputation or influence can compare with his. As for popularity, that is a different matter. Swinburne has never been popular in the way in which Tennyson and many other British poets have been popular, and he has never manifested any yearning for a large audience. "It is nothing to me," he once wrote to his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, "that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance." But the poetical output of his pen since his first volume was published forty-six years ago (he will be seventy next April) is as little negligible to the student of English literature as is Tennyson's or Browning's and the student of poetic form will find Swinburne more important than any English poet of the nineteenth century with the possible exception of Tennyson.

Two new volumes of selections from Swinburne's poems have just appeared in this country, one edited by Arthur Beatty, Ph.D., of the University of Wisconsin (published by Crowell), the other published by Harper's. Professor Beatty, in a brief and intelligent introduction to his volume, explains Swinburne's lack of popularity as due to his "aloofness from immediate contact with actual life in its more everyday aspects of thought and feeling." He distinctly rejects, for himself, the idyllic form of verse, in which Tennyson was a master, deeming it the best form for domestic and pastoral poetry, but on a lower level than that of tragic or lyric verse, and "somewhat narrow for the stream and somewhat cold for the fire of song." With some exceptions, Professor Beatty notes, Swinburne "writes on no subject which can be called domestic, or which has to do with the more simply human emotions."

From Professor Beatty's selections we choose for reproduction the beautiful poem below, written in 1876, but not so well known as many of the poems written earlier:

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and high-land,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the
graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange-guest's
hand?
So long have the gray bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make
way.
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turns to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have
rified
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of
time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls
not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are
dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the night-
ingale calls not,
Could she call there were never a rose to
reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovels and revels
In a round where life seems as barren as
death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weep-
ing,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look
thither,"
Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers
to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-
blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves
whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went
whither?

And were one to the end—but what end, who
knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love
them?

What love was ever as deep as the grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the
sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be;
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons
hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now
or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter

We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise
up never

Who have left naught living to ravage and
rend.

Earth, stones and thorns of the wild ground
growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides
humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand
spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

If we have in America any living poet worthy
to be named in the same breath with Swinburne
it is Bliss Carman. He has more of the idyllic
in him than Swinburne and far less of the sing-
ing tone; but he has given us work of high
lyric quality, and the range of his poetical
powers is astonishingly large. This is striking-
ly shown in the new volume of his verse, "Pipes
of Pan" (L. C. Page & Company). In this vol-
ume are collected Mr. Carman's five small vol-
umes, namely "From the Book of Myths," "From
the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the
Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Gar-
den" and "From the Book of Valentines." We
reprint the title poem of the second of these:

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

By BLISS CARMAN

There is a book not written
By any human hand,
The prophets all have studied,
The priests have always banned.

I read it every morning,
I ponder it by night,
And Death shall overtake me
Trimming my humble light.

He'll say, as did my father
When I was young and small,
"My son, no time for reading!
The night awaits us all."

He'll smile, as did my father
When I was small and young,
That I should be so eager
Over an unknown tongue.

Then I would leave my volume
And willingly obey,—
Get me a little slumber
Against another day.

Content that he who taught me
Should bid me sleep awhile,
I would expect the morning
To bring his courtly smile;

New verses to decipher,
New chapters to explore,
While loveliness and wisdom
Grew ever more and more.

For who could ever tire
Of that wild legendry,
The folk-lore of the mountains,
The drama of the sea?

I pore for days together
Over some lost refrain,—
The epic of the thunder,
The lyric of the rain.

This was the creed and canon
Of Whitman and Thoreau,
And all the free believers
Who worshipped long ago.

Here Amiel in sadness
And Burns in pure delight,
Sought for the hidden import
Of man's eternal plight.

No Xenophon nor Cæsar
This master had for guide,
Yet here are well recorded
The marches of the tide.

Here are the marks of greatness
Accomplished without noise,
The Elizabethan vigor,
And the Landorian poise;

The sweet Chaucerian temper,
Smiling at all defeats;
The gusty moods of Shelley,
The Autumn calms of Keats.

Here were derived the gospels
Of Emerson and John;
'Twas with this revelation
The face of Moses shone.

Here Blake and Job and Omar
The author's meaning traced;
Here Virgil got his sweetness,
And Arnold his unhaste.

Here Horace learned to question,
And Browning to reply,
When Soul stood up on trial
For her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits
Who read in the great book,
Then went away in silence
With their illumined look,

Left comment, as time furnished
A margin for their skill,—
Their guesses at the secret
Whose gist eludes us still.

And still in that green volume,
With ardor and with youth
Undaunted, my companions
Are searching for the truth.

One page, entitled Grand Pre',
Has the idyllic air
That Bion might have envied:
I set a footnote there.

The new *Putnam's Magazine*, in which is incorporated *The Critic*, starts out bravely, and gives us, among other choice things, the last poem written by R. H. Stoddard. It is preceded by a tenderly critical introduction written by his friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and the linked names of these two men make a sort of bridge that serves well to connect the new *Putnam's* with the old *Putnam's*, which died in the panic of 1857, when these two were just beginning to earn their laurels.

"Of all poets of his time," says Mr. Stedman, "Stoddard had most dwelt upon death." At the time he wrote this his last poem, his gifted son Lorimer had passed on and his gifted wife was hastening to the grave. He himself was not long in following, and his mind had already been somewhat shattered by the desolation that impended. The first four lines of the poem are strong enough, Mr. Stedman remarks, to carry the whole poem.

THRENODY

By R. H. STODDARD

Early or late, come when it will,
At midnight or at noon,
Promise of good, or threat of ill,
Death always comes too soon.

To the child who is too young to know,
(Pray heaven he never may!)
This life of ours is more than play,—
A debt contracted long ago
Which he perforce must pay;
And the man whose head is gray,
And sad, is fain to borrow,
Albeit with added pain and sorrow,
The comfort of delay;
Only let him live to-day—
There will be time to die to-morrow!
Now there is not an hour to spare,
Under the uncertain sky,
Save to pluck roses for the hair
Of the loving and the fair,
And the kisses following these,
Like a swarming hive of bees
That soar on high,
Till, drunken with their own sweet wine,
They fall and die.
When dear words have all been said
And bright eyes no longer shine
(Ah, not thine!)
Close these weary eyes of mine,
And bear me to the lonely bed
Where unhonored I shall lie,
While the tardy years go by,
Without question or reply
From the long-forgotten dead.

The publication, in England, of the "Selected Poems" of Nora Chesson ("Nora Hopper"), in five volumes, has served to revive in the British reviews many of the captivating verses of this Irish poet who died too soon. She has not been adjudged one of the great poets, but her charm is freely admitted and her Celtic quality placed her among the first in the new choir from which so much is expected. We reprint a melodious little thing of which the London *Academy* remarks, "That has the true fire in it."

JUNE

By NORA CHESSEON

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, colored like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hope forbidden—
That's the way of June.

Poetry in book-form may not be popular, but the most popular magazines still devote considerable space to verse. *Munsey's*, for instance. Here is something neat from a recent number:

TO A LITTLE WOODEN GOD

BY STUART DUNLAP

You queer little worm-eaten Japanese god!

The dealer declared you the genuine thing,
For ages neglected in darkness and dust;

He saved you for art—and the price you would
bring!

Who carved you so crudely these centuries since?
Who placed you devoutly within the dim
shrine?

What gratitude offered, what vows fondly sworn,
What incense was burned for your favor be-
nign?

Some sharp Eastern knife formed your wide,
stupid face;

Some soft, slender hand left you timidly there,
Scarce daring to ask her dear boon of your grace,
With pledges of love and sweet incense of
prayer.

Your blind, wooden eyes and beneficent smile
Bespeak you a love-god, for love is the same
Blind and happy divinity. Pray, were you kind
To the maiden of Nippon who first to you
came?

Your uplifted hand tells the blessing you gave—
'Tis ready, methinks, a new boon to confer—
You kept her heart loyal to vows of true love;
You brought back her lover with heart true to
her.

Oh, dear little, queer little Japanese god,
I burn you sweet incense, I build you a shrine;
While the centuries pass there's no difference in
love;
You answered her prayers then—to-day answer
mine!

Still more winsome is a poem in *The Bohemian Magazine*, not to a Japanese god, but to a Chinese lady:

MY CHINESE LADY

BY EUNICE WARD

Oh, my little Chinese lady has the smoothest silky
hair,

And the dearest, if the queerest, little pair of al-
mond eyes;

Through her dusky cheek there shows

Just a glimmer of the rose,

And her feet, like Cinderella's, are the very small-
est size.

When she lifts the slender chopstick in her dainty
little hand,

As she deftly to her lips conveys the grains of
snowy rice,

I do nothing but admire,

Tho the art I can't acquire,

For it takes a Chinese lady to use chopsticks and
look nice.

You may praise your darky sweethearts, and just
now they're all the rage,

With their red-and-yellow flounces you can see
for half a mile!

But my lady when on view,

Wears a garb of modest hue,

And though part of it is trousers, yet it seems
to suit her style.

Oh, my little Chinese lady, if Aladdin's lamp
were mine,

I would rub it, rub it, rub it till the metal fairly
shone.

To the genie I would say,

"A pagoda in Cathay,

And the dearest Chinese lady in the kingdom for
my own."

From China to Tyre is not such a long call,
and when it comes to a love-poem, Tyre, or
Peking, or Yokohama, or New York,—what dif-
ference does it make where it gets its local color?
Clinton Scollard gets his in Tyre; and publishes
his poem in *The Smart Set*:

BALLAD OF AGAVA

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

In the fair month of Nisan,
(Month of the heart's desire),
Adown the paths of twilight
Sped Agava of Tyre.

Tinkled like moonlit fountains
Her golden anklet bells,
And nightingales made answer
With rhythmic ritornelles.

Before her fleeting footsteps
The almond flung its snow;
The asphodel and poppy
Were fain to see her go;

Were fain to catch the glinting
Of those celestial eyes,
As bright as shines Astarte
From out the midnight skies.

Behind her in the sunset,
A flood of rosy fire
Uplifted tower and temple,
The diadem of Tyre.

Before her reached the twilight,
Its magic of perfume,
Its mysteries of purple,
Its hyacinthine bloom.

In all the sunset pageant
Her longing had no part;
It was the vast of twilight
That held her yearning heart;

The attared lanes of twilight,
With leaves that wooed above,
And a sequestered altar
Unto the God of Love!

Within a copse of myrtle
That flawless altar rose;
Gleamed in the dusk its marble
As white as Hermon snows;

While ever doves about it
Made iterative moan,
And unseen lips cried "Thammuz!"
In passionate undertone.

Into the sacred presence
Came Agava of Tyre,
A lily in the gloaming,
And breathed her soul's desire.

"I seek for Love!" she whispered,
And even as she spake
The deepest dells of twilight
With rapture seemed to shake.

A spirit from the shadows
With brow divinely bright
Touched her sweet lips. Together
They passed into the night.

The dean of Norwegian literature has become a champion of woman suffrage and has written a plea for the cause. It is in metrical form and has been translated into good English verse by Miss Ellen Arendrup, of Copenhagen, and is published in the Chicago *Evening Post*:

A PLEA FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

She rose up, saying: "In this world no justice
shall we see,
So long as you make all the laws, and ask no
help from me.
High have you flown since first on earth the
master you were made—
A tower now to Justice build! For you that
task is laid!

"Too long were you sole master here—too arro-
gant your word!
Too great the sphere you had to fill—too close at
hand your sword!
For justice and for peace, your course was never
set to steer,
Your compass never pointing true while steel was
lying near!

"The elements you conquered—ay!—and Na-
ture's secrets found;
By power and by wisdom's might as slaves you
have them bound!
But peace among you holds no sway—one hears
alone the call
To strife and war, as if in life the sword were
all in all!

"Our homes into the hands of debt in reckless-
ness you gave;
You crowned the money-power king, and made
yourself its slave!
But not you only bear those chains; in bondage
must repine—
I see you understand me now—your children—
yes, and mine!

"For them I ask you, on your way through life,
take me along!
Through Justice lies the only path to Peace—to
right your wrong!
For Peace it is you violate, and blindly fail to
see
That Justice points the only way—so give it now
to me!"

Here is something tender and touching from
Scribner's:

THE TRAVELLER

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

What matter that his crippled feet
About his room scarce carry him,
His spirit finds adventures meet
In Fez, Fashoda, Suakim.

How can his world seem small and bare,
When his brown eyes, so kind yet keen,
May welcome friends from here and there,
And see in them what they have seen?

When summer seethes in his confines
He dreams of woodlands cool and dim;
He strolls in Dante's haunts, the pines
Of San Vitale sing to him.

And yet at times, when hours creep by,
Measured by couch and crutch and chair,
His cloistered body seems to cry
For the free world of Otherwhere.

Ah! Some day, when he shall have drawn
The final, ineffectual breath,
He will set out across the dawn
On that great journey men call death.

Arthur Guiterman has found a treasure trove
and is making good use of it. We have already
had occasion to reprint a number of his "Prov-
erbs of Ind." From a new instalment in the
New York Times, we select the following:

PROVERBS OF IND

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Before thou hast forded the river, O Brother,
Reville not unduly the Crocodile's mother.

I live between perils, abandoned by friends,
Like an ant on a firestick lit at both ends!

By diverse creeds we worship, thou and I;
The Ear of One Alone receives our prayer.
Each turns his face in longing toward the sky
To see his secret soul reflected there.

The King shall beg, the beggar mount the throne;
Earth laughs at him who calls a place his own.

The Fool met Fate: "Fair maiden, say,
Where goest thou?" quoth he,
And Fate replied, "Hold on thy way,
Thou man—I follow thee."

Paint on water, plow the sky,
Wash the wind; or, thrice as blindly
Trust a trifier, trace a lie,
Treat a selfish craven kindly.

Small ills are the fountains
Of most of our groans:
Men trip not on mountains,
They stumble o'er stones.

Gems are lustrous. Youth is bold;
This is sure:
Pearls grow yellow, men grow old—
There's no cure.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Puck jestingly announces the appearance of Marie Corelli's new book, "The Treasure of Heaven,"* under "financial news."

TREASURE
OF
HEAVEN

This would seem to indicate that in the opinion of the editor the success of the book will be financial rather than literary. The majority of critics still refuse to take Miss Corelli very seriously, yet in at least two notable reviews strong words of praise are bestowed upon her. The New York *Saturday Times Review* observes that her situations are improbable and her characters exaggerated, but admits that she has constructed her story with skill. "The dialog is often pungent and racy, she commands her reader's attention and her ideals are high. It is saying much for an author, as one may say of Miss Corelli, that to accept her standards would be to lift life upon a higher plan of thought and action." The New York *Nation* is even more nearly enthusiastic in its praise. It finds in the book more dignity of substance and less indignity of style than in any of its predecessors by the hand of Marie Corelli, and detects in the theme a real "epical quality." "Not," the reviewer is careful to add, "that 'The Treasure of Heaven' is an epical power; but the book has, unlike most current novels, a certain animus, a suggestion, at least, of something large and sound."

We shall not attempt to discover whether Miss Corelli's charming picture appended to the book as a protest against "the various gross, libelous and fictitious misrepresentations which have appeared throughout Great Britain, the colonies, and America in certain lower sections of the pictorial press," or the inherent merit of the book, are responsible for softening the stern hearts of the critics quoted above. *The Nation*, at any rate, finds it necessary to apologize for its favorable attitude. "It would be easy to make game of this book, but we suppose Miss Corelli will admit that even a reviewer may have his better moments, and will allow us to express the opinion that there are many worse kinds of popular fiction than that of which she shows herself capable."

The hero of the book, David Helmsley, is a sevenfold millionaire who, at the advanced age of seventy, goes out to seek unselfish love—the "treasure of heaven." He proposes to a poor and beautiful girl of twenty-one, Lucy Sorrel, in order

to probe her soul. When she consents, instead of refusing the offer with indignation, he coldly repulses her. He tells her that inasmuch as she wanted to marry him she must remain poor. In case of an adverse answer he would have left his fortune to her. Thereupon he chooses to become what *The Literary Digest* describes as a sort of "Glorified Happy Hooligan," when disguised as a tramp he seeks to discover on earth the heavenly treasure. More than one hundred pages further on he meets with an accident. A kind-hearted girl, Mary Deane, plays the Good Samaritan to the lonely tramp. "Her character," says *Everybody's*, "was as lovely as her person. She gave him excellent soup in a delft bowl." When after some more long-winded chapters David Helmsley dies, his solicitor reveals the old man's identity and startles the girl with the news that he has left his millions to her. Here, however, the girl's betrothed, a somewhat overdrawn caricature of a man of literary aspirations, objects, and threatens to leave her if she accepts the legacy. Vainly she attempts to reject the wealth showered upon her and is near the point of committing suicide when, at last, the young author deigns to accept from her along with the treasure of heaven the treasure of David Helmsley.

The smooth course of the story is frequently interrupted by Miss Corelli's violent diatribes against the United States of America, the critics, Andrew Carnegie, automobling and the Church of Rome. These elements, while they may give her books a momentary notoriety, contain the germs of decay. It is Miss Corelli's besetting fault that she constantly introduces journalism into literature. This dualism is fatal in the end. The London *Outlook* hits the nail on the head when it remarks ungraciously that there seem to be two Marie Corellis. "One of them," it says, "could write a good second-rate novel, if she could be prevailed upon to drown the other in the nearest bucket of water."

A posthumous work is like a voice from the grave. We expect in it a touch of finality, an enunciation of the author's ultimate view of life. And in her last book* the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) undoubtedly touches upon some of the deepest problems that stir men's souls. "The Dream and the Business"

THE DREAM
AND THE
BUSINESS

*THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN. By Marie Corelli. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

*THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS. By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

portrays the struggle of hearts tossed hither and thither by cross-currents of love and religion. But from the confusion and entanglement rises one clear note—the faith in the unseen, the ideal as the one absolute reality. This world is the “business,” and the shadow cast by another world, the only thing worth striving for, is the “dream.” The ideal remains, even if its defenders lose heart and make compromises and end by despising themselves. Happiness must be sought not by suppression and suffering, but by acceptance of it in the true spirit of religion. “Suffering,” says one of the characters, epitomizing the philosophy of the whole, “can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, but, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ, not as beasts of burden and those who believe that all labor is in vain.”

The plot of the story is very slight. The book, while in many ways the best that Mrs. Craigie has written, is hardly a novel at all. Mrs. Craigie was pastmaster in the art of subtle character analysis, but when it comes to action her genius fails her; she becomes the merest bungler. The *London Saturday Review*, speaking of this point, says, that so long as her characters think and talk we believe in them, but when they come to anything else they cease to convince. “We know that they are mere puppets. Their action never seems inevitable.” Like the people in the old mystery plays, the personages in the novel present distinct and strongly contrasted forces—Non-conformity, Catholicism and Paganism—in deadly array. “It is,” says the *London Spectator*, “the old conflict between temperament and inherited convictions, between human passion and ingrained belief.”

The main characters in the book are six: Firmalden, the non-conformist minister, and his sister; the Roman Catholic Lord Marlesford and his wife; Lessard, the musician, a pagan, free and glad; and Nannie Cloots, the actress, a soulless creature with a slight cockney accent. These fall in and out of love continually or, as one critic humorously describes it, “all love the wrong people and are all afflicted by illicit passion.” But tho they make a mess of the “business” of life, the “dream” remains inviolate. This is Mrs. Craigie’s message.

The *London Academy*, summarizing its impression of the book, says that it is full of wisdom, clear thinking and illuminating discussion of states of mind and soul. In the earlier chapters, the *Academy* critic recognizes Mrs. Craigie’s old epigrammatic brilliance, but the perusal leaves him cold. “The sense of effort in construction, of labor in the working, rarely leave us; we close it with the feeling that here

is a fine novel marred by the old lack of sympathetic interest in human nature.” This charge is the penalty the psychologist must pay for applying the dissecting knife to other people’s souls and to his own. But may it not be that the heart of the dissector goes out all the while to the sufferer under his knife? Sensitiveness often hides its face under a mask resembling cynicism. It is from this point of view that the *London Outlook* renders the verdict that despite her numerous limitations, Mrs. Craigie was “an earnest and keen-eyed observer, a sad but tender critic of life, a true humorist.”

When we speak of modern Italian literature, the name of Gabriele d’Annunzio comes at once to our lips. This Mr. William

THE SAINT

Roscoe Thayer attempts to explain in his preface to “The Saint” by the fact that d’Annunzio speaks the universal language of sin. Such books, he says, sweep up and down the world like epidemics, requiring no passport, respecting no frontiers, while benefits travel slowly from people to people, and often lose much in the passage. Thence it comes that d’Annunzio has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who know Carducci merely as a name and have perhaps never heard of Fogazzaro. This was true a few months ago when Mr. Thayer’s preface was written. Meanwhile, Senator Fogazzaro’s new novel, “The Saint,” “has appeared in three languages. It raised no end of discussion in Catholic Italy, was placed on the “Index of Forbidden Books” by the Vatican and has carried the author’s name on the wings of fame to all parts of the globe.

Fame came not easily nor early to Antonio Fogazzaro. He is to-day sixty-four years old and author of six novels. “The Saint,” last of a trilogy, tho complete in itself, is the first book to carry his name beyond the confines of his own country, where for years he has been the idol of the “Christian Democrats.” The latter, we are told, are “a body of the younger generation of Italians, among them being a considerable number of the religious, who yearn to put into practise the concrete exhortations of the Evangelists.” Their desire to serve the king, as well as the Church, has so far been discountenanced by the “powers that be” in the Vatican. Fogazzaro himself cheerfully accepted the verdict of the “Congregation of the Index,” and the American publishers of his novel are careful to explain that Senator Fogazzaro’s sanction of the American edition was given before the sentence of the congregation had been passed.

*THE SAINT. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by Agnette Pritchard. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

The hero of "The Saint," Piero Maironi, is a cultivated, refined man of the world with the tendencies of a mystic, who, after a vehement love-affair, "experiences" religion, becomes penitent and devotes himself unselfishly to the service of God and his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay-brother, he serves the peasant population of the Sabine hills and the poor of Rome. Soon his fame spreads, and he is recognized by all the simple folk as a holy man, a "saint." He preaches righteousness, the supremacy of conduct over ritual—views undoubtedly slightly heretical—without for a moment denying the "validity of the Petrine corner-stone." "My friends," he remarks, "you say 'We have reposed in the shade of this tree, but now its bark cracks and dries; the tree will die; let us go in search of other shade.' The tree will not die. If you had ears you would hear the movement of the new bark forming, which will have its period of life, will crack, will dry in its turn, because another bark will replace it. The tree does not dry, the tree grows." Yet his utterances awaken the suspicions of his superiors. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, instead of persecuting him openly and making a martyr of him, get rid of him quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of his experience as far as he regarded himself as a regenerator of the Church. Skillfully interwoven with the theme is a love-story. With a few deft touches Fogazzaro keeps up the dramatic tension and saves his novel from degenerating into a religious pamphlet. The *New York Sun*, voicing this opinion, finds the manner of the narrative "unusual and ingenious, the effects strong and curiously produced."

The critics on both sides of the water treat Fogazzaro's novel with the seriousness it deserves, almost as an event. *The Fortnightly Review* speaks of it as a novel which, both by the nature and bitterness of the controversy it has excited, can only be compared to the appearance in England of "John Englesant" a quarter of a century ago, or yet more precisely to that of "Robert Elsmere" some few years later. Walter Littlefield, in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, takes up the comparison with "Robert Elsmere" at some length. "Robert Elsmere," he says, was to the Church of England what "Il Santo" is to Roman Catholicism. "This proportion," he continues, "is still further sustained when it is recalled that, while Mrs. Ward appealed to reason and intelligence, Fogazzaro appeals to faith. Mrs. Ward attacked the tendency to accept without historical proof revealed religion. Fogazzaro attacks the human machinations, weaknesses and indifference by which this revealed religion is administered to meet human needs and emotions. In short, while Mrs. Ward wrote like an advanced

Lelio Sozzini, Fogazzaro has written like a modern Savonarola."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel,* while widely reviewed, has not been received with enthusiasm. The fact is, that in writing a study in realism and portraying the seamier side of life, Mr. Smith has fallen between two stools. The great majority of critics dislike soul-analysis and the remainder, capable of appreciating such efforts, seem to think that the author has not succeeded remarkably well in this particular field. The *New York Evening Post*, while bestowing high praise upon the coloring and the atmosphere of the story, remarks that Mr. Smith is less convincing in the arts that go to make a novel with a plot and a problem. "He seems to have sent his story ashore with its sea-legs on, to lurch about the conventionalities of fiction." The "Idle Reader," in *Putnam's Monthly*, on the other hand, feels "cheated and aggrieved" because "The Tides of Barnegat" is unpleasant from beginning to end, and declares a preference to rejoice with folk of coarser fiber rather than to see fine souls undergo a prolonged martyrdom. The background, this critic says, is certainly all that could be asked, but it is not exactly the "atmosphere of entire tranquillity and righteousness of the author's earlier novels."

The view-point adopted by most reviewers illustrates the inability on the part of professional critics, no less than the general public, to appreciate a favorite author in a new attitude. Mr. Smith has once written of the sea, hence to the sea must he confine himself. Perhaps it would have been wiser on his part to leave the sea altogether out of this novel. If he wished to appear in a new rôle, he should not have revoked reminiscences of his former books and carried into the drawing-room the scent of the sea-brine. Yet it is at the sea that the novel begins and ends. Mr. Smith's heroine is a woman who sacrifices her life's happiness, in order to conceal the indiscretion of her frivolous sister, Lucy, by adopting the latter's illegitimate child. Lucy marries in Paris a rich old Frenchman, and after his death returns to the simple village. Here she witnesses how both her child and its father, who had deserted her, perish in the tides of Barnegat. The moral of the novel, or rather the truth pointed out by it, is that a sinner must pay in person the wages of his sin, and that inexorable fate will not accept a bribe or sacrifice at the hands of another.

*THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Robert Chambers's new novel* largely consists of the elements which made "The House of

THE
FIGHTING
CHANCE

Mirth" a sensational success. In fact, Mr. H. L. Brock, a writer in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, thinks that he has taken the material of Mrs. Wharton's novel and made it over. "The audacity of the proceedings," he says, "may startle, but the result is too satisfactory to admit of reprehension or reproach on that score." In fact, we gather from Mr. Brock's article the impression that he would rather give the palm to Mr. Chambers. The latter, we are told, understands the rottenness and rawness of a certain inchoate condition of American society quite as well as Mrs. Wharton, but regards the spectacle with a seriousness less portentous. "He sees, being a man and an optimist, that it is but a phase in a process. To him it is not an epic, not a tragedy, but a comedy—a comedy of pitiful errors, tragic episodes—but still a comedy—a comedy through which runs and survives in spite of the poisonous growths that would choke it, the old romance which is neither more nor less than the soul of humanity."

There are in Mr. Chambers's story, too, mismatched couples, scandal, depravity, but, as Mr. Brock points out, the author adds charity to Mrs. Wharton's ingredients. His characters, tho weighted down by the tainted blood inherited from their ancestors, are given at the least a "fighting chance." Ultimate decency is not altogether beyond their grasp, and finally it triumphs not throughout, but in a cheerful number of cases.

The atmosphere into which Mr. Chambers introduces us is putrescent enough. Miss Sylvia Landis, who marries Howard Quarrier for his

money, regards matrimony merely as an impersonal contract by the terms of which her husband has the privilege of paying her bills. The latter, who is described as possessing a silken beard, woman's eyes and a blonde pompadour, desires her as a piece of decoration intended to strengthen his social position. What wonder that Sylvia soon loses her heart to another. Unfortunately, her choice falls upon Stephen Siward, whom Miss Mary Moss, writing in *The Bookman*, describes as an hereditary dipsomaniac. The rest of the story leads up to Sylvia's and Stephen's salvation and subsequent marriage, strenuously aided by an automobile accident in which the last obstacle to their bliss is removed. Automobiles play a great part in this story, also beauty doctors and bathtubs. In portraying high life, Mr. Chambers has gone somewhat too much into detail and thus provoked the merriment of the reviewers. One touch especially fills the *New York Herald* with glee, a thing unattempted hitherto in prose or rhyme—a love-scene under water. It takes place at the occasion of a game of water-polo and the *Herald* reviewer is puzzled to know how Sylvia and Stephen avoided swallowing salt-water while indulging in a submarine kiss.

On the whole a feeling of disappointment is strongly pronounced in most of the reviews. Mr. Chambers, it is said, has not written this book carefully enough; he has indulged in cheap effects and introduced elements more appropriate in a yellow journal than in a serious novel. The general judgment seems to be that this is a good novel, but not good enough for Mr. Chambers.

*THE FIGHTING CHANCE. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

The Shadow and the Flash—By Jack London

A new volume of Jack London's short stories ("Moon-Face and Other Stories") has just been published (by Macmillan's), making eleven volumes in all that we now have from his pen, not counting the new serial, "Before Adam," which began in *Everybody's* last month. His first volume was published but six years ago; when he was twenty-four years of age, so that he has produced, in short stories and long, an average of two volumes a year. The following story* is taken, by permission, from the new volume. It was originally published in *The Bookman*.



WHEN I look back, I realize what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender, and finely knit, nervous and dark. And then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender, and finely knit, nervous and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except color. Lloyd's

eyes were black; Paul's were blue. Under stress of excitement the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of coloring they were as like as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and endurance, and they lived at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable

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friendship, and the third was short, and fat, and chunky, and lazy, and, loath to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle there was no limit either to their endeavors or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in their studies and their games. If Paul memorized one canto of "Marmion," Lloyd memorized two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimming hole—an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool and holding on by submerged roots to see who could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down, I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the longest-winded boy had been exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation; for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath and came to the surface, badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half a dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorn entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specializing on chem-

istry, and at the last moment he switched over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences and especially for chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did ever students before—so deep, in fact, that ere they took their sheepskins they could have stumped any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and even him they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the "death bacillus" of the sea toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting ameba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilization through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris Van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course, they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardor and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student-body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss, one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris Van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between them because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not permitted in the United States, she would be compelled to forego the honor and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to pass. Both were men of means, with little inclination and no necessity for professional life. My friendship and their mutual animosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very

often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances, that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood arrived. Clipping and pruning and tacking the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of which have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Color is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see neither colors nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—ay, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said non-committally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastic for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable!" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so. Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the play of stock-gamblers, the plans of trusts and corporations. I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world. And I——" He broke off shortly, then added, "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd," he said.

"Forget what?"

"You forget," Paul went on—"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly, "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you."

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't lay fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now I shall go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of my proposition the shadow will be eliminated——"

"Transparency!" ejaculated Lloyd, instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the brier-rose path.

This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancor and bitterness that made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long weeks of experimentation that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorizings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to either the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips.

Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize-fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that red-whiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest in the United States. He has on a black overcoat buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and took that seat. As soon as he sat down he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as though addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double-crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp-blacks, tars, carbonized vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats, and the various carbonized animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven primary colors," he argued to me. "But it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects do it and the objects become visible. But only that portion of it that is reflected becomes visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box. The white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colors—violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange and red—are absorbed. The one exception is *blue*. It is not absorbed, but reflected. Wherefore the tobacco-box gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colors because they are absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is *green*. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses, we do not apply color to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances that have the property of absorbing from white light all the colors except those that we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colors to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colors, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. All the colors are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example."

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal man ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—and see it!"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tich-

lorne plunged as deeply into the study of light polarization, diffraction, and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for me. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves—that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but, since it reflects no light, it will also be invisible."

We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses, which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said, "Oh! I've dropped a lens. Stick your head out, old man, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and gazed with reproachful inquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartzose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate glass in the world, and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it! You can't see it. You don't know it's there till you run your head against it."

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object-lesson—certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic."

"Here!" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

"Or here!" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test-tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine color, and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue.

"The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its molecules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colors from the light but red, its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colors except blue. And so it goes, *ad infinitum*. Now, what I purpose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I purpose to seek—aye, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find, and for that matter upon which I already have my hands, will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency. All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went hunting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog—the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was aroused. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swish-swish of grass being shoved aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once. But he shook his head, and thrust his feet steadily forward.

While climbing a fence I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling.

"Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"Nonsense, old man," he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a

clump of cottonwoods, some object brushed against my legs and I stumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter," he asked. "Tripping over your own feet?"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped; but, when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of vari-colored, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-colored lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down, weak and shaky.

"It's all up with me," I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air.

"Here! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth, short coat of a pointer.

Suffice to say, I speedily recovered my spirits and control. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the vari-colored light-flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated and which he doubted could be overcome.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray, and no end of things; and I am afraid they are the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

A couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source—a mass of putrescent matter on

the doorstep which in general outlines resembled a dog.

Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog, or, rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by some heavy blow. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Remarkable! Most remarkable! Well, the only thing is not to die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast that he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture. He claimed that the thing, whatever it was, was invisible, that with his own eyes he had seen that it was invisible; wherefore his tearful wife and daughters shook their heads, and wherefore he but waxed the more violent, and the gardener and the coachman tightened the straps by another hole.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic path. But I had traveled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint shed structure with its red sandstone chimney was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no débris, nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door." Barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that *felt* very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It *was* a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole

interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door, at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior were visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and color.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside yesterday afternoon to see how it worked. How's your head? You bumped it pretty solidly, I imagine."

"Never mind that," he interrupted my congratulations. "I've something better for you to do."

While he talked he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said, "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I moved it, and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight. To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open."

I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid-air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said, "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and

I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as tho my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly, I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said, "Now I shall conquer the world!" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul, asking me to come up immediately, and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tennis court, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there, gaping open-mouthed, a tennis ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about, another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack, I realized the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I took out after it, and when I laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out:

"Enough! Enough! Oh! Ouch! Stop! You're landing on my naked skin, you know! Ow! O-w-w! I'll be good! I'll be good! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun, and me, were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then. But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond, dazzling, blinding, iridescent.

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts, such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I

saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emitted a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realized that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead), moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in uncanny battle.

I cried a warning to Paul, and heard a snarl as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-colored light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together and there was the sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang toward the fighters, crying:

"For God's sake!"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees, and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness. And then Paul's voice crying, "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily, "Now will you keep away?"

Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and the swift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled headlong to the ground. With despairing shriek and a cry of "O Lord, I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noon-day sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis court. And it was naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining foot-grips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become long and stationary; and I remembered their set boyish faces when they clung to the roots in the deep coolness of the pool.

They found me an hour afterward. Some inkling of what had happened got to the servants and they quitted the Tichlorne service in a body. Gaffer Bedshaw never recovered from the second shock he received, and is confined in a madhouse, hopelessly incurable. The secrets of their marvelous discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research, and science is a tabooed topic in my household. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colors are good enough for me.

The Humor of Life



Mama, I don't believe grandpa is in heaven, or he would have sent me a souvenir postal card.
—*Der Floh* (Vienna)

PALMS.

SHE: Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant?

HE: The only palms I saw were the waiters'.—*Boston Transcript*.

WHAT COULD SHE DO?

DAUGHTER: He said he'd die if I refused him.

FATHER: Let him die, then.

DAUGHTER: But, papa, he's insured in your company!—*Smith's Magazine*.

A MONOCHROME

Johanna White and Johnny Black
Were wed one summer day,
And when their little daughter came,
They called her Nellie Gray.

—*Life*.

SYNONYMOUS?

A young teacher was striving earnestly to increase the vocabulary of her charges. She had placed a list of words upon the blackboard to be used in sentences. Billy, a notably lazy child, was called upon first.

"Billy, you may give a sentence in which the word dogma is correctly used," said the teacher.

Billy hesitated. Finally, in a burst of confidence, he replied, "Our old dog-ma has seven pups."—*Harper's Magazine*.

SERENISSIMUS

His Highness is visiting the public institutions in the capital of a neighboring potentate. He is first conducted to the historical museum. After Serenissimus has closely inspected everything there, he turns to the Director of the Museum: "Pretty good, my dea—er—my dear man, only the soup should have been stronger."

Here Kindermann, his confidential ad-

viser, hastens to his side wildly excited, whispering into his ear: "But, your Highness, that you should have said when we come to the hospital!"
—*Jugend* (Munich).

MARY'S MISHAP

A young lady organist in a certain city was anxious to make a good impression on a visiting clergyman one Sunday. Her organ was pumped by a self-willed old sexton, who had his own ideas as to how long an organ voluntary should last, and so would "shut off the wind" when he thought fit.

On this particular Sunday the organist thought she would forestall any such accident by writing an appeal in the early part of the service and giving it to the sexton. The old man received the note, and supposed it was for the minister. In spite of her frantic beckonings he went straight to the pulpit with the note, and the astonished preacher read this message:

"Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop. MARY A—."
—*Tit Bits*.

THE GENEROUS-MINDED ALDERMAN

Congressman James Breck Perkins on a visit to New York the other day called on an old friend downtown, an alderman. While they were chatting, an Italian couple came in and asked in broken English if the alderman would unite them in marriage. The alderman performed the ceremony, and, after accepting the modest fee, politely handed the bride an umbrella.

The Congressman observed the proceedings gravely, and after the couple went out, asked:

"Do you always do that, Charles?"

"Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes."

"No, I mean give the bride a present."

"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the alderman.

"No, it was mine," replied the Congressman, sadly.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



THE FOREMAN. "The Jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."
—*Punch*.

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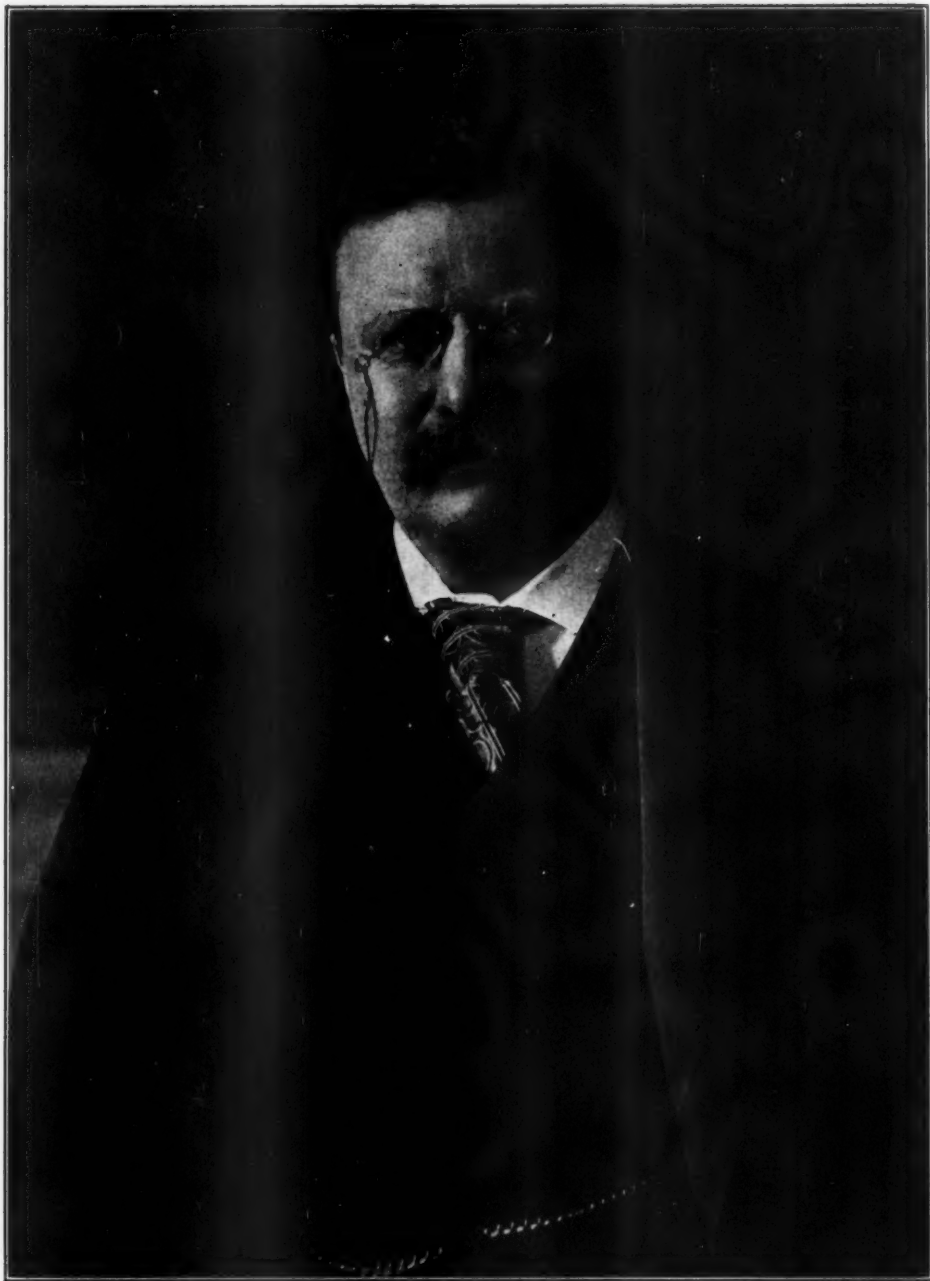
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"DON'T FLINCH; DON'T FOUL; HIT THE LINE HARD

In the recent elections, President Roosevelt was held up by Republicans as "the issue," and to that fact Mr. Bryan and Democrats in general, as well as Republicans, attribute most of the Republican success. The words quoted above (from his Georgetown University address last June) have been selected by him as the inscription for a new bas-relief bust made for the Jacob Riis Neighborhood House, on the East Side, New York. It contains the Roosevelt philosophy in a nutshell: "Don't flinch"—courage; "don't foul"—the square deal; "hit the line hard"—the strenuous life.